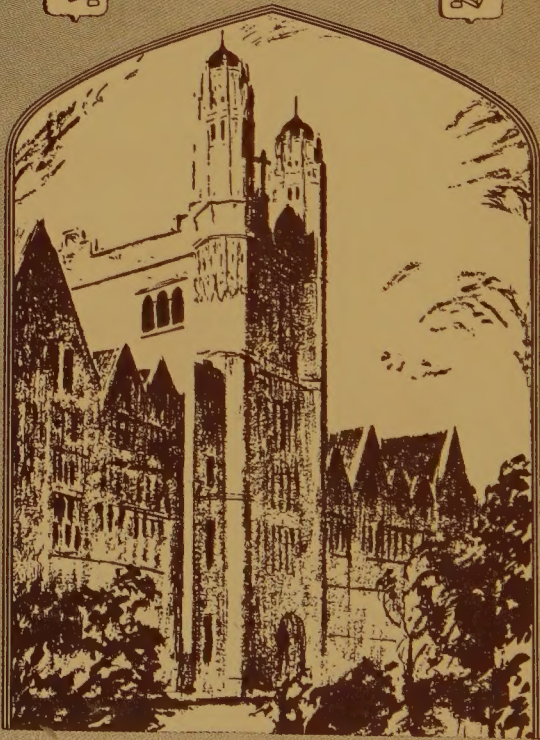




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LUCAN



LONDON · WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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LUCAN

"

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

J. D. DUFF, M.A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE CIVIL WAR

Books I—X



LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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MCMXXVIII

PREFACE

possible, suppressed. The translator's object has been to reproduce Lucan's meaning in English that can be understood, keeping close to the Latin text when possible, but deviating from it when a literal rendering would puzzle and mislead. Some notes explanatory of the translation are indispensable; but these have been added sparingly, and none of them are long.

One feature of the translation may be worth notice here. All Latin poets make free use of apostrophe, more than is common in Greek or English, and Lucan uses it more freely than any of them. In this translation the apostrophe is, in general, suppressed and the sentence turned in a different way; the figure is reserved for the more important occasions. In Latin apostrophe is often a metrical device, and often a meaningless convention. There are indeed in Lucan many passages where it adds to the rhetorical effect. Yet even here I believe that more is gained than lost, if it is generally ignored in the translation. The combination of apostrophe and plain statement, common in Lucan, is hardly endurable in English; and also the reader is puzzled and confused when Lucan addresses his rhetorical appeal to two or three different persons or places in the same paragraph.

Mr. P. W. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, gave me much valuable help in preparing the book for publication.

INTRODUCTION

1. *Lucan's Life*

THE few facts that are known of Lucan's personal history are derived chiefly from two ancient Lives prefixed to some of his manuscripts. One of these, which is mutilated, is attributed to Suetonius, and the other to Vacca, a grammarian probably of the sixth century. The circumstances that led to his death, and his death itself, are related at length by Tacitus in his *Annals* (xv. cc. 48-70).

Marcus Annaeus Lucanus was born at Corduba (now Cordova) in Spain on November 3, A.D. 39, was taken to Rome when he was seven months old, and died at Rome on April 30, A.D. 65. He was therefore in his twenty-sixth year at the time of his death. Hardly any other event of his life can be assigned to a fixed date.

Though his family was of provincial origin and not noble in the Roman sense of the word, because no member of it had held the magistracies at Rome, yet Lucan enjoyed every advantage that wealth and connexion could give. His father, M. Annaeus Mela, was never a senator; but his uncle, Lucius Annaeus Seneca, became the most famous man of his time. First governor and then minister of the Emperor Nero, he held the office of consul A.D. 56; he was the most powerful and the richest subject of

INTRODUCTION

the empire; and he was also the most prolific and popular writer of his day. There is no doubt that Lucan was reared under the eye of his uncle, whose only son died in childhood.

The boy received from the most eminent teachers the education then given to youths of the governing class at Rome. This education was directed to a single object—the acquisition of rhetorical skill; it began with the study of literature and was completed in the school of the *rhetor* or professor of rhetoric. We are told that Lucan from the first showed astonishing ability and proved himself superior to all his fellow-students and not inferior to his instructors themselves. He was taught the Stoic philosophy by Cornutus, who had among his pupils at the same time another poet, the satirist Persius. There are frequent echoes of Stoic dogma in Lucan's work, and the whole of it is pervaded—one might almost say, poisoned—by the rhetoric of the schools. He began to write very early and published works both in prose and poetry. He married at a date unknown Polla Argentaria, who combined every possible attraction—youth and beauty, wealth, virtue, and intellect.¹

For a time he was in high favour with Nero. The young emperor, who was two years older than Lucan, took an interest in literature and sought fame, not only as a musician but also as a poet. At the *Neronia*, a festival held in Nero's honour, Lucan delivered a speech in praise of the emperor. We are told that he was recalled from Athens, where he was probably residing for the purpose of study, and received two marks of imperial favour: he was

¹ Statius, *Silvae*, ii. 7, 81-88.

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appointed quaestor, though he had not reached the legal age for holding that office; and he was also nominated a member of the college of augurs.

But these friendly relations did not last long. It appears that Nero became jealous of Lucan's growing reputation: the young and ambitious poet was forbidden to publish his writings or even to recite them to his friends. Stung by resentment, Lucan took an active and leading part in a conspiracy which was formed for the purpose of dethroning Nero and putting him to death. The conspiracy was discovered and the conspirators were arrested. Lucan's courage failed him in the hour of peril, and he tried to save his life by incriminating others, among whom was his own mother, Acilia. But this baseness availed him nothing: he was forced to die, but permitted to choose the manner of his death. He chose a method of suicide which was common at the time: he had his veins opened in a warm bath and, as he was dying, repeated some verses of his own which described the death of a soldier from loss of blood.

His family was involved in his ruin: his father and his uncles, Seneca and Gallio, were forced to end their own lives. His widow, Polla Argentaria, survived her husband many years and continued to celebrate each anniversary of his birth.¹ It is evident that he left no child to bear his name.

2. *Lucan's Poem*

Though Lucan wrote much during his short life, only one work has survived, but this was held to be

¹ The poem of Statius (*Silvae*, ii. 7) was written for one of these anniversaries; see also Martial vii. 21 and 23.

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he won a high reputation among his own countrymen; and Statius and Martial, writing long after his death, do not scruple to name him as the writer of Latin epic poetry who comes nearest to Virgil.

In modern times also great writers have admired Lucan's poem. Shelley actually preferred Lucan to Virgil and immortalised his name in the *Adonais*. Macaulay read the poem through repeatedly, and recorded his opinion as follows at the end of the volume on August 30, 1835.

“When Lucan's age is considered, it is impossible not to allow that the poem is a very extraordinary one, more extraordinary, perhaps, than if it had been of a higher kind; for it is more common for the imagination to be in full vigour at an early time of life than for a young man to obtain a complete mastery of political and philosophical rhetoric. I know no declamation in the world, not even Cicero's best, which equals some passages in the *Pharsalia*.¹ As to what were meant for bold poetical flights—the sea-fight at Marseilles, the centurion who is covered with wounds, the snakes in the Libyan desert²—it is all as detestable as Cibber's Birthday Odes. The furious partiality of Lucan takes away much of the pleasure which his talents would otherwise afford. A poet who is, as has often been said, less a poet than a historian, should to a certain degree conform to the laws of history. The manner in which he represents the two parties is not to be reconciled with the laws even of fiction. The senators are

¹ Macaulay elsewhere picks out as specially eloquent the enumeration of Pompey's exploits (viii. 806–822) and Cato's character of Pompey (ix. 190–203).

² iii. 583 foll.; iv. 138–262; ix. 700–889.

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demigods; Pompey, a pure lover of his country; Cato, the abstract idea of virtue; while Caesar, the finest gentleman, the most humane conqueror, and the most popular politician that Rome ever produced, is a bloodthirsty ogre. If Lucan had lived, he would probably have improved greatly."

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LUCAN'S
CIVIL WAR
BOOK I

M. ANNAEI LUCANI
DE BELLO CIVILI

LIBER PRIMUS

BELLA per Emathios plus quam civilia campos,
Iusque datum sceleri canimus, populumque potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra,
Cognatasque acies, et rupto foedere regni
Certatum totis concussi viribus orbis

5

In commune nefas, infestisque obvia signis
Signa, pares aquilas et pila minantia pilis.

Quis furor, o cives, quae tanta licentia ferri?

Gentibus invisis Latium praebere cruorem,
Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropaeis

10

Ausoniis umbraque erraret Crassus inulta,
Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?

Heu, quantum terrae potuit pelagique parari
Hoc quem civiles hauserunt sanguine dextrae,

15

Unde venit Titan, et nox ubi sidera condit,
Quaque dies medius flagrantibus aestuat auris,¹

¹ auris *Oudendorp*: horis *MSS*.

¹ Because Pompey and Caesar were not merely fellow-citizens but kinsmen.

² Emathia is used freely by Lucan as a synonym for either Thessaly or Pharsalia.

LUCAN

THE CIVIL WAR

BOOK I

OF war I sing, war worse than civil,¹ waged over the plains of Emathia,² and of legality conferred on crime; I tell how an imperial people turned their victorious right hands against their own vitals; how kindred fought against kindred; how, when the compact of tyranny³ was shattered, all the forces of the shaken world contended to make mankind guilty; how standards confronted hostile standards, eagles were matched against each other, and pilum⁴ threatened pilum.

What madness was this, my countrymen, what fierce orgy of slaughter? While the ghost of Crassus still wandered unavenged, and it was your duty to rob proud Babylon⁵ of her trophies over Italy, did you choose to give to hated nations the spectacle of Roman bloodshed, and to wage wars that could win no triumphs? Ah! with that blood shed by Roman hands how much of earth and sea might have been bought—where the sun rises and where night hides

³ The First Triumvirate, formed by Pompey, Caesar, and Crassus in 60 B.C.

⁴ The javelin of the Roman legionary.

⁵ Babylon is used here as a synonym for Parthia: the real capital was Ctesiphon.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et qua bruma rigens ac nescia vere remitti
 Astringit Scythico glaciale frigore pontum !
 Sub iuga iam Seres, iam barbarus isset Araxes,
 Et gens si qua iacet nascenti conscia Nilo. 20
 Tum, si tantus amor belli tibi, Roma, nefandi,
 Totum sub Latias leges cum miseris orbem,
 In te verte manus ; nondum tibi defuit hostis.
 At nunc semirutis pendent quod moenia tectis
 Urbibus Italiae lapsisque ingentia muris 25
 Saxa iacent nulloque domus custode tenentur
 Rarus et antiquis habitator in urbibus errat,
 Horrida quod dumis multosque inarata per annos
 Hesperia est desuntque manus poscentibus arvis,
 Non tu, Pyrrhe ferox, nec tantis cladibus auctor 30
 Poenus erit ; nulli penitus descendere ferro
 Contigit : alta sedent civilis volnera dextrae.

Quod si non aliam venturo fata Neroni
 Invenere viam magnoque aeterna parantur
 Regna deis caelumque suo servire Tonanti 35
 Non nisi saevorum potuit post bella gigantum,
 Iam nihil, o superi, querimur ; scelera ista nefasque
 Hac mercede placent ; diros Pharsalia campos
 Inpleat et Poeni saturentur sanguine manes ;
 Ultima funesta concurrant proelia Munda ; 40
 His, Caesar, Perusina fames Mutinaeque labores
 Accedant fatis et quas premit aspera classes
 Leucas et ardenti servilia bella sub Aetna :

¹ The Euxine or Black Sea.

² Hannibal.

³ At Thapsus.

⁴ The battle of Actium is meant.

BOOK I

the stars, where the South is parched with burning airs, and where the rigour of winter that no spring can thaw binds the Scythian sea¹ with icy cold! Ere this the Chinese might have passed under our yoke, and the savage Araxes, and any nation that knows the secret of Nile's cradle. If Rome has such a lust for unlawful warfare, let her first subdue the whole earth to her sway and then commit self-slaughter; so far she has never lacked a foreign foe. But, if now in Italian cities the houses are half-demolished and the walls tottering, and the mighty stones of mouldering dwellings cumber the ground; if the houses are secured by the presence of no guard, and a mere handful of inhabitants wander over the site of ancient cities; if Italy bristles with thorn-brakes, and her soil lies unploughed year after year, and the fields call in vain for hands to till them,—these great disasters are not due to proud Pyrrhus or the Carthaginian²; no other sword has been able to pierce so deep; the strokes of a kindred hand are driven home.

Still, if Fate could find no other way for the advent of Nero; if an everlasting kingdom costs the gods dear and heaven could not be ruled by its sovran, the Thunderer, before the battle with the fierce Giants,—then we complain no more against the gods: even such crimes and such guilt are not too high a price to pay. Let Pharsalia heap her awful plains with dead; let the shade of the Carthaginian² be glutted with carnage;³ let the last battle be joined at fatal Munda; and though to these be added the famine of Perusia and the horrors of Mutina, the ships overwhelmed near stormy Leucas⁴ and the war against slaves hard by the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Multum Roma tamen debet civilibus armis,
 Quod tibi res acta est. Te, cum statione peracta 45
 Astra petes serus, praelati regia caeli
 Excipiet gaudente polo ; seu sceptrata tenere,
 Seu te flammigeros Phoebi conscendere currus,
 Telluremque nihil mutato sole timentem
 Igne vago lustrare iuuet, tibi numine ab omni 50
 Cedetur, iurisque tui natura relinquet,
 Quis deus esse velis, ubi regnum ponere mundi.
 Sed neque in arctoo sedem tibi legeris orbe,
 Nec polus aversi calidus qua vergitur austri,
 Unde tuam videas obliquo sidere Romam. 55
 Aetheris immensi partem si presseris unam,
 Sentiet axis onus. Librati pondera caeli
 Orbe tene medio ; pars aetheris illa sereni
 Tota vacet, nullaeque obstant a Caesare nubes.
 Tum genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis, 60
 Inque vicem gens omnis amet ; pax missa per orbem
 Ferrea belligeri conpescat limina Iani.
 Sed mihi iam numen ; nec, si te pectore vates
 Accipio, Cirrhaea velim secreta moventem
 Sollicitare deum Bacchumque avertere Nysa : 65
 Tu satis ad vires Romana in carmina dandas.
 Fert animus causas tantarum expromere rerum,
 Immensumque aperitur opus, quid in arma furem
 Inpulerit populum, quid pacem excusserit orbi.
 Invida fatorum series summisque negatum 70

¹ Weight is a regular attribute of divinity in ancient mythology.

BOOK I

flames of Etna, yet Rome owes much to civil war, because what was done was done for you, Caesar. When your watch on earth is over and you seek the stars at last, the celestial palace you prefer will welcome you, and the sky will be glad. Whether you choose to wield Jove's sceptre, or to mount the fiery chariot of Phoebus and circle earth with your moving flame—earth unterrified by the transference of the sun; every god will give place to you, and Nature will leave it to you to determine what deity you wish to be, and where to establish your universal throne. But choose not your seat either in the Northern region or where the sultry sky of the opposing South sinks down: from these quarters your light would look aslant at your city of Rome. If you lean on any one part of boundless space, the axle of the sphere will be weighed down¹; maintain therefore the equipoise of heaven by remaining at the centre of the system. May that region of the sky be bright and clear, and may no clouds obstruct our view of Caesar! In that day let mankind lay down their arms and seek their own welfare, and let all nations love one another; let Peace fly over the earth and shut fast the iron gates of warlike Janus. But to me you are divine already; and if my breast receives you to inspire my verse, I would not care to trouble the god who rules mysterious Delphi, or to summon Bacchus from Nysa: you alone are sufficient to give strength to a Roman bard.

My mind moves me to set forth the causes of these great events. Huge is the task that opens before me—to show what cause drove peace from earth and forced a frenzied nation to take up arms. It was the chain of jealous fate, and the speedy

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Stare diu nimioque graves sub pondere lapsus
 Nec se Roma ferens. Sic, cum conpage soluta
 Saecula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora,
 Antiquum repetens iterum chaos, [omnia ¹ mixtis
 Sidera sideribus concurrent] ignea pontum 75
 Astra petent, tellus extendere littora nolet
 Excutietque fretum, fratri contraria Phoebe
 Ibit et obliquum bigas agitare per orbem
 Indignata diem poscet sibi, totaque discors
 Machina divolsi turbabit foedera mundi. 80
 In se magna ruunt: laetis hunc numina rebus
 Crescendi posuere modum. Nec gentibus ullis
 Commodat in populum terrae pelagique potentem
 Invidiam Fortuna suam. Tu causa malorum
 Facta tribus dominis communis, Roma, nec unquam 85
 In turbam missi feralia foedera regni.
 O male concordēs nimiaque cupidine caeci,
 Quid miscere iuvat vires orbemque tenere
 In medio? dum terra fretum terramque levabit
 Aer et longi volvent Titana labores 90
 Noxque diem caelo totidem per signa sequetur,
 Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
 Inpatiens consortis erit. Nec gentibus ullis
 Credite, nec longe fatorum exempla petantur:
 Fraternali primi maduerunt sanguine muri. 95
 Nec pretium tanti tellus pontusque furoris

¹ omnia—concurrent *was excluded by Bentley.*

¹ *I.e.* she will heave them up.

² The moon drives two horses (*bigae*); the sun has four.

³ The triumvirs.

⁴ The twelve signs of the Zodiac.

BOOK I

fall which no eminence can escape ; it was the grievous collapse of excessive weight, and Rome unable to support her own greatness. Even so, when the framework of the world is dissolved and the final hour, closing so many ages, reverts to primeval chaos, then [all the constellations will clash in confusion,] the fiery stars will drop into the sea, and earth, refusing to spread her shores out flat,¹ will shake off the ocean ; the moon will move in opposition to her brother, and claim to rule the day, disdainingly to drive her chariot² along her slanting orbit ; and the whole distracted fabric of the shattered firmament will overthrow its laws. Great things come crashing down upon themselves—such is the limit of growth ordained by heaven for success. Nor did Fortune lend her grudge to any foreign nations, to use against the people that ruled earth and sea : the doom of Rome was due to Rome herself, when she became the joint property of three masters,³ and when despotism, which never before was shared among so many, struck its bloody bargain. Blinded by excess of ambition, the Three joined hands for mischief. What boots it to unite their strength and rule the world in common ? As long as earth supports the sea and air the earth ; as long as his unending task shall make the sun go round, and night shall follow day in the heavens, each passing through the same number of signs⁴—so long will loyalty be impossible between sharers in tyranny, and great place will resent a partner. Search not the history of foreign nations for proof, nor look far for an instance of Fate's decree : the rising walls of Rome were wetted with a brother's blood. Nor was such madness rewarded then by lordship over land

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tunc erat : exiguum dominos commisit asylum.
 Temporis angusti mansit concordia discors,
 Paxque fuit non sponte ducum ; nam sola futuri
 Crassus erat belli medius mora. Qualiter undas 100
 Qui secat et geminum gracilis mare separat Isthmos
 Nec patitur conferre fretum, si terra recedat,
 Ionium Aegaeo frangat mare : sic, ubi saeva
 Arma ducum dirimens miserando funere Crassus
 Assyrias Latio maculavit sanguine Carrhas, 105
 Parthica Romanos solverunt damna furores.
 Plus illa vobis acie, quam creditis, actum est,
 Arsacidæ : bellum victis civile dedistis.
 Dividitur ferro regnum, populique potentis,
 Quæ mare, quæ terras, quæ totum possidet orbem,
 Non cepit fortuna duos. Nam pignora iuncti 111
 Sanguinis et diro ferales omine taedas
 Abstulit ad manes Parcarum Iulia saeva
 Intercepta manu. Quod si tibi fata dedissent
 Maiores in luce moras, tu sola furentem 115
 Inde virum poteras atque hinc retinere parentem
 Armatasque manus excusso iungere ferro,
 Ut generos soceris mediae iunxere Sabinae.
 Morte tua discussa fides, bellumque movere
 Permissum ducibus. Stimulos dedit aemula virtus :
 Tu, nova ne veteres obscurant acta triumphos 121
 Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis,

¹ The earliest settlement of Romulus was a sanctuary for criminals.

² The Parthian kings bore the name of Arsaces ; hence the nation are called Arsacidæ here and elsewhere in the poem.

³ Julia, daughter of Caesar and wife of Pompey, died in the autumn of 54 B.C. The "dread omen" apparently refers to her coming death.

⁴ Lucan uses this name for Pompey more often than *Pompeius* : Caesar he always calls *Caesar*.

BOOK I

and sea : the narrow bounds of the Asylum¹ pitted its owners one against the other.

For a brief space the jarring harmony was maintained, and there was peace despite the will of the chiefs ; for Crassus, who stood between, was the only check on imminent war. So the Isthmus of Corinth divides the main and parts two seas with its slender line, forbidding them to mingle their waters ; but if its soil were withdrawn, it would dash the Ionian sea against the Aegean. Thus Crassus kept apart the eager combatants ; but when he met his pitiable end and stained Syrian Carrhae with Roman blood, the loss inflicted by Parthia let loose the madness of Rome. By that battle the Parthians² did more than they realise : they visited the vanquished with civil war. The tyrants' power was divided by the sword ; and the wealth of the imperial people, that possessed sea and land the whole world over, was not enough for two. For, when Julia³ was cut off by the cruel hand of Fate, she bore with her to the world below the bond of affinity and the marriage which the dread omen turned to mourning. She alone, had Fate granted her longer life, might have restrained the rage of her husband on one side and her father on the other ; she might have struck down their swords and joined their armed hands, as the Sabine women stood between and reconciled their fathers to their husbands. But loyalty was shattered by the death of Julia, and leave was given to the chiefs to begin the conflict. Rivalry in worth spurred them on ; for Magnus⁴ feared that fresher exploits might dim his past triumphs, and that his victory over the pirates might give place to the conquest of Gaul, while Caesar was urged on by

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Magne, times ; te iam series ususque laborum
 Erigit inpatiensque loci fortuna secundi ;
 Nec quemquam iam ferre potest Caesarve priorem
 Pompeiusve parem. Quis iustius induit arma, 126
 Scire nefas ; magno se iudice quisque tuetur :
 Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
 Nec coiere pares. Alter vergentibus annis
 In senium longoque togae tranquillior usu 130
 Dedidicit iam pace ducem, famaeque petitor
 Multa dare in volgus, totus popularibus auris
 Inpelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri,
 Nec reparare novas vires, multumque priori
 Credere fortunae. Stat magni nominis umbra ; 135
 Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
 Exuvias veteres populi sacrataque gestans
 Dona ducum nec iam validis radicibus haerens
 Pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per aera ramos
 Effundens trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram ; 140
 Et quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
 Tot circum silvae firmo se robore tollant,
 Sola tamen colitur. Sed non in Caesare tantum
 Nomen erat nec fama ducis, sed nescia virtus
 Stare loco, solusque pudor non vincere bello ; 145
 Acer et indomitus, quo spes quoque ira vocasset,
 Ferre manum et numquam temerando parcere ferro,
 Successus arguere suos, instare favori
 Numinis, inpellens, quidquid sibi summa petenti
 Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina. 150

¹ Pompey, born in 106 B.C., was six years older than Caesar.

BOOK I

continuous effort and familiarity with warfare, and by fortune that brooked no second place. Caesar could no longer endure a superior, nor Pompey an equal. Which had the fairer pretext for warfare, we may not know: each has high authority to support him; for, if the victor had the gods on his side, the vanquished had Cato. The two rivals were ill-matched. The one was somewhat tamed by declining years;¹ for long he had worn the toga and forgotten in peace the leader's part; courting reputation and lavish to the common people, he was swayed entirely by the breath of popularity and delighted in the applause that hailed him in the theatre he built; and trusting fondly to his former greatness, he did nothing to support it by fresh power. The mere shadow of a mighty name he stood. Thus an oak-tree, laden with the ancient trophies of a nation and the consecrated gifts of conquerors, towers in a fruitful field; but the roots it clings by have lost their toughness, and it stands by its weight alone, throwing out bare boughs into the sky and making a shade not with leaves but with its trunk; though it totters doomed to fall at the first gale, while many trees with sound timber rise beside it, yet it alone is worshipped. But Caesar had more than a mere name and military reputation: his energy could never rest, and his one disgrace was to conquer without war. He was alert and headstrong; his arms answered every summons of ambition or resentment; he never shrank from using the sword lightly; he followed up each success and snatched at the favour of Fortune, overthrowing every obstacle on his path to supreme power, and rejoicing to clear the way before him by destruction.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Qualiter expressum ventis per nubila fulmen
 Aetheris impulsu sonitu mundique fragore
 Emicuit rupitque diem populosque paventes
 Terruit obliqua praestringens lumina flamma ;
 In sua templa furit, nullaque exire vetante 155
 Materia magnamque cadens magnamque revertens
 Dat stragem late sparsosque recolligit ignes.
 Hae ducibus causae ; suberant sed publica belli
 Semina, quae populos semper mersere potentes.
 Namque, ut opes nimias mundo fortuna subacto 160
 Intulit et rebus mores cessere secundis,
 Praedaque et hostiles luxum suasere rapinae,
 Non auro tectisque modus, mensasque priores
 Aspernata fames ; cultus gestare decoros
 Vix nuribus rapuere mares ; fecunda virorum 165
 Paupertas fugitur, totoque accersitur orbe
 Quo gens quaeque perit ; tum longos iungere fines
 Agrorum, et quondam duro sulcata Camilli
 Vomere et antiquos Curiorum passa ligones
 Longa sub ignotis extendere rura colonis. 170
 Non erat is populus, quem pax tranquilla iuaret,
 Quem sua libertas inmotis pasceret armis.
 Inde irae faciles et, quod suasisset egestas,
 Vile nefas, magnumque decus ferroque petendum,
 Plus patria potuisse sua, mensuraque iuris 175
 Vis erat ; hinc leges et plebis scita coactae

¹ There was only one famous Curius ; but Latin often uses the plural in the sense of "men like Curius" ; cf. l. 313.

BOOK I

Even so the lightning is driven forth by wind through the clouds: with noise of the smitten heaven and crashing of the firmament it flashes out and cracks the daylight sky, striking fear and terror into mankind and dazzling the eye with slanting flame. It rushes to its appointed quarter of the sky; nor can any solid matter forbid its free course, but both falling and returning it spreads destruction far and wide and gathers again its scattered fires.

Such were the motives of the leaders. But among the people there were hidden causes of war—the causes which have ever brought down ruin upon imperial races. For when Rome had conquered the world and Fortune showered excess of wealth upon her, virtue was dethroned by prosperity, and the spoil taken from the enemy lured men to extravagance: they set no limit to their wealth or their dwellings; greed rejected the food that once sufficed; men seized for their use garments scarce decent for women to wear; poverty, the mother of manhood, became a bugbear; and from all the earth was brought the special bane of each nation. Next they stretched wide the boundaries of their lands, till those acres, which once were furrowed by the iron plough of Camillus and felt the spade of a Curius¹ long ago, grew into vast estates tilled by foreign cultivators. Such a nation could find no pleasure in peace and quiet, nor leave the sword alone and grow fat on their own freedom. Hence they were quick to anger, and crime prompted by poverty was lightly regarded; to overawe the State was high distinction which justified recourse to the sword; and might became the standard of right. Hence came laws and decrees of the people passed by violence; and

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Et cum consulibus turbantes iura tribuni ;
 Hinc rapti fasces pretio sectorque favoris
 Ipse sui populus letalisque ambitus urbi
 Annua venali referens certamina Campo ; 180
 Hinc usura vorax avidumque in tempora fenus
 Et concussa fides et multis utile bellum.

Iam gelidas Caesar cursu superaverat Alpes
 Ingentesque animo motus bellumque futurum
 Ceperat. Ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas,
 Ingens visa duci patriae trepidantis imago 186
 Clara per obscuram voltu maestissima noctem,
 Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
 Caesarie lacera nudisque adstare lacertis
 Et gemitu permixta loqui : “ Quo tenditis ultra ? 190
 Quo fertis mea signa, viri ? si iure venitis,
 Si cives, huc usque licet.” Tum perculit horror
 Membra ducis, riguere comae, gressumque coercens
 Languor in extrema tenuit vestigia ripa.
 Mox ait : “ O magnae qui moenia prospicis urbis 195
 Tarpeia de rupe, Tonans, Phrygiique penates
 Gentis Iuleae et rapti secreta Quirini
 Et residens celsa Latiaris Iuppiter Alba
 Vestalesque foci summique o numinis instar,
 Roma, fave coeptis ; non te furialibus armis 200
 Persequor ; en adsum victor terraque marique
 Caesar, ubique tuus—liceat modo, nunc quoque—miles.

¹ Order should be represented by the consuls, and progress by the tribunes ; but both bodies were equally factious.

² Elections to the magistracies were held in the *Campus Martius*.

³ Personifications of cities often wear this kind of crown.

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consuls and tribunes¹ alike threw justice into confusion; hence office was snatched by bribery and the people put up its own support for auction, while corruption, repeating year by year the venal competition of the Campus,² destroyed the State; hence came devouring usury and interest that looks greedily to the day of payment; credit was shattered, and many found their profit in war.

And now Caesar had hastened across the frozen Alps and had conceived in his heart the great rebellion and the coming war. When he reached the little river Rubicon, the general saw a vision of his distressed country. Her mighty image was clearly seen in the darkness of night; her face expressed deep sorrow, and from her head, crowned with towers,³ the white hair streamed abroad; she stood beside him with tresses torn and arms bare, and her speech was broken by sobs: "Whither do ye march further? and whither do ye bear my standards, ye warriors? If ye come as law-abiding citizens, here must ye stop." Then trembling smote the leader's limbs, his hair stood on end, a faintness stopped his motion and fettered his feet on the edge of the river-bank. But soon he spoke: "O God of thunder, who from the Tarpeian rock lookest out over the walls of the great city; O ye Trojan gods of the house of Iulus, and mysteries of Quirinus snatched from earth; O Jupiter of Latium, who dwellest on Alba's height, and ye fires of Vesta; and thou, O Rome, as sacred a name as any, smile on my enterprise; I do not attack thee in frantic warfare; behold me here, me Caesar, a conqueror by land and sea and everywhere thy champion, as I would be now also, were it possible. His, his shall

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Ille erit, ille nocens, qui me tibi fecerit hostem."
 Inde moras solvit belli tumidumque per amnem
 Signa tulit propere; sicut squalentibus arvis 205
 Aestiferae Libyes viso leo comminus hoste
 Subsedit dubius, totam dum colligit iram;
 Mox, ubi se saevae stimulavit verbere caudae
 Erexitque iubam et vasto grave murmur hiatu
 Infremuit, tum, torta levis si lancea Mauri 210
 Haereat aut latum subeant venabula pectus,
 Per ferrum tanti securus volneris exit.

Fonte cadit modico parvisque inpellitur undis
 Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit aestas,
 Perque imas serpit valles et Gallica certus 215
 Limes ab Ausoniis disternat arva colonis.
 Tum vires praebat hiemps, atque auxerat undas
 Tertia iam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu
 Et madidis Euri resolutae flatibus Alpes.
 Primus in obliquum sonipes opponitur amnem 220
 Excepturus aquas; molli tum cetera rumpit
 Turba vado faciles iam fracti fluminis undas.
 Caesar, ut adversam superato gurgite ripam
 Attigit, Hesperiae vetitis et constitit arvis, 224
 "Hic," ait, "hic pacem temerataque iura relinquo;
 Te, Fortuna, sequor. Procul hinc iam foedera sunt;
 Credidimus satis his,¹ utendum est iudice bello."
 Sic fatus noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
 Impiger, et torto Balearis verbere fundae

¹ satis his *Housman*: fatis *MSS.*

¹ *I.e.*, rushes on so violently that the spear pierces him through and through.

² The meaning is that there had been three nights of rain.

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be the guilt, who has made me thine enemy." Then he loosed war from its bonds and carried his standards in haste over the swollen stream. So on the untilled fields of sultry Libya, when the lion sees his foe at hand, he crouches down at first uncertain till he gathers all his rage; but soon, when he has maddened himself with the cruel lash of his tail, and made his mane stand up, and sent forth a roar from his cavernous jaws, then, if the brandished lance of the nimble Moor stick in his flesh or a spear pierce his great chest, he passes on along the length of the weapon,¹ careless of so sore a wound.

The ruddy river Rubicon glides through the bottom of the valleys and serves as a fixed landmark to divide the land of Gaul from the farms of Italy. Issuing from a modest spring, it runs with scanty stream in the heat of burning summer; but now it was swollen by winter; and its waters were increased by the third rising of a rainy moon² with moisture-laden horn, and by Alpine snows which damp blasts of wind had melted. First the cavalry took station slantwise across the stream, to meet its flow; thus the current was broken, and the rest of the army forded the water with ease. When Caesar had crossed the stream and reached the Italian bank on the further side, he halted on the forbidden territory: "Here," he cried, "here I leave peace behind me and legality which has been scorned already; henceforth I follow Fortune. Hereafter let me hear no more of agreements. In them I have put my trust long enough; now I must seek the arbitration of war." Thus spoke the leader and quickly urged his army on through the darkness of night. Faster he goes than the bullet whirled from the

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Ocior et missa Parthi post terga sagitta, 230
Vicinumque minax invadit Ariminum, et ignes
Solis lucifero fugiebant astra relicto.
Iamque dies primos belli visura tumultus
Exoritur ; seu sponte deum, seu turbidus auster
Impulerat, maestam tenuerunt nubila lucem. 235
Constitit ut capto iussus deponere miles
Signa foro, stridor lituum clangorque tubarum
Non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
Rupta quies populi, stratisque excita iuventus
Deripuit sacris adfixa penatibus arma, 240
Quae pax longa dabat : nuda iam crate fluentes
Invadunt clipeos curvataque cuspide pila
Et scabros nigrae morsu rubiginis enses.
Ut notae fulsere aquilae Romanaque signa
Et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Caesar, 245
Deriguere metu, gelidos pavor occupat artus,
Et tacito mutos volvunt in pectore questus :
“ O male vicinis haec moenia condita Gallis,
O tristi damnata loco ! pax alta per omnes 249
Et tranquilla quies populos ; nos praeda furentum
Primaque castra sumus. Melius, Fortuna, dedisses
Orbe sub Eoo sedem gelidaque sub arcto
Errantesque domos, Latii quam claustra tueri.
Nos primi Senonum motus Cimbrumque ruentem

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Balearic sling, or the arrow which the Parthian shoots over his shoulder. Ariminum was the nearest town, and he brought terror there, when the stars were fleeing from the sunlight and the morning star alone was left. So the day dawned that was to witness the first turmoil of the war; but clouds veiled the mournful light, either because the gods so willed or because the stormy South wind had driven them up. When the soldiers halted in the captured forum and were bidden to lay down their standards, the blare of trumpets and shrill note of clarions together with the boom of horns sounded the alarm of civil war. The inhabitants were roused from sleep. Starting from their beds, the men snatched down the arms that hung beside the household gods—such arms as the long peace supplied: they lay hold on shields that are falling to pieces with framework exposed, javelins with their points bent, and swords roughened by the bite of black rust. But when they recognised the glitter of the Roman eagles and standards and saw Caesar mounted in the midst of his army, they stood motionless with fear, terror seized their chilly limbs, and these unuttered complaints they turn over in their silent breasts: “Alas for our town, built with Gaul beside it and doomed by its unlucky site to misfortune! Over all the earth there is profound peace and unbroken quiet; but we are the booty and first bivouac of these madmen. Fate would have been kinder if she had placed us under the Eastern sky or the frozen North, and made us guard the tents of nomads rather than the gates of Italy. We were the first to witness the movement of the Senones, the onrush of the Cimbrian, the sword of Hannibal,

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Vidimus et Martem Libyae cursumque furoris 255
 Teutonici : quotiens Romam fortuna lacescit,
 Hac iter est bellis." Gemitu sic quisque latenti,
 Non ausus timuisse palam ; vox nulla dolori
 Credita ; sed quantum, volucres cum bruma coercent,
 Rura silent, mediusque tacet sine murmure pontus,
 Tanta quies. Noctis gelidas lux solverat umbras,
 Ecce faces belli dubiaeque in proelia menti 262
 Urgentes addunt stimulos cunctasque pudoris
 Rumpunt fata moras ; iustos Fortuna laborat
 Esse ducis motus et causas invenit armis. 265
 Expulit ancipiti discordes urbe tribunos
 Victo iure minax iactatis curia Gracchis.
 Hos iam mota ducis vicinaque signa petentes
 Audax venali comitatur Curio lingua,
 Vox quondam populi libertatemque tueri 270
 Ausus et armatos plebi miscere potentes.
 Utque ducem varias volventem pectore curas
 Conspexit : " Dum voce tuae potuere iuvari,
 Caesar," ait " partes, quamvis nolente senatu,
 Traximus imperium, tum cum mihi rostra tenere 275
 Ius erat et dubios in te transferre Quirites.
 At postquam leges bello siluere coactae,
 Pellimur e patriis laribus patimurque volentes
 Exilium ; tua nos faciet victoria cives.
 Dum trepidant nullo firmatae robore partes, 280
 Tolle moras ; semper nocuit differre paratis.

¹ The dates of these invasions are: 390, 101, 218, and 101 B.C.: Lucan's order is artificial.

² Whom the Senate had crushed in 133 and 121 B.C. The tribunes expelled on this occasion were Antony and Q. Cassius.

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and the wild career of the Teutones¹: whenever Fortune attacks Rome, the warriors take their way through us." This was each man's muffled groan; none dared to utter his fear aloud, nor was any voice lent to their grief; such is the silence of the country when winter strikes the birds dumb, and such the silence of mid-ocean in still weather. When light had banished the cold shades of night, lo! destiny kindled the flame of war, applying to Caesar's hesitating heart the spur that pricked him to battle, and bursting all the barriers that reverence opposed. Fate was determined to justify Caesar's rebellion, and she found excuse for drawing the sword. For the Senate, trampling on the laws, had menaced and driven out the wrangling tribunes from the distracted city, and boasted of the doom of the Gracchi²; and now the fugitives made for Caesar's camp, already far advanced and close to Rome. With them came Curio of the reckless heart and venal tongue; yet once he had been the spokesman of the people and a bold champion of freedom, who dared to bring down the armed chiefs to the level of the crowd. When Curio saw Caesar turning over shifting counsels in his heart, he spoke thus: "Caesar, while my voice could serve your side and when I was permitted to hold the Rostrum and bring over doubting citizens to your interest, I prolonged your command in defiance of the Senate. But now law has been silenced by the constraint of war, and we have been driven from our country. We suffer exile willingly, because your victory will make us citizens again. While your foes are in confusion and before they have gathered strength, make haste; delay is ever fatal to those who are

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Par labor atque metus, pretio maiore petuntur.
Bellantem geminis tenuit te Gallia lustris,
Pars quota terrarum ! facili si proelia pauca
Gesseris eventu, tibi Roma subegerit orbem. 285
Nunc neque te longi remeantem pompa triumphii
Excipit, aut sacras poscunt Capitolia laurus ;
Livor edax tibi cuncta negat, gentesque subactas
Vix inpune feres. Socerum depellere regno
Decretum genero est ; partiri non potes orbem, 290
Solutus habere potes." Sic postquam fatus, et ipsi
In bellum prono tantum tamen addidit irae
Accenditque ducem, quantum clamore iuvatur
Eleus sonipes, quamvis iam carcere clauso
Immineat foribus pronusque repagula laxet. 295
Convocat armatos extemplo ad signa manipulos,
Utque satis trepidum turba coeunte tumultum
Conposuit voltu dextraque silentia iussit,
" Bellorum o socii, qui mille pericula Martis
Mecum " ait " experti decimo iam vincitis anno, 300
Hoc cruor Arctois meruit diffusus in arvis
Volneraque et mortes hiemesque sub Alpibus actae ?
Non secus ingenti bellorum Roma tumultu
Concutitur, quam si Poenus transcenderet Alpes
Hannibal : implentur validae tirone cohortes ; 305
In classem cadit omne nemus ; terraque marique
Iussus Caesar agi. Quid ? si mihi signa iacerent

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prepared. The toil and danger are no greater than before, but the prize you seek is higher. Twice five years Gaul kept you fighting; but how small a part of the earth is Gaul! Win but two or three battles, and it will be for you that Rome has subdued the world. As it is, no long triumphal procession awaits your return, nor does the Capitol demand your consecrated laurels; gnawing envy denies you all things, and you will scarce go unpunished for your conquest of foreign nations. Your daughter's husband has resolved to thrust you down from sovereignty. Half the world you may not have, but you can have the whole world for yourself." Eager for war as Caesar was already, these words of Curio increased his rage and fired his ardour none the less; so the race-horse at Olympia is encouraged by the shouting, although he is already pressing against the gates of the closed barrier and seeking to loosen the bolts with his forehead. At once Caesar summoned his armed companies to the standards; his mien quieted the bustle and confusion of the assembling troops, his right hand commanded silence, and thus he spoke: "Men who have fought and faced with me the peril of battle a thousand times, for ten years past you have been victorious. Is this your reward for blood shed on the fields of the North, for wounds and death, and for winters passed beside the Alps? The huge hubbub of war with which Rome is shaken could be no greater, if Carthaginian Hannibal had crossed the Alps. Cohorts are raised to their full strength with recruits; every forest is felled to make ships; the word has gone forth that Caesar be chased by land and sea. What would my foes do if my

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Marte sub adverso, ruerentque in terga feroces
 Gallorum populi? nunc, cum fortuna secundis
 Mecum rebus agat superique ad summa vocantes, 310
 Temptamur. Veniat longa dux pace solutus
 Milite cum subito partesque in bella togatae
 Marcellusque loquax et, nomina vana, Catones.
 Scilicet extremi Pompeium emptique clientes
 Continuo per tot satiabunt tempora regno? 315
 Ille reget currus nondum patientibus annis?
 Ille semel raptos numquam dimittet honores?
 Quid iam rura querar totum suppressa per orbem
 Ac iussam servire famem? quis castra timenti
 Nescit mixta foro, gladii cum triste micantes 320
 Iudicium insolita trepidum cinxere corona,
 Atque auso medias perrumpere milite leges
 Pompeiana reum clausurunt signa Milonem?
 Nunc quoque, ne lassum teneat privata senectus,
 Bella nefanda parat suetus civilibus armis 325
 Et docilis Sullam scelerum vicisse magistrum.
 Utque ferae tigres nunquam posuere furorem,
 Quas nemore Hyrcano, matrum dum lustra secuntur,
 Altus caesorum pavit cruor armentorum,
 Sic et Sullanum solito tibi lambere ferrum 330
 Durat, Magne, sitis. Nullus semel ore receptus
 Pollutas patitur sanguis mansuescere fauces.
 Quem tamen inveniet tam longa potentia finem?
 Quis scelerum modus est? ex hoc iam te, inprobe, regno

¹ C. Marcellus was consul in 49 B.C.; the other consul was Lentulus.

² In 57 B.C. Pompey was put in charge of the corn-supply, with proconsular powers for five years.

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standards lay prostrate in defeat and the tribes of Gaul were rushing in triumph to attack my rear? As it is, when Fate deals kindly with me and the gods summon me to the highest place, my foes challenge me. Let their leader, enervated by long peace, come forth to war with his hasty levies and unwarlike partisans—Marcellus,¹ that man of words, and Cato, that empty name. Shall Pompey forsooth be glugged by his vile and venal minions with despotic power renewed so often without a break? Shall Pompey hold the chariot reins before reaching the lawful age? Shall Pompey cling for ever to the posts he has once usurped? Why should I next complain that he took into his own hands the harvests of the whole world and forced famine to do his bidding?² Who knows not how the barrack invaded the frightened law-court, when soldiers with the grim glitter of their swords stood round the uneasy and astonished jurors? how the warrior dared to break into the sanctuary of justice, and Pompey's standards besieged Milo in the dock? Now once again, to escape the burden of an obscure old age, Pompey is scheming unlawful warfare. Civil war is familiar to him: he was taught wickedness by Sulla and is like to outdo his teacher. As the fierce tiger, who has drunk deep of the blood of slain cattle when following his dam from lair to lair in the Hyrcanian jungle, never after loses his ferocity, so Magnus, once wont to lick the sword of Sulla, is thirsty still. When blood has once been swallowed, it never permits the throat it has tainted to lose its cruelty. Will power so long continued ever find an end, or crime a limit? He is never content; but let him learn one lesson at least from

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Ille tuus saltem doceat descendere Sulla. 335
 Post Cilicasne vagos et lassus Pontica regis
 Proelia barbarico vix consummata veneno
 Ultima Pompeio dabitur provincia Caesar,
 Quod non victrices aquilas deponere iussus
 Paruerim? mihi si merces erepta laborum est, 340
 His saltem longi non cum duce praemia belli
 Reddantur; miles sub quolibet iste triumphet.
 Conferet exsanguis quo se post bella senectus?
 Quae sedes erit emeritis? quae rura dabuntur,
 Quae noster veteranus aret? quae moenia fessis? 345
 An melius fient piratae, Magne, coloni?
 Tollite iampridem victricia, tollite, signa;
 Viribus utendum est, quas fecimus. Arma tenenti
 Omnia dat, qui iusta negat. Neque numina derunt;
 Nam neque praeda meis neque regnum quaeritur armis;
 Detrahimus dominos urbi servire paratae." 351
 Dixerat; at dubium non claro murmure volgus
 Secum incerta fremit. Pietas patrique penates
 Quamquam caede feras mentes animosque tumentes
 Frangunt; sed diro ferri revocantur amore 355
 Ductorisque metu. Summi tum munera pili
 Laelius emeritique gerens insignia doni,
 Servati civis referentem praemia quercum,
 "Si licet," exclamat "Romani maxime rector

¹ The Cilicians stand for the Mediterranean pirates generally. The King of Pontus was Mithradates; when reduced to despair, he took poison, but it failed to kill him.

² *I.e.* justifies him in taking even more.

³ Probably a fictitious person.

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his master, Sulla—to step down at this stage from his unlawful power. First came the roving Cilicians, and then the lingering warfare with the King of Pontus¹—warfare hardly completed by the infamy of poison; shall I, Caesar, be assigned to Pompey as his crowning task, because, when bidden lay down my victorious eagles, I was disobedient? But, if I am robbed of the reward for my labours, let my soldiers at least, without their leader, receive the recompense of their long service; and let them triumph, be their leader who he may. What harbour of peace will they find for their feeble old age, what dwelling-place for their retirement? What lands will my veterans receive to till, what walls to shelter their war-worn frames? Shall Magnus give the pirates preference as colonists? Lift up, lift up the standards that have long been victorious! We must employ the strength we have created. He who denies his due to the strong man armed grants him everything.² Nor will the favour of Heaven fail us; for neither booty nor empire is the object of my warfare: we are but dislodging a tyrant from a State prepared to bow the knee.”

Thus he spoke; but the men wavered and muttered doubtfully under their breath with no certain sound. Fierce as they were with bloodshed and proud of heart, they were unnerved by love of their country and their country's gods, till brought to heel by horrid love of slaughter and fear of their leader. Then Laelius,³ who held the rank of chief centurion and bore the decoration of a well-earned badge—the oak-leaves which are the reward for saving a Roman's life—cried out thus: “Mightiest captain of the Roman nation, if I have leave to speak and if it

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Nominis, et ius est veras expromere voces, 360
 Quod tam lenta tuas tenuit patientia vires,
 Conquerimur. Deratne tibi fiducia nostri?
 Dum movet haec calidus spirantia corpora sanguis,
 Et dum pila valent fortes torquere lacerti,
 Degenerem patiere togam regnumque senatus? 365
 Usque adeo miserum est civili vincere bello?
 Duc age per Scythiae populos, per inhospita Syrtis
 Litora, per calidas Libyae sitientis harenas :
 Haec manus, ut victum post terga relinqueret orbem,
 Oceani tumidas remo conpescuit undas, 370
 Fregit et arctoo spumantem vertice Rhenum :
 Iussa sequi tam posse mihi quam velle necesse est.
 Nec civis meus est, in quem tua classica, Caesar,
 Audiero. Per signa decem felicia castris
 Perque tuos iuro quocumque ex hoste triumphos : 375
 Pectore si fratris gladium iuguloque parentis
 Condere me iubeas plenaque in viscera partu
 Coniugis, invita peragam tamen omnia dextra ;
 Si spoliare deos ignemque inmittere templis,
 Numina miscebit castrensium flamma monetarum ; 380
 Castra super Tusci si ponere Thybridis undas,
 Hesperios audax veniam metator in agros ;
 Tu quoscumque voles in planum effundere muros,
 His aries actus disperget saxa lacertis,
 Illa licet, penitus tolli quam iusseris urbem, 385
 Roma sit." His cunctae simul adsensere cohortes
 Elatasque alte, quaecumque ad bella vocaret,

¹ The meaning is : " However arduous a campaign you require of me, I have the power to go through with it, as I have proved already in the Gallic wars."

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be right to confess the truth, our complaint is, that you have borne too much and restrained your strength too long. Was it confidence in us that you lacked? While the warm blood gives motion to these breathing frames, and while our muscles have strength to hurl the pilum, will you submit to the disgrace of wearing the toga and to the tyranny of the Senate? Is it so wretched a fate to be victorious in a civil war? Lead us straight-way through the tribes of Scythia, or the inhospitable shore of the Syrtes, or the burning sands of thirsty Libya—that we might leave a conquered world at our backs, these hands tamed with the oar the swelling waves of Ocean and the foaming eddies of the northern Rhine—I must have as much power as will to follow where you lead.¹ If I hear your trumpet sound the charge against any man, he is no countryman of mine. By your standards, victorious in ten campaigns, and by your triumphs I swear, whoever be the foe whom you triumph over—if you bid me bury my sword in my brother's breast or my father's throat or the body of my teeming wife, I will perform it all, even if my hand be reluctant. If you bid me plunder the gods and fire their temples, the furnace of the military mint shall melt down the statues of the deities; if you bid me pitch the camp by the waters of Etruscan Tiber, I shall make bold to invade the fields of Italy and there mark out the lines; whatever walls you wish to level, these arms shall ply the ram and scatter the stones asunder, even if the city you doom to utter destruction be Rome." To this speech all the cohorts together signified their assent, raising their hands on high and promising their aid in any war

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Promisere manus. It tantus ad aethera clamor,
 Quantus, piniferae Boreas cum Thracius Ossae
 Rupibus incubuit, curvato robore pressae 390
 Fit sonus aut rursus redeuntis in aethera silvae.

Caesar, ut acceptum tam prono milite bellum
 Fataque ferre videt, ne quo languore moretur
 Fortunam, sparsas per Gallica rura cohortes
 Evocat et Romam motis petit undique signis. 395
 Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno
 Castraque, quae Vosegi curvam super ardua ripam
 Pugnaces pictis cohibebant Lingonas armis.
 Hi vada liquerunt Isarae, qui, gurgite ductus
 Per tam multa suo, famae maioris in amnem 400
 Lapsus, ad aequoreas nomen non pertulit undas.
 Solvuntur flavi longa statione Ruteni ;
 Mitis Atax Latias gaudet non ferre carinas
 Finis et Hesperiae, promoti limite, Varus ;
 Quaque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus 405
 Urguet rupe cava pelagus : non Corus in illum
 Ius habet aut Zephyrus, solus sua litora turbat
 Circius et tuta prohibet statione Monoeci :
 Quaque iacet litus dubium, quod terra fretumque
 Vindicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens 410
 Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
 Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet
 Destituatque ferens, an sidere mota secundo

¹ The name of a local wind.

² The tides on the Belgian coast are meant here.

BOOK I

to which Caesar summoned them. Their shout rose to heaven : as loud as, when the Thracian North wind bears down upon the cliffs of pine-clad Ossa, the forest roars as the trees are bent towards earth, or again as they rebound into the sky.

When Caesar saw that war was so eagerly welcomed by the soldiers, and that Fate was favourable, he would not by any slackness delay the course of destiny, but summoned his detachments scattered through the land of Gaul and moved his standards from every quarter for the march on Rome. The soldiers left their tents pitched by Lake Lemán among the mountains, and the camp which crowned the winding bank of the Vosegus, and controlled the warlike Lingones with their painted weapons. Others left the fords of the Isara—the river which travels so far with its own waters and then falls into a more famous stream, losing its name before it reaches the sea. The fair-haired Ruthenians were freed from the garrison that long had held them; the gentle Atax, and the Varus, the boundary of Italy enlarged, rejoiced to carry no Roman keels; free was the harbour sacred under the name of Hercules, whose hollow cliff encroaches on the sea—over it neither Corus nor Zephyrus has power: Circius¹ alone stirs up the shore and keeps it to himself and bars the safe roadstead of Monoecus; and free the strip of disputed coast, claimed in turn by land and sea, when the enormous Ocean either flows in or withdraws with ebbing waves.² Does some wind from the horizon drive the sea thus on and fail it as it carries it? Or are the waves of restless Tethys attracted by the second of the heavenly bodies and stirred by the phases

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tethyos unda vagae lunaribus aestuet horis,
 Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas, 415
 Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera ducat,
 Quaerite, quos agitat mundi labor; at mihi semper
 Tu, quaecumque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
 Ut superi voluere, late. Tunc rura Nemetis
 Qui tenet et ripas Aturi, qua litore curvo 420
 Molliter admissum claudit Tarbellicus aequor,
 Signa movet, gaudetque amoto Santonus hoste
 Et Biturix longisque leves Suessones in armis,
 Optimus excusso Leucus Remusque lacerto,
 Optima gens flexis in gyrum Sequana frenis, 425
 Et docilis rector monstrati Belga covinni,
 Arvernique ausi Latio se fingere fratres
 Sanguine ab Iliaco populi, nimiumque rebellis
 Nervius et caesi pollutus foedere Cottae,
 Et qui te laxis imitantur, Sarmata, braxis 430
 Vangiones, Batavique truces, quos aere recurvo
 Stridentes acuere tubae; qua Cinga pererrat
 Gurgite, qua Rhodanus raptum velocibus undis
 In mare fert Ararim, qua montibus ardua summis
 Gens habitat cana pendentes rupe Cebennas. 435
 [Pictones immunes subigunt sua rura; nec ultra
 Instabiles Turones circumscita castra coercent.
 In nebulis, Meduana, tuis marcere perosus
 Andus iam placida Ligeris recreatur ab unda.
 Inclita Caesareis Genabos dissolvitur alis.]¹ 440
 Tu quoque laetatus converti proelia, Trevir,
 Et nunc tonse Ligur, quondam per colla decore
 Crinibus effusis toti praelate Comatae;
 Et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
 Teutates horrensque feris altaribus Esus 445

¹ 436-440 are certainly spurious verses; 430-435 are not above suspicion.

BOOK I

of the moon? Or does fire-bearing Titan, in order to quaff the waves that feed him, lift up the Ocean and draw its billows skyward? I leave the enquiry to those who study the workings of the universe: for me, let the cause, whatever it be, that produces such constant movements, remain, as the gods have wished it to remain, for ever hidden. Gone are the soldiers who held the region of the Nemes and banks of the Atyrus, where the Tarbellians hem in the sea that beats lightly against the winding shore. The departure of their foe brings joy to the Santoni and Bituriges; to the Suessones, nimble in spite of their long spears; to the Leuci and Remi who excel in hurling the javelin, and to the Sequani who excel in wheeling their bitted steeds; to the Belgae, skilled in driving the war-chariot invented by others, and to the Arvernian clan who falsely claim descent from Troy and brotherhood with Rome; to the Nervii, too prone to rebel against us and stained by breach of their treaty with slaughtered Cotta; to the Vangiones, who wear loose trousers like the Sarmatians, and to the fierce Batavians, whose courage is roused by the blare of curved bronze trumpets. There is joy where the waters of Cinga stray, where the Rhone snatches the Arar in swift current and bears it to the sea, and where a tribe perches on the mountain heights and inhabits the snow-covered rocks of the Cevennes. The Treviri too rejoiced that the troops were moved; so did the Ligurians with hair now cropped, though once they excelled all the long-haired land in the locks that fell in beauty over their necks; and those who propitiate with horrid victims ruthless Teutates, and Esus whose savage

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et Taranis Scythicae non mitior ara Dianae.
 Vos quoque, qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
 Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis aevum,
 Plurima securi fudistis carmina, Bardi. 450
 Et vos barbaricos ritus moremque sinistrum
 Sacrorum, Dryadae, positis repetistis ab armis.
 Solis nosse deos et caeli numina vobis
 Aut solis nescire datum; nemora alta remotis
 Incolitis lucis; vobis auctoribus umbrae 455
 Non tacitas Erebi sedes Ditisque profundi
 Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
 Orbe alio; longae, canitis si cognita, vitae
 Mors media est. Certe populi, quos despicit Arctos,
 Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
 Maximus haud urguet, leti metus. Inde ruendi 460
 In ferrum mens prona viris animaeque capaces
 Mortis, et ignavum rediturae parcere vitae.
 Et vos, crinigeros Belgis¹ arcere Caycos
 Oppositi, petitis Romam Rhenique feroces
 Deseritis ripas et apertum gentibus orbem. 465
 Caesar, ut immensae conlecto robore vires
 Audendi maiora fidem fecere, per omnem
 Spargitur Italianam vicinaque moenia complet.
 Vana quoque ad veros accessit fama timores
 Inrupitque animos populi clademque futuram 470
 Intulit et velox properantis nuntia belli
 Innumeras solvit falsa in praeconia lingua.

¹ Belgis *Bentley*: bellis *MSS*.

¹ The Romans identified Teutates, Esus, and Taranis with their own Mars, Mercury, and Jupiter.

² Their belief is so unlike that of other peoples that, if they are right, all others are wrong.

BOOK I

shrine makes men shudder, and Taranis,¹ whose altar is no more benign than that of Scythian Diana. The Bards also, who by the praises of their verse transmit to distant ages the fame of heroes slain in battle, poured forth at ease their lays in abundance. And the Druids, laying down their arms, went back to the barbarous rites and weird ceremonies of their worship. (To them alone is granted knowledge—or ignorance, it may be—of gods and celestial powers²; they dwell in deep forests with sequestered groves; they teach that the soul does not descend to the silent land of Erebus and the sunless realm of Dis below, but that the same breath still governs the limbs in a different scene. If their tale be true, death is but a point in the midst of continuous life. Truly the nations on whom the Pole star looks down are happily deceived; for they are free from that king of terrors, the fear of death. This gives the warrior his eagerness to rush upon the steel, his courage to face death, and his conviction that it is cowardly to be careful of a life that will come back to him again.) The soldiers also set to keep the long-haired Cayci away from the Belgae, left the savage banks of the Rhine and made for Rome; and the empire was left bare to foreign nations.

When Caesar's might was gathered together and his huge forces encouraged him to larger enterprise, he spread all over Italy and occupied the nearest towns. False report, swift harbinger of imminent war, was added to reasonable fears, invading men's minds with presentiments of disaster, and loosing countless tongues to spread lying tales. The messengers report that horsemen are charging in

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Est qui, tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis
 Explicat, audaces ruere in certamina turmas
 Adferat, et qua Nar Tiberino inlabitur amni 475
 Barbaricas saevi discurrere Caesaris alas ;
 Ipsum omnes aquilas conlataque signa ferentem
 Agmine non uno densisque incedere castris.
 Nec qualem meminere vident : maiorque ferusque
 Mentibus occurrit victoque inmanior hoste. 480
 Hunc inter Rhenum populos Albimque¹ iacentes,
 Finibus Arctois patriaque a sede revolsos,
 Pone sequi, iussamque feris a gentibus urbem
 Romano spectante rapi. Sic quisque pavendo
 Dat vires famae, nulloque auctore malorum, 485
 Quae finxere, timent. Nec solum vulgus inani
 Percussum terrore pavet ; sed curia et ipsi
 Sedibus exiluire patres, invisaque belli
 Consulibus fugiens mandat decreta senatus.
 Tum, quae tuta petant et quae metuenda relinquant 490
 Incerti, quo quemque fugae tulit impetus, urguet
 Praecipitem populum, serieque haerentia longa
 Agmina prorumpunt. Credas aut tecta nefandas
 Corripuisse faces aut iam quatiente ruina
 Nutantes pendere domos : sic turba per urbem 495
 Praecipiti lymphata gradu, velut unica rebus
 Spes foret adfluctis patrios excedere muros,
 Inconsulta ruit. Qualis, cum turbidus Auster
 Reppulit a Libycis immensum Syrtibus aequor
 Fractaque veliferi sonuerunt pondera mali, 500
 Desilit in fluctus deserta puppe magister

¹ Albimque *Ieverus* : Alpenque MSS.

¹ *I.e.* the Germans.

BOOK I

fierce combat on the wide plains that breed Mevania's bulls; that the foreign cavalry of fierce Caesar are riding to and fro where the Nar joins the Tiber; and that their leader, advancing all his collected eagles and standards, is marching on with many a column and crowded camps. Men's present view of him differs from their recollection: they think of him as a monster, more savage than the foe he has conquered. Men say that the tribes which dwell between the Rhine and the Elbe,¹ uprooted from their northern homes, are following in his rear; and that the word has gone forth that Rome, under the eyes of the Romans, shall be sacked by savage nations. Thus each by his fears adds strength to rumour, and all dread the unconfirmed dangers invented by themselves. Nor was the populace alone stricken with groundless fear. The Senate House was moved; the Fathers themselves sprang up from their seats; and the Senate fled, deputing to the consuls the dreaded declaration of war. Then, knowing not where to seek refuge or where to flee danger, each treads on the heels of the hastening population, wherever impetuous flight carries him. Forth they rush in long unbroken columns; one might think that impious firebrands had seized hold of the houses, or that the buildings were swaying and tottering in an earthquake shock. For the frenzied crowd rushed headlong through the city with no fixed purpose, and as if the one chance of relief from ruin were to get outside their native walls. So, when the stormy South wind has driven the vast sea from the Syrtes of Libya and the heavy mast with its sails has come crashing down, the skipper abandons the helm and leaps down with his

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Navitaque, et nondum sparsa conpage carinae
 Naufragium sibi quisque facit ; sic urbe relicta
 In bellum fugitur. Nullum iam languidus aevo
 Evaluit revocare parens coniunxve maritum 505
 Fletibus, aut patrii, dubiae dum vota salutis
 Conciperent, tenuere lares ; nec limine quisquam
 Haesit, et extremo tunc forsitan urbis amatae
 Plenus abit visu ; ruit inrevocabile volgus.
 O faciles dare summa deos eademque tueri 510
 Difficiles ! Urbem populis victisque frequentem
 Gentibus et generis, coeat si turba, capacem
 Humani facilem venturo Caesare praedam
 Ignavae liquere manus. Cum pressus ab hoste
 Clauditur externis miles Romanus in oris, 515
 Effugit exiguo nocturna pericula vallo,
 Et subitus rapti munimine caespitis agger
 Praebet securos intra tentoria somnos :
 Tu tantum audito bellorum nomine, Roma,
 Desereris ; nox una tuis non credita muris. 520
 Danda tamen venia est tantorum, danda, pavorum :
 Pompeio fugiente timent. Tum, ne qua futuri
 Spes saltem trepidas mentes levet, addita fati
 Peioris manifesta fides, superique minaces
 Prodigiiis terras inplerunt, aethera, pontum. 525
 Ignota obscurae viderunt sidera noctes
 Ardentemque polum flammis caeloque volantes
 Obliquas per inane faces crinemque timendi
 Sideris et terris mutantem regna cometen.
 Fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno, 530

BOOK I

crew into the sea, and each man makes shipwreck for himself before the planks of the hull are broken asunder. Thus Rome is abandoned, and flight is the preparation for war. No aged father had the power to keep back his son, nor weeping wife her husband; none was detained by the ancestral gods of his household, till he could frame a prayer for preservation from danger; none lingered on his threshold ere he departed, to satiate his eyes with the sight of the city he loved and might never see again. Nothing could keep back the wild rush of the people. How ready are the gods to grant supremacy to men, and how unready to maintain it! Rome that was crowded with citizens and conquered peoples, Rome that could contain the human race assembled, was left by coward hands an easy prey to invading Caesar. When the Roman soldier is closely besieged by the foeman in a distant land, he defies the perils of the night behind a slender palisade; hastily he throws up the sods, and the protection of his mound lets him sleep untroubled in his tent. But Rome is abandoned as soon as the word "war" is heard; her walls are no safeguard for a single night. Yet such panic fear must be forgiven; Pompey in flight gives cause for terror. Then, that no hope even for the future might relieve anxiety, clear proof was given of worse to come, and the menacing gods filled earth, sky, and sea with portents. The darkness of night saw stars before unknown, the sky blazing with fire, lights shooting athwart the void of heaven, and the hair of the baleful star—the comet which portends change to monarchs. The lightning flashed incessantly in a sky of delusive clearness, and the fire, flickering in

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et varias ignis denso dedit aere formas,
 Nunc iaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas.
 Emicuit caelo tacitum sine nubibus ullis
 Fulmen et Arctois rapiens de partibus ignem
 Percussit Latiare caput, stellaeque minores 535
 Per vacuum solitae noctis decurrere tempus
 In medium venere diem, cornuque coacto
 Iam Phoebe toto fratrem cum redderet orbe,
 Terrarum subita percussa expalluit umbra.
 Ipse caput medio Titan cum ferret Olympo, 540
 Condidit ardentem atra caligine currus
 Involvitque orbem tenebris gentesque coegit
 Desperare diem ; qualem fugiente per ortus
 Sole Thyestae noctem duxere Mycenae.
 Ora ferox Siculae laxavit Mulciber Aetnae 545
 Nec tulit in caelum flammam, sed vertice pronum
 Ignis in Hesperium cecidit latus. Atra Charybdis
 Sanguineum fundo torsit mare. Flebile saevi
 Latravere canes. Vestali raptus ab ara
 Ignis, et ostendens confectas flamma Latinas 550
 Scinditur in partes geminoque cacumine surgit
 Thebanos imitata rogos. Tum cardine tellus
 Subsedit, veteremque iugis nutantibus Alpes
 Discussere nivem. Tethys maioribus undis
 Hesperiam Calpen summumque inplevit Atlanta. 555
 Indigetes flevisse deos urbisque laborem
 Testatos sudore Lares, delapsaque templis
 Dona suis, dirasque diem foedasse volucres
 Accipimus, silvisque feras sub nocte relictis
 Audaces media posuisse cubilia Roma. 560

¹ Alba Longa, the ancient centre of the Latin League, is meant.

² When the Theban princes, Eteocles and Polynices, were burned on the same pyre, the flame parted in two, signifying their enmity in their lifetime.

BOOK I

the heavens, took various shapes in the thick atmosphere, now flaring far like a javelin, and now like a torch with fan-like tail. A thunderbolt, without noise or any clouds, gathered fire from the North and smote the capital of Latium.¹ The lesser stars, which are wont to move along the sunless sky by night, now became visible at noon. The moon, when her horns were united in one and she was reflecting her brother luminary with her disk at the full, suddenly was smitten by the earth's shadow and grew dim. The sun himself, while rearing his head in the zenith, hid his burning chariot in black darkness and veiled his sphere in gloom, forcing mankind to despair of daylight; even such a darkness crept over Mycenae, the city of Thyestes, when the sun fled back to where he rose. In Sicily fierce Mulciber opened wide the mouths of Etna; nor did he lift its flames skyward, but the fire bowed its crest and fell on the Italian shore. Black Charybdis churned up waves of blood from the bottom of the sea, and the angry bark of Scylla's dogs sank into a whine. From Vesta's altar the fire vanished suddenly; and the bonfire which marks the end of the Latin Festival split into two and rose, like the pyre of the Thebans,² with double crest. The earth also stopped short upon its axis, and the Alps dislodged the snow of ages from their tottering summits; and the sea filled western Calpe and remotest Atlas with a flood of waters. If tales are true, the national deities shed tears, the sweating of the household gods bore witness to the city's woe, offerings fell from their place in the temples, birds of ill omen cast a gloom upon the daylight, and wild beasts, leaving the woods by night, made bold to place their lairs in the heart of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tum pecudum faciles humana ad murmura linguae,
 Monstrosique hominum partus numeroque modoque
 Membrorum, matremque suos conterruit infans ;
 Diraque per populum Cumanæ carmina vatis
 Volgantur. Tum, quos sectis Bellona lacertis 565
 Saeva movet, cecinere deos, crinemque rotantes
 Sanguineum populis ulularunt tristia Galli.
 Conpositis plenae gemuerunt ossibus urnae.
 Tum fragor armorum magnæque per avia voces
 Auditæ nemorum et venientes comminus umbræ. 570
 Quique colunt iunctos extremis moenibus agros,
 Diffugiunt : ingens urbem cingebat Erinys
 Excutiens pronam flagranti vertice pinum
 Stridentesque comas, Thebanam qualis Agaven
 Impulit aut saevi contorsit tela Lycurgi 575
 Eumenis, aut qualem iussu Iunonis iniquæ
 Horruit Alcides, viso iam Dite, Megaeram.
 Insonuere tubæ, et quanto clamore cohortes
 Miscentur, tantum nox atra silentibus auris
 Edidit. E medio visi consurgere Campo 580
 Tristia Sullani cecinere oracula manes,
 Tollentemque caput gelidas Anienis ad undas
 Agricolæ Marium fracto fugere sepulchro.
 Haec propter placuit Tuscos de more vetusto
 Acciri vates. Quorum qui maximus aevo 585
 Arruns incoluit desertæ moenia Lucae,
 Fulminis edoctus motus venasque calentes
 Fibrarum et monitus errantis in aere pinnae,

¹ The priests of the Great Mother.

² She had snakes for hair.

³ A Thracian king who attacked Dionysus

BOOK I

Rome. Also, the tongues of brutes became capable of human speech; and women gave birth to creatures monstrous in the size and number of their limbs, and mothers were appalled by the babes they bore; and boding prophecies spoken by the Sibyl of Cumae passed from mouth to mouth. Again, the worshippers who gash their arms, inspired by fierce Bellona chanted of heaven's wrath, and the Galli¹ whirled round their gory locks and shrieked disaster to the nations. Groans came forth from urns filled with the ashes of dead men. The crash of arms was heard also, and loud cries in pathless forests, and the noise of spectral armies closing in battle. From the fields nearest the outside walls the inhabitants fled in all directions; for the giant figure of a Fury stalked round the city, shaking her hissing² hair and a pine-tree whose flaming crest she held downwards. Such was the Fury that maddened Agave at Thebes or launched the bolts of fierce Lycurgus³; and such was Megaera, when, as the minister of Juno's cruelty, she terrified Hercules, though he had seen Hell already. Trumpets sounded; and dark nights, when winds were still, gave forth a shouting loud as when armies meet. The ghost of Sulla was seen to rise in the centre of the Campus and prophesied disaster, while Marius burst his sepulchre and scattered the country-people in flight by rearing his head beside the cool waters of the Anio.

Therefore it was resolved to follow ancient custom and summon seers from Etruria. The oldest of these was Arruns who dwelt in the deserted city of Luca; the course of the thunderbolt, the marks on entrails yet warm, and the warning of each wing that strays through the sky, had no secrets for him. First, he

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Monstra iubet primum, quae nullo semine discors
 Protulerat natura, rapi sterilique nefandos 590
 Ex utero fetus infaustis urere flammis.
 Mox iubet et totam pavidis a civibus urbem
 Ambiri et, festo purgantes moenia lustro,
 Longa per extremos pomeria cingere fines
 Pontifices, sacri quibus est permissa potestas. 595
 Turba minor ritu sequitur succincta Gabino,
 Vestalemque chorum ducit vittata sacerdos,
 Troianam soli cui fas vidisse Minervam ;
 Tum, qui fata deum secretaque carmina servant
 Et lotam parvo revocant Almone Cybeben, 600
 Et doctus volucres augur servare sinistras
 Septemvirque epulis festis Titiique sodales
 Et Salius laeto portans ancilia collo
 Et tollens apicem generoso vertice flamen.
 Dumque illi effusam longis anfractibus urbem 605
 Circumeunt, Arruns dispersos fulminis ignes
 Colligit et terrae maesto cum murmure condit
 Datque locis numen ; sacris tunc admovet aris
 Electa cervice marem. Iam fundere Bacchum
 Coeperat obliquoque molas inducere cultro, 610
 Inpatiensque diu non grati victima sacri,
 Cornua succincti premerent cum torva ministri,
 Deposito victum praebebat poplite collum.
 Nec cruor emicuit solitus, sed vulnere largo
 Diffusum rutilo dirum pro sanguine virus. 615
 Palluit attonitus sacris feralibus Arruns

¹ The offspring of a mule would answer this description.

² The sacred boundary of the city.

³ The *quindecimviri*, or College of Fifteen.

BOOK I

bids the destruction of monsters, which nature, at variance with herself, had brought forth from no seed, and orders that the abominable fruit of a barren womb¹ shall be burned with wood of evil omen. Next, at his bidding the scared citizens march right round the city; and the pontiffs, who have licence to perform the ceremony, purify the walls with solemn lustration and move round the outer limit of the long *pomerium*.² Behind them come the train of inferior priests, close-girt in Sabine fashion. The band of Vestals is led by a priestess with a fillet on her brows, to whom alone it is permitted to set eyes on Trojan Minerva; next are those³ who preserve the prophecies of the gods and mystic hymns, and who recall Cybele from her bath in the little river *Almo*; then the Augurs, skilled to observe birds flying on the left, the Seven who hold festival at banquets, the Titian guild, the *Salii* who bear the Shields in triumph on their shoulders, and the *Flamen*, raising aloft on his high-born head the pointed cap. While the long procession winds its way round the wide city, *Arruns* collects the scattered fires of the thunderbolt and hides them in the earth with doleful muttering. He gives sanctity to the spot, and next brings near to the holy altar a bull with neck chosen for the sacrifice. When he began to pour wine and to sprinkle meal with slanting knife, the victim struggled long against the unacceptable sacrifice; but when the high-girt attendants thrust down its formidable horns, it sank to the ground and offered its helpless neck to the blow. No red blood spouted forth from the gaping wound, but a slimy liquid, strange and dreadful, came out instead. Appalled by the funereal

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Atque iram superum raptis quaesivit in extis.
 Terruit ipse color vatem ; nam pallida taetris
 Viscera tincta notis gelidoque infecta cruore
 Plurimus asperso variabat sanguine livor. 620
 Cernit tabe iecur madidum, venasque minaces
 Hostili de parte videt. Pulmonis anhelii
 Fibra latet, parvusque secat vitalia limes.
 Cor iacet, et saniem per hiantes viscera rimas
 Emittunt, produntque suas omenta latebras. 625
 Quodque nefas nullis inpune apparuit extis,
 Ecce, videt capiti fibrarum increscere molem
 Alterius capitis. Pars aegra et marcida pendet,
 Pars micat et celeri venas movet improba pulsu.
 His ubi concepit magnorum fata malorum, 630
 Exclamat : “ Vix fas, superi, quaecumque movetis,
 Prodere me populis ; nec enim tibi, summe, litavi,
 Iuppiter, hoc sacrum, caesique in pectora tauri
 Inferni venere dei. Non fanda timemus ;
 Sed venient maiora metu. Di visa secudent, 635
 Et fibris sit nulla fides ; sed conditor artis
 Finxerit ista Tages.” Flexa sic omina Tuscus
 Involvens multaque tegens ambage canebat.
 At Figulus, cui cura deos secretaque caeli
 Nosse fuit, quem non stellarum Aegyptia Memphis
 Aequaret visu numerisque sequentibus¹ astra, 640
 “ Aut hic errat ” ait “ nulla cum lege per aevum

¹ sequentibus *Bentley* : moventibus *MSS.*

¹ Nigidius Figulus, a learned Roman, described by Heitland as “ a living encyclopaedia of errors.”

BOOK I

rite, Arruns turned pale and snatched up the entrails, to seek there the anger of the gods. Their very colour alarmed him : the sickly organs were marked with malignant spots, coloured with congealed gore, and chequered all over with dark patches and blood-spots. He saw the liver flabby with corruption and with boding streaks in its hostile half. The extremity of the panting lung is invisible, and a puny membrane divides the vital organs. The heart is flattened, the entrails exude corrupted blood through gaping cracks, and the caul reveals its hiding-place. And lo! he sees a horror which never yet was seen in a victim's entrails without mischief following: a great second lobe is growing upon the lobe of the liver; one half droops sickly and flabby, while the other throbs fast and drives the veins with rapid beat. When thus he had grasped the prediction of great disaster, "Scarce may I," he cried aloud, "reveal to men's ears all the ills that the gods are preparing. Not with mightiest Jupiter has this my sacrifice found favour; but the infernal gods have entered into the body of the slaughtered bull. What we fear is unspeakable; but the sequel will be worse than our fears. May the gods give a favourable turn to what we have witnessed! May the entrails prove false, and may the lore of our founder Tages turn out a mere imposture!" Thus the Tuscan told the future, veiling it in obscurity and hiding it with much ambiguity.

Figulus¹ also spoke, Figulus, whose study it was to know the gods and the secrets of the sky, Figulus, whom not even Egyptian Memphis could match in observation of the heavens and calculations that keep pace with the stars. "Either," said he, "this

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Mundus, et incerto discurrunt sidera motu,
 Aut, si fata movent, urbi generique paratur
 Humano matura lues. Terraene dehiscant 645
 Subsidentque urbes, an tollet fervidus aer
 Temperiem? segetes tellus infida negabit?
 Omnis an effusis miscebitur unda venenis?
 Quod cladis genus, o superi, qua peste paratis
 Saevitiam? Extremi multorum tempus in unum 650
 Convenere dies. Summo si frigida caelo
 Stella nocens nigros Saturni accenderet ignes,
 Deucalioneos fudisset Aquarius imbres,
 Totaque diffuso latuisset in aequore tellus.
 Si saevum radiis Nemeaeum, Phoebe, Leonem 655
 Nunc premeres, toto fluerent incendia mundo
 Succensusque tuis flagrasset curribus aether.
 Hi cessant ignes. Tu, qui flagrante minacem
 Scorpion incendis cauda chelasque peruris,
 Quid tantum, Gradive, paras? nam mitis in alto 660
 Iuppiter occasu premitur, Venerisque salubre
 Sidus hebet, motuque celer Cyllenius haeret,
 Et caelum Mars solus habet. Cur signa meatus
 Deseruere suos mundoque obscura feruntur,
 Ensiferi nimium fulget latus Orionis? 665
 Inminet armorum rabies, ferrique potestas
 Confundet ius omne manu, scelerique nefando
 Nomen erit virtus, multosque exhibit in annos
 Hic furor. Et superos quid prodest poscere finem?
 Cum domino pax ista venit. Duc, Roma, malorum 670

¹ Their horoscopes told him that a great number of men, born on different dates, were to die at the same time.

BOOK I

universe strays for ever governed by no law, and the stars move to and fro with course unfixed ; or else, if they are guided by destiny, speedy destruction is preparing for Rome and for mankind. Will the earth gape and cities be swallowed up ? Or will burning heat destroy our temperate clime ? Will the soil break faith and deny its produce ? Or will water everywhere be tainted with streams of poison ? What kind of disaster are the gods preparing ? What form of ruin will their anger assume ? The lives of multitudes are doomed to end together.¹ If Saturn, that cold baleful planet, were now kindling his black fires in the zenith, then Aquarius would have poured down such rains as Deucalion saw, and the whole earth would have been hidden under the waste of waters. Or if the sun's rays were now passing over the fierce Lion of Nemea, then fire would stream over all the world, and the upper air would be kindled and consumed by the sun's chariot. These heavenly bodies are not active now. But Mars—what dreadful purpose has he, when he kindles the Scorpion menacing with fiery tail and scorches its claws ? For the benign star of Jupiter is hidden deep in the West, the healthful planet Venus is dim, and Mercury's swift motion is stayed ; Mars alone lords it in heaven. Why have the constellations fled from their courses, to move darkling through the sky, while the side of sword-girt Orion shines all too bright ? The madness of war is upon us, when the power of the sword shall violently upset all legality, and atrocious crime shall be called heroism. This frenzy will last for many years ; and it is useless to pray Heaven that it may end : when peace comes, a tyrant will come with it. Let Rome

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Continuam seriem clademque in tempora multa
 Extrahe, civili tantum iam libera bello."

Terruerant satis haec pavidam praesagia plebem ;
 Sed maiora premunt. Nam qualis vertice Pindi
 Edonis Ogygio decurrit plena Lyaeo, 675
 Talis et attonitam rapitur matrona per urbem
 Vocibus his prodens urgentem pectora Phoebum :
 "Quo feror, o Paeon? qua me super aethera raptam
 Constituis terra? video Pangaea nivosis
 Cana iugis latosque Haemi sub rupe Philippos. 680
 Quis furor hic, o Phoebe, doce, quo tela manusque
 Romanae miscent acies, bellumque sine hoste est?
 Quo diversa feror? primos me ducis in ortus,
 Qua mare Lagei mutatur gurgite Nili :
 Hunc ego, fluminea deformis truncus harena 685
 Qui iacet, agnosco. Dubiam super aequora Syrtem
 Arentemque feror Libyen, quo tristis Enyo
 Transtulit Emathias acies. Nunc desuper Alpīs
 Nubiferae colles atque aeriam Pyrenen
 Abripimur. Patriae sedes remeamus in urbis, 690
 Inpiaque in medio peraguntur bella senatu.
 Consurgunt partes iterum, totumque per orbem
 Rursus eo. Nova da mihi cernere litora ponti
 Telluremque novam; vidi iam, Phoebe, Philippos."
 Haec ait, et lasso iacuit deserta furore. 695

¹ She means Pharsalia; but it is a convention with the Roman poets, from Virgil onwards, to speak of Pharsalia and Philippi as fought on the same ground: see l. 694.

² Pompey.

³ She has a vision of: (1) Pharsalia, fought in 48 B.C.; (2) Thapsus (46); (3) Munda (45); (4) the murder of Caesar

BOOK I

prolong the unbroken series of suffering and draw out her agony for ages: only while civil war lasts, shall she henceforth be free."

These forebodings were enough to alarm and terrify the populace; but worse was close at hand. For, as a Bacchanal, filled with Theban Lyaeus, speeds down from the summit of Pindus, in such guise a matron rushed through the appalled city, revealing by these cries the pressure of Phoebus upon her bosom: "Whither am I borne, O Paeon, in haste across the sky? In what land do you set my feet? I see Pangaeus white with snow-clad ridges, I see Philippi¹ spread out beneath the crag of Haemus: say, Phoebus, what madness is this that drives Romans to fight Romans; what war is this without a foe? Whither next am I borne to a different quarter? You take me to the far East, where the waters of Egyptian Nile stain the sea: him² I recognise, that headless corpse lying on the river sands. The grim goddess of war has shifted the ranks of Pharsalia across the sea to treacherous Syrtis and parched Libya: thither also am I carried. Next I am spirited away over the cloud-capped Alps and soaring Pyrenees. Back I return to my native city, where the civil war finds its end in the very Senate House. Again the factions raise their heads; again I make the circuit of the earth. Grant me, Phoebus, to behold a different shore and a different land: Philippi I have seen already."³ So she spoke and fell down, abandoned by the frenzy that now was spent.

(44); (5) the later civil war, including the battle of Philippi (42). "Philippi" again means Pharsalia.

BOOK II

LIBER SECUNDUS

IAMQUE irae patuere deum, manifestaue belli
Signa dedit mundus, legesque et foedera rerum
Praescia monstrifero vertit natura tumultu
Indixitque nefas. Cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,
Sollicitis visum mortalibus addere curam, 5
Noscant venturas ut dira per omina clades?
Sive parens rerum, cum primum informia regna
Materiamque rudem flamma cedente recepit,
Fixit in aeternum causas, qua cuncta coerces
Se quoque lege tenens, et saecula iussa ferentem 10
Fatorum inmoto divisit limite mundum;
Sive nihil positum est sed fors incerta vagatur
Fertque refertque vices, et habet mortalia casus:
Sit subitum, quodcumque paras; sit caeca futuri
Mens hominum fati; liceat sperare timenti. 15
Ergo, ubi concipiunt, quantis sit cladibus orbi
Constatura fides superum, ferale per urbem
Iustitium; latuit plebeio tectus amictu
Omnis honos, nullos comitata est purpura fasces.
Tum questus tenuere suos, magnusque per omnes 20
Erravit sine voce dolor. Sic funere primo

¹ According to the Stoics fire was the primal element.

² The gods were truthful, because the portents they sent were followed by disaster.

BOOK II

AND now heaven's wrath was revealed; the universe gave clear signs of battle; and Nature, conscious of the future, reversed the laws and ordinances of life, and, while the hurly-burly bred monsters, proclaimed civil war. Why didst thou, Ruler of Olympus, see fit to lay on suffering mortals this additional burden, that they should learn the approach of calamity by awful portents? Whether the author of the universe, when the fire¹ gave place and he first took in hand the shapeless realm of raw matter, established the chain of causes for all eternity, and bound himself as well by universal law, and portioned out the universe, which endures the ages prescribed for it, by a fixed line of destiny; or whether nothing is ordained and Fortune, moving at random, brings round the cycle of events, and chance is master of mankind—in either case, let thy purpose, whatever it be, be sudden; let the mind of man be blind to coming doom; he fears, but leave him hope.

Therefore, when men perceived the mighty disasters which the truthfulness of the gods² would cost the world, business ceased and gloom prevailed throughout Rome; the magistrates disguised themselves in the dress of the people; no purple accompanied the lictors' rods. Moreover, men restrained their lamentations, and a deep dumb grief pervaded the people. (So, at the moment of death a household

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Attonitae tacuere domus, cum corpora nondum
Conclamata iacent, nec mater crine soluto
Exigit ad saevos famularum bracchia planctus,
Sed cum membra premit fugiente rigentia vita 25
Vultusque exanimes oculosque in morte minaces ;
Necdum est ille dolor, nec iam metus : incubat amens
Miraturque malum. Cultus matrona priores
Deposuit, maestaeque tenent delubra catervae.
Hae lacrimis sparsere deos, hae pectora duro 30
Adfixere solo, lacerasque in limine sacro
Attonitae fudere comas votisque vocari
Adsuetas crebris feriunt ululatus aures.
Nec cunctae summi templo iacuere Tonantis :
Divisere deos, et nullis defuit aris 35
Invidiam factura parens. Quarum una madentes
Scissa genas, planctu liventes atra lacertos :
“ Nunc ” ait “ o miserae contundite pectora matres,
Nunc laniate comas neve hunc differte dolorem
Et summis servate malis. Nunc flere potestas, 40
Dum pendet fortuna ducum ; cum vicerit alter,
Gaudendum est.” His se stimulis dolor ipse lacessit.
Nec non bella viri diversa que castra petentes
Effundunt iustas in numina saeva querellas.
“ O miserae sortis, quod non in Punica nati 45
Tempora Cannarum fuimus Trebiaeque iuventus !
Non pacem petimus, superi : date gentibus iras,

BOOK II

is stunned and speechless, before the body is lamented and laid out, and before the mother with dishevelled hair summons her maidens to beat their breasts with cruel arms: she still embraces the limbs stiff with the departure of life, and the inanimate features, with eyes fierce in death. Fear she feels no longer, but grief not yet: incapable of thought she hangs over her son and marvels at her loss.) The matrons put off their former garb and occupied the temples in mournful companies. Some sprinkled the images with their tears; others dashed their breasts against the hard floor; in their frenzy they shed their torn locks over the consecrated threshold and struck with repeated shrieks the ears accustomed to be addressed with prayer. Nor did they all prostrate themselves in the temple of the supreme Thunderer: they parted the gods among them, and no altar lacked a mother to call down shame upon it. One of them, whose cheeks were wet and torn, and her shoulders black and discoloured by blows, spoke thus: "Now, wretched mothers, now is the time to beat your breasts and tear your hair. Do not delay your grief, nor keep it for the crowning sorrows. Now we have power to weep, while the destiny of the rival leaders is undecided; but, when either is victorious, we must perforce rejoice." Thus grief works itself up and fans its own flame.—The men also, setting out for the war and for the camps of the rivals, poured out just complaints against the cruel gods: "Wretched is our lot, that we were not born into the age of the Punic wars, that we were not the men who fought at Cannae and the Trebia. We do not pray the gods for peace: let them put rage into foreign

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nunc urbes excite feras ; coniuret in arma
 Mundus, Achaemeniis decurrant Medica Susis
 Agmina, Massageten Scythicus non adliget Hister,
 Fundat ab extremo flavos aquilone Suebos 51
 Albis et indomitum Rheni caput ; omnibus hostes
 Reddite nos populis : civile avertite bellum.
 Hinc Dacus, premat inde Getes ; occurrat Hiberis
 Alter, ad Eoas hic vertat signa pharetras ; 55
 Nulla vacet tibi, Roma, manus. Vel, perdere nomen
 Si placet Hesperium, superi, conlatus in ignes
 Plurimus ad terram per fulmina decidat aether.
 Saeve parens, utrasque simul partesque ducesque,
 Dum nondum meruere, feri. Tantone novorum 60
 Proventu scelerum quaerunt, uter imperet urbi ?
 Vix tanti fuerat civilia bella movere,
 Ut neuter." Tales pietas peritura querellas
 Egerit. At miseros angit sua cura parentes,
 Oderuntque gravis vivacia fata senectae 65
 Servatosque iterum bellis civilibus annos.
 Atque aliquis magno quaerens exempla timori
 " Non alios " inquit " motus tunc fata parabant,
 Cum post Teutonicos victor Libycosque triumphos
 Exul limosa Marius caput abdidit ulva. 70
 Stagna avidi texere soli laxaeque paludes
 Depositum, Fortuna, tuum ; mox vincula ferri

¹ Caesar.

² Pompey.

³ " The failure of both " = freedom.

⁴ Jugurtha, King of Numidia.

⁵ At Minturnae.

BOOK II

nations and rouse up at once barbarian countries. Let the whole world band itself together for war; let armies of Medes swoop down from Persian Susa; let the northern Danube fail to bar the Massagetæ; let the Elbe and the unconquered mouth of the Rhine send out swarms of fair-haired Suebians from the uttermost North; make us foes to every nation—but let civil war pass from us! Let the Dacians attack us on one side, the Getae on the other; let one of the rivals¹ confront the Spaniards, and the other² turn his standards against the quivers of the East; let every Roman hand grasp a sword. Or, if it be heaven's purpose to destroy the Roman race, let the mighty firmament gather itself in flame and fall down on earth in the shape of thunderbolts. O ruthless Author of the universe, strike both parties and both rivals at once with the same bolt, while they are still innocent! Must they produce such a monstrous crop of crime, in order to settle which of the two shall be master of Rome? Civil war were a price almost too high to pay for the failure of both."³ Such were the complaints poured forth by patriotism that was soon to pass away. Unhappy parents too were tortured by a sorrow of their own: they curse the prolongation of grievous old age, and lament that they have lived to see a second civil war. And thus spoke one of them who sought precedents for his great fear: "As great were the disturbances prepared by Fate, when victorious Marius, who had triumphed over the Teutones and the African,⁴ was driven out to hide his head in the miry sedge.⁵ Engulfing quicksands and spongy marshes hid the secret that Fortune had placed there; and later

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Exedere senem longusque in carcere paedor.
 Consul et eversa felix moriturus in urbe
 Poenas ante dabat scelerum. Mors ipsa refugit 75
 Saepe virum, frustra que hosti concessa potestas
 Sanguinis invisī, primo qui caedis in actu
 Deriguit ferrumque manu torpente remisit.
 Viderat immensam tenebroso in carcere lucem
 Terribilesque deos scelerum Mariumque futurum, 80
 Audieratque pavens: 'Fas haec contingere non est
 Colla tibi; debet multas hic legibus aevi
 Ante suam mortes; vanum deponere furorem.'
 Si libet ulcisci deletae funera gentis,
 Hunc, Cimbri, servate senem. Non ille favore 85
 Numinis, ingenti superum protectus ab ira,
 Vir ferus et Romam cupienti perdere fato
 Sufficiens. Idem pelago delatus iniquo
 Hostilem in terram vacuisque mapalibus actus
 Nuda triumphati iacuit per regna Iugurthae 90
 Et Poenos pressit cineres. Solacia fati
 Carthago Mariusque tulit, pariterque iacentes
 Ignovere deis. Libycas ibi colligit iras.
 Ut primum fortuna reedit, servilia solvit
 Agmina, conflato saevas ergastula ferro 95
 Exerere manus. Nulli gestanda dabantur
 Signa ducis, nisi qui scelerum iam fecerat usum

¹ The lictor in the dungeon was a Cimbrian.

² Africa.

³ *I.e.* each from the other's plight.

BOOK II

the old man's flesh was corroded by iron fetters and the squalor of long captivity. He was yet to die as Fortune's favourite, as consul in Rome which he had ruined; but first he suffered for his guilt. Death itself often fled from him. When power to take his hated life was granted to a foeman, naught came of it; for, in beginning the deed of slaughter, the man was palsied and let the sword slip from his strengthless hand. A great light shone in the prison darkness; he saw the awful deities that wait on crime, and he saw Marius as he was yet to be; and he heard a dreadful voice—'You are not permitted to touch that neck. Before he dies himself, Marius must, by the laws that govern the ages, bring death to many. Lay aside your useless rage.' If the Cimbri¹ wish to avenge the extinction of their slaughtered race, they should let the old man live. No divine favour, but the exceeding wrath of heaven, has guarded the life of that man of blood, in whom Fortune finds a perfect instrument for the destruction of Rome.—Next he was conveyed over an angry sea to a hostile soil,² where he was chased through deserted villages; he couched down in the devastated realm of Jugurtha who had graced his triumph, and the ashes of Carthage were his bed. Carthage and Marius both drew consolation for their destiny³; both alike prostrate, they pardoned Heaven. In Africa he nursed a hate like Hannibal's. As soon as Fortune smiled again, he set free bands of slaves; the prisoners melted down their fetters and stretched forth their hands for slaughter. He suffered none to bear his standards, except men already inured to crime, men who brought guilt with them to the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Adtuleratque in castra nefas. Pro fata ! quis ille,
 Quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo moenia victor
 Corripuit, quantoque gradu mors saeva cucurrit ! 100
 Nobilitas cum plebe perit, lateque vagatus
 Ens, et a nullo revocatum pectore ferrum.
 Stat cruor in templis, multaque rubentia caede
 Lubrica saxa madent. Nulli sua profuit aetas :
 Non senis extremum piguit vergentibus annis 105
 Praecepisse diem, nec primo in limine vitae
 Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
 Crimine quo parvi caedem potuere mereri ?
 Sed satis est iam posse mori. Trahit ipse furoris
 Impetus, et visum lenti, quaesisse nocentem. 110
 In numerum pars magna perit, rapuitque cruentus
 Victor ab ignota voltus cervice recisos,
 Dum vacua pudet ire manu. Spes una salutis
 Oscula pollutae fixisse trementia dextrae.
 Mille licet gladii mortis nova signa sequantur, 115
 Degener o populus, vix saecula longa decorum
 Sic meruisse viris, nedum breve dedecus aevi
 Et vitam dum Sulla redit. Cui funera volgi
 Flere vacet ? vix te sparsum per viscera, Baebi,
 Innumeras inter carpentis membra coronae 120
 Discessisse manus ; aut te, praesage malorum
 Antoni, cuius laceris pendentia canis
 Ora ferens miles festae rorantia mensae
 Inposuit. Truncos laceravit Fimbria Crassos ;
 Saeva tribunicio maduerunt robora tabo. 125

¹ The hand of Marius.

² The poles on which the heads of the tribunes were carried seem to be meant.

BOOK II

camp. Shame upon Fate! How dread that day, the day when victorious Marius seized the city! With what mighty strides cruel death stalked abroad! High and low were slain alike; the sword strayed far and wide; and no breast was spared the steel. Pools of blood stood in the temples; constant carnage wetted the red and slippery pavement. None was protected by his age: the slayer did not scruple to anticipate the last day of declining age, or to cut short the early prime of a hapless infant in the dawn of life. How was it possible that children should deserve death for any crime? But it was enough to have already a life to lose. The violence of frenzy was itself an incentive; and it was deemed the part of a laggard to look for guilt in a victim. Many were slain merely to make up a number; and the bloodstained conqueror seized a head cut off from a stranger's shoulders, because he was ashamed to walk with empty hands. Those alone were spared who pressed their trembling lips on that polluted hand.¹ How degenerate a people! Though a thousand swords obey this new signal of death, it scarce would befit brave men to buy centuries of life so dear, far less the short and shameful respite—till Sulla returns. None could find time to lament the deaths of the multitude, and hardly to tell how Baebius was torn asunder and scattered piecemeal by the countless hands of the mob that divided limb from limb; or how the head of Antonius, prophet of evil, was swung by the torn white hair and placed dripping by a soldier upon the festal board. The Crassi were mutilated and mangled by Fimbria; and the blood of tribunes wetted the cruel wood.² Scaevola

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Te quoque neglectum violatae, Scaevola, Vestae
 Ante ipsum penetrale deae semperque calentes
 Mactavere focos ; parvum sed fessa senectus
 Sanguinis effudit iugulo flammisque pepercit.
 Septimus haec sequitur repetitis fascibus annus. 130
 Ille fuit vitae Mario modus, omnia passo
 Quae peior fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso
 Quae melior, mensoque hominis quid fata paterent.
 Iam quot apud Sacri cecidere cadavera Portum,
 Aut Collina tulit stratas quot porta catervas, 135
 Tum cum paene caput mundi rerumque potestas
 Mutavit translata locum, Romanaque Samnis
 Ultra Caudinas speravit volnera Furcas.
 Sulla quoque inmensis accessit cladibus ultor.
 Ille quod exiguum restabat sanguinis urbi 140
 Hausit ; dumque nimis iam putria membra recidit,
 Excessit medicina modum, nimiumque secuta est,
 Qua morbi duxere, manus. Periere nocentes,
 Sed cum iam soli possent superesse nocentes.
 Tunc data libertas odiis, resolutaque legum 145
 Frenis ira ruit. Non uni cuncta dabantur,
 Sed fecit sibi quisque nefas ; semel omnia victor
 Iusserat. Infandum domini per viscera ferrum
 Exegit famulus ; nati maduere paterno
 Sanguine ; certatum est, cui cervix caesa parentis 150

¹ The Samnite general, Telesinus, had threatened to raze Rome to the ground, and make another city the capital of Italy.

BOOK II

too found no protection from outraged Vesta: they sacrificed the old man before the very shrine and ever-burning hearth of the goddess, but the scanty stream of blood that issued from his aged throat suffered the fire to burn on. These things were followed by the seventh year in which Marius resumed the rods of office. And that was the end of his life: he had suffered every blow that evil fortune can inflict, and enjoyed every gift that good fortune can bestow; he had measured the full extent of human destiny.—Again, how many corpses fell at Sacriportus! What heaps of slain encumbered the Colline Gate on that day when the capital of the world and the government of mankind was nearly transferred to a different seat,¹ and the Samnites hoped to inflict on Rome a heavier blow than the Caudine Forks! And then, to crown the infinite slaughter, came Sulla's vengeance. What little blood was left at Rome he shed; and while he lopped off too fiercely the limbs that were corrupt, his surgery went beyond all bounds, and his knife followed too far on the path whither disease invited it. The men slain were guilty, but it was a time when there were none but guilty to survive. Licence was granted then to private hatred; and anger, freed from the curb of law, rushed headlong on. The deeds done were not all done for the sake of one man; but each committed outrage to please himself. The conqueror had once for all issued his orders which included every crime. The servant drove the accursed sword to the hilt through his master's body; sons were sprinkled with their father's blood and strove with each other for the privilege of beheading a parent; and brother slew

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cederet ; in fratrum ceciderunt praemia fratres.
 Busta repleta fuga, permixtaque viva sepultis
 Corpora, nec populum latebrae cepere ferarum.
 Hic laqueo fauces elisaque guttura fregit,
 Hic se praecipiti iaculatus pondere dura 155
 Dissiluit percussus humo, mortesque cruento
 Victori rapuere suas ; hic robor busti
 Exstruit ipse sui necdum omni sanguine fuso
 Desilit in flammam et, dum licet, occupat ignes.
 Colla ducum pilo trepidam gestata per urbem 160
 Et medio congesta foro ; cognoscitur illic,
 Quidquid ubique iacet. Scelerum non Thracia tantum
 Vidit Bistonii stabulis pendere tyranni,
 Postibus Antaei Libye, nec Graecia maerens
 Tot laceros artus Pisaea flevit in aula. 165
 Cum iam tabe fluunt confusaque tempore multo
 Amisere notas, miserorum dextra parentum
 Colligit et pavido subducit cognita furto.
 Meque ipsum memini caesi deformia fratris
 Ora rogo cupidum vetitisque inponere flammis 170
 Omnia Sullanae lustrasse cadavera pacis,
 Perque omnes truncos, cum qua cervice recisum
 Conveniat, quaesisse, caput. Quid sanguine manes
 Placatos Catuli referam ? cum victima tristes
 Inferias Marius forsitan nolentibus umbris 175
 Pendit inexplato non fanda piacula busto,
 Cum laceros artus aequataque volnera membris
 Vidimus, et toto quamvis in corpore caeso

¹ Diomedes, a mythical king, killed by Hercules. For Antaeus, see iv. 593 foll. The "court-yard of Pisa" refers to Oenomaus, who killed his daughter's suitors.

² M. Marius Gratidianus, who was only by adoption a member of the Marian family.

BOOK II

brother to earn rewards. The tombs were filled with fugitives, and the bodies of the living consorted with buried corpses; and the lairs of wild beasts were crowded with men. One man tied a noose round his throat and broke his neck; another hurled himself down headlong and was dashed to pieces against the hard ground; and thus they robbed the bloodstained conqueror of their deaths. Another piled up wood for his own pyre, and then, before all his blood had run out, sprang down into the flame and made haste to burn himself before he was prevented. The heads of the chief men were borne on pikes through the terrified city and piled in the centre of the forum; the victims slaughtered in all places were displayed there. Thrace never saw so many murdered corpses in the stables of the Bistonian king,¹ nor Africa at the doors of Antaeus; nor did mourning Greece lament so many mutilated bodies in the courtyard of Pisa. When the heads, dissolving in corruption and effaced by lapse of time, had lost all distinctive features, their wretched parents gathered the relics they recognised and stealthily removed them. I remember how I myself, seeking to place on the funeral fire denied them the shapeless features of my murdered brother, scrutinised all the corpses slain by Sulla's peace: round all the headless bodies I went, seeking for a neck to fit the severed head. Why tell of the bloody atonement made to the ghost of Catulus? A Marius² was the victim who paid that terrible offering, perhaps distasteful to the dead himself, that unspeakable sacrifice to the insatiate tomb. We saw his mangled frame with a wound for every limb; we saw every part of the body mutilated

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nil animae letale datum moremque nefandae
 Dirum saevitiae, pereuntis parcere morti. 180
 Avolsae cecidere manus, exsectaque lingua
 Palpitat et muto vacuum ferit aera motu.
 Hic aures, alius spiramina naris aduncae
 Amputat; ille cavis evolvit sedibus orbis,
 Ultimaque effodit spectatis lumina membris. 185
 Vix erit ulla fides tam saevi criminis, unum
 Tot poenas cepisse caput. Sic mole ruinae
 Fracta sub ingenti miscentur pondere membra,
 Nec magis informes veniunt ad litora trunci,
 Qui medio periere freto. Quid perdere fructum 190
 Iuvit et, ut vilem, Marii confundere voltum?
 Ut scelus hoc Sullae caedesque ostensa placeret,
 Agnoscendus erat. Vidit Fortuna colonos
 Praenestina suos cunctos simul ense recepto
 Unius populum pereuntem tempore mortis. 195
 Tum flos Hesperiae, Latii iam sola iuventus,
 Concidit et miserae maculavit Ovidia Romae.
 Tot simul infesto iuvenes occumbere leto
 Saepe fames pelagique furor subitaeque ruinae
 Aut terrae caelique lues aut bellica clades, 200
 Numquam poena fuit. Densi vix agmina volgi
 Inter et exsanges inmissa morte catervas
 Victores movere manus; vix caede peracta
 Procumbunt, dubiaque labant cervice; sed illos

¹ The worship of Fortuna was of great importance at Praeneste.

² An enclosed space in the Campus Martius where polling took place. See n. to vii. 306.

BOOK II

and yet no death-stroke dealt to the life; we saw the terrible form taken by savage cruelty, of not suffering the dying to die. The arms, wrenched from the shoulders, fell to the ground; the tongue, cut out, quivered and beat the empty air with dumb motion; one man cut off the ears, another the nostrils of the curved nose; a third pushed the eye-balls from their hollow sockets and scooped the eyes out last of all when they had witnessed the fate of the limbs. Few will believe such an atrocity, or that a single frame could be large enough for so many tortures. Such are men's limbs when broken and pounded under the huge weight of a fallen building; and the dead, who have perished in mid-ocean and drifted to the shore, are not more disfigured. What made them waste their advantage and obliterate the features of Marius, as if they were of no account? They ought to have been recognisable; then the crime would find favour with Sulla and the murder would be proved. The Fortune of Praeneste¹ saw all her citizens put to the sword together, and her population slain in the time it takes one man to die. The flower of Italy also, the only Roman soldiers left, were slaughtered and stained with their blood the Sheepfold² of Rome. The violent death of so many strong men at once has often been caused by famine, or stormy sea, or sudden crash of buildings, or plague of earth and sky, or havoc of war, but never before by execution. So thick was the crowd of men, of faces that grew pale when death was let loose upon them, that the conquerors could scarce ply their weapons: even when the slaughter was done, the dead could scarce fall down but swayed with

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Magna premit strages, peraguntque cadavera partem
 Caedis : viva graves elidunt corpora trunci. 206
 Intrepidus tanti sedit securus ab alto
 Spectator sceleris ; miseri tot milia volgi
 Non timuit iussisse mori. Congesta recepit
 Omnia Tyrrenus Sullana cadavera gurgis ; 210
 In fluvium primi cecidere, in corpora summi.
 Praecipites haesere rates, et strage cruenta .
 Interruptus aquae fluxit prior amnis in aequor,
 Ad molem stetit unda sequens. Iam sanguinis alti
 Vis sibi fecit iter, campumque effusa per omnem 215
 Praecipitique ruens Tiberina in flumina rivo
 Haerentes adiuvat aquas ; nec iam alveus amnem
 Nec retinent ripae, redditque cadavera campo.
 Tandem Tyrrenas vix eluctatus in undas
 Sanguine caeruleum torrenti dividit aequor. 220
 Hisne salus rerum, felix his Sulla vocari,
 His meruit tumulum medio sibi tollere Campo ?
 Haec rursus patienda manent, hoc ordine belli
 Ibitur, hic stabit civilibus exitus armis.
 Quamquam agitant graviora metus, multumque coitur
 Humani generis maiore in proelia damno. 226
 Exulibus Mariis bellorum maxima merces
 Roma recepta fuit, nec plus victoria Sullae
 Praestitit invisas penitus quam tollere partes :

¹ The Tiber.

² Sulla added the surname Felix to his original name.

BOOK II

drooping necks; and the survivors were weighed down by the heaps of corpses; for the dead took their share in dealing death, and the living were crushed by the weight of the slain. Without a qualm Sulla sat at ease to witness the awful deed from his lofty seat; he feared not to pass sentence of death on so many thousands of undistinguished wretches. The bodies of Sulla's victims were all piled up and thrown into the Etruscan river; ¹ the first of them fell upon the water, the last upon other carcasses. Ships going down the stream stuck fast; the front part of the river was cut off by the heaps of dead and so flowed down to the sea, while the part behind was blocked at the barrier. But soon the river of blood made a way for itself: it flooded all the plain; it rushed in rapid channel to the Tiber and swelled the impeded current, till its bed and banks could not contain the stream; and the river brought the corpses back to land, and at last forced its way with difficulty to the Tyrrhene sea, where it parted the blue expanse with a torrent of blood. Were these the deeds that entitled Sulla to be called the saviour of his country and the favourite of Fortune, ² and to rear himself a tomb in the centre of the Campus? Those same woes we must endure again; through that sequence of warfare we must pass; such is the issue appointed to every civil war. And yet our fears forebode still worse, and much greater damage to mankind will come of this conflict in arms. To Marius and his exiles the recovery of Rome was the great prize they fought for, and to Sulla victory brought no more than the extermination of the party he hated; but the rivals of to-day have long been supreme

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Hos alio, Fortuna, vocas, olimque potentes 230
 Concurrunt. Neuter civilia bella moveret,
 Contentus quo Sulla fuit." Sic maesta senectus
 Praeteritique memor flebat metuensque futuri.

At non magnanimi percussit pectora Bruti 235
 Terror, et in tanta pavidi formidine motus
 Pars populi lugentis erat; sed nocte sopora,
 Parrhasis obliquos Helice cum verteret axes,
 Atria cognati pulsat non ampla Catonis.
 Invenit insomni volventem publica cura
 Fata virum casusque urbis cunctisque timentem 240
 Securumque sui, farique his vocibus orsus:
 "Omnibus expulsae terris olimque fugatae
 Virtutis iam sola fides, quam turbine nullo
 Executiet fortuna tibi, tu mente labantem
 Derige me, dubium certo tu robore firma. 245
 Namque alii Magnum vel Caesaris arma sequantur:
 Dux Bruto Cato solus erit. Pacemne tueris
 Inconcussa tenens dubio vestigia mundo?
 An placuit ducibus scelerum populi que furentis
 Cladibus inmixtum civile absolvere bellum? 250
 Quemque suae rapiunt scelerata in proelia causae:
 Hos polluta domus legesque in pace timendae,
 Hos ferro fugienda fames mundique ruinae
 Permiscenda fides. Nullum furor egit in arma:
 Castra petunt magna victi mercede; tibi uni 255
 Per se bella placent? quid tot durare per annos

¹ Helice, or Callisto, is a common name in the poets for the Great Bear.

BOOK II

and they are summoned by destiny to a different goal. If either were content with what satisfied Sulla, he would not stir up civil war." Such were the laments of sorrowing elders, as they recalled the past and dreaded the future.

But the heart of noble Brutus was shaken by no fear, and amid that mighty dread of awful change he was not one of the mourning populace. In the slumbrous night, when Arcadian Helice¹ was turning her wain aslant, he knocked at the humble dwelling of his kinsman, Cato. He found the great man pondering in sleepless anxiety over the destiny of the nation and the plight of Rome, careless of his own safety but fearful for mankind; and thus he addressed him: "Virtue, long ago driven out and banished from every land, finds in you her one remaining support, and will never be dislodged from your breast by any turn of fortune; do you therefore guide my hesitation and fortify my weakness with your unerring strength. Let others follow Magnus or Caesar's arms—Brutus will own no leader but Cato. Are you the champion of peace, keeping your path unshaken amid a tottering world? Or have you resolved to stand with the arch-criminals and take your share in the disasters of a mad world, and so clear the civil war of guilt? Each man is carried away to wicked warfare by motives of his own—some by crimes of private life and fear of the laws if peace be kept; others by the need to drive away hunger by the sword and to bury bankruptcy under the destruction of the world. None has been driven to arms by mere impulse: they have been bought by a great bribe to follow the camp; do you alone choose war for its own sake? What good was

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Profuit immunem corrupti moribus aevi ?
 Hoc solum longae pretium virtutis habebis :
 Accipient alios, facient te bella nocentem.
 Ne tantum, o superi, liceat feralibus armis, 260
 Has etiam movisse manus. Nec pila lacertis
 Missa tuis caeca telorum in nube ferentur :
 Ne tanta incassum virtus eat, ingeret omnis
 Se belli fortuna tibi. Quis nolet in isto
 Ense mori, quamvis alieno vulnere labens, 265
 Et scelus esse tuum ? Melius tranquilla sine armis
 Otia solus ages ; sicut caelestia semper
 Inconcussa suo volvuntur sidera lapsu.
 Fulminibus propior terrae succenditur aer,
 Imaque telluris ventos tractusque coruscus 270
 Flammarum accipiunt : nubes excedit Olympus.
 Lege deum minimas rerum discordia turbat,
 Pacem magna tenent. Quam laetae Caesaris aures
 Accipient tantum venisse in proelia civem !
 Nam praelata suis numquam diversa dolebit 275
 Castra ducis Magni ; nimium placet ipse Catoni,
 Si bellum civile placet. Pars magna senatus
 Et duce privato gesturus proelia consul
 Sollicitant proceresque alii ; quibus adde Catonem
 Sub iuga Pompei, toto iam liber in orbe 280
 Solus Caesar erit. Quod si pro legibus arma
 Ferre iuvat patriis libertatemque tueri,
 Nunc neque Pompei Brutum neque Caesaris hostem,

¹ Pompey, who then held no magistracy.

BOOK II

it to stand firm so many years, untouched by the vices of a profligate age? This will be your sole reward for the virtue of a lifetime—that war, which finds others already guilty, will make you guilty at last. Heaven forbid that this fatal strife should have power to stir your hands also to action. Javelins launched by your arm will not hurtle through the indistinguishable cloud of missiles; and, in order that all that virtue may not spend itself in vain, all the hazard of war will hurl itself upon you; for who, though staggering beneath another's stroke, will not wish to fall by your sword and make you guilty? Fitter than war for you is peaceful life and tranquil solitude; so the stars of heaven roll on for ever unshaken in their courses. The part of air nearest earth is fired by thunderbolts, and the low-lying places of the world are visited by gales and long flashes of flame; but Olympus rises above the clouds. It is heaven's law, that small things are troubled and distracted, while great things enjoy peace. What joyful news to Caesar's ear, that so great a citizen has joined the fray! He will never resent your preference of his rival, of Pompey's camp to his own; for, if Cato countenances civil war, he countenances Caesar also more than enough. When half the Senate, when the consuls and other nobles, mean to wage war under a leader who holds no office,¹ the temptation is strong; but, if Cato too submit like these to Pompey, Caesar will be the only free man left on earth. If, however, we resolve to bear arms in defence of our country's laws and to maintain freedom, you behold in me one who is not now the foe of either Caesar or Pompey, though I shall be

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Post bellum victoris habes." Sic fatur; at illi
 Arcano sacras reddit Cato pectore voces : 285
 " Summum, Brute, nefas civilia bella fatemur;
 Sed quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur.
 Crimen erit superis et me fecisse nocentem.
 Sidera quis mundumque velit spectare cadentem
 Expers ipse metus? quis, cum ruat arduus aether, 290
 Terra labet mixto coeuntis pondere mundi,
 Compressas tenuisse manus? gentesne furorem
 Hesperium ignotae Romanaque bella sequentur
 Diductique fretis alio sub sidere reges,
 Otia solus agam? procul hunc arcete furorem, 295
 O superi, motura Dahas ut clade Getasque
 Securo me Roma cadat. Ceu morte parentem
 Natorum orbatum longum producere funus
 Ad tumulos iubet ipse dolor, iuvat ignibus atris
 Inseruisse manus constructoque aggere busti 300
 Ipsum atras tenuisse faces, non ante revellar,
 Exanimem quam te complectar, Roma; tuumque
 Nomen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram.
 Sic eat: inmites Romana piacula divi
 Plena ferant, nullo fraudemus sanguine bellum. 305
 O utinam caelique deis Erebique liceret
 Hoc caput in cunctas damnatum exponere poenas!
 Devotum hostiles Decium pressere catervae:
 Me geminae figant acies, me barbara telis
 Rheni turba petat, cunctis ego pervius hastis 310

¹ This promise was made good when Brutus stabbed Caesar.

BOOK II

the foe of the conqueror when war is over.”¹ So Brutus spoke, and Cato from the sacred shrine of his heart made this reply: “Brutus, I allow that civil war is the worst wickedness; but Virtue will follow fearless wherever destiny summons her. It will be a reproach to the gods, that they have made even me guilty. Who would choose to watch the starry vault falling down and to feel no fear himself? or to sit with folded hands, when high heaven was crashing down and earth shaking with the confused weight of a collapsing firmament? If nations unknown, if kings who reign in another clime beyond the seas, join the madness of Italy and the standards of Rome, shall I alone dwell in peace? Heaven keep far from me this madness, that the fall of Rome, which will stir by her disaster the Dahae and the Getae, should leave me indifferent! When a father is robbed of his sons by death, grief itself bids him lead the long funeral train to the grave; he is fain to thrust his hands into the doleful fires, and himself to hold the smoky torch where the lofty pyre rises. So never shall I be torn away before I embrace the lifeless body of my country; and I will follow to the grave the mere name and empty ghost of Freedom. So be it! Let Rome pay atonement in full to the pitiless gods, and let no man’s life be denied to the claim of war! But would it were possible for me, condemned by the powers of heaven and hell, to be the scapegoat for the nation! As hordes of foemen bore down Decius when he had offered his life, so may both armies pierce this body, may the savages from the Rhine aim their weapons at me; may I be transfixed by every spear, and may I stand between

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Excipiam medius totius volnera belli.
 Hic redimat sanguis populos, hac caede luatur,
 Quidquid Romani meruerunt pendere mores.
 Ad iuga cur faciles populi, cur saeva volentes
 Regna pati pereunt? me solum invadite ferro, 315
 Me frustra leges et inania iura tuentem.
 Hic dabit, hic pacem iugulus finemque malorum
 Gentibus Hesperiiis: post me regnare volenti
 Non opus est bello. Quin publica signa ducemque
 Pompeium sequimur? nec, si fortuna favebit, 320
 Hunc quoque totius sibi ius promittere mundi
 Non bene conpertum est: ideo me milite vincat,
 Ne sibi se vicisse putet." Sic fatur, et acres
 Irarum movit stimulos iuvenisque calorem
 Excitat in nimios belli civilis amores. 325
 Interea Phoebos gelidas pellente tenebras
 Pulsatae sonuere fores, quas sancta relicto
 Hortensi maerens irupit Marcia busto.
 Quondam virgo toris melioris iuncta mariti,
 Mox ubi conubii pretium mercesque soluta est 330
 Tertia iam suboles, alios fecunda penates
 Inpletura datur geminas et sanguine matris
 Permixtura domos. Sed postquam condidit urna
 Supremos cineres, miserando concita voltu,
 Effusas laniata comas contusaque pectus 335
 Verberibus crebris cineresque ingesta sepulchri,

¹ Cato, who transferred her later to Hortensius.

BOOK II

and intercept every blow dealt in this war! Let my blood redeem the nations, and my death pay the whole penalty incurred by the corruption of Rome. If the nations are willing to bear the yoke and resent not harsh tyranny, why should they die? Aim your swords at me alone, at me who fight a losing battle for despised law and justice. My blood, mine only, will bring peace to the people of Italy and end their sufferings; the would-be tyrant need wage no war, once I am gone. Why should I not follow the standard of the nation and Pompey as my leader? And yet I know full well that, if fortune favour him, he too looks forward to mastery over the world. Let me then serve in his victorious army, and prevent him from thinking that he has conquered for himself alone." Thus Cato spoke, filling the younger man with strong incentives to battle and prompting his high spirit to excessive desire for civil war.

Meanwhile the sun was dispelling chilly night, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and in rushed the matron, Marcia, mourning for Hortensius whose pyre she had just left. As a maiden she had first been wedded to a nobler husband;¹ then, when she had received the reward and fee of wedlock in the birth of a third child, she was given to another household, to populate it with her fruitfulness and to ally the two houses by the maternal blood. But now, when she had laid the ashes of Hortensius in their final urn, she hastened hither in piteous guise: torn and disordered was her hair, and her breast bruised with repeated blows; she was covered with the funeral ashes. Not otherwise could she have found favour with

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non aliter placitura viro, sic maesta profatur :
 “ Dum sanguis inerat, dum vis materna, peregi
 Iussa, Cato, et geminos excepi feta maritos ;
 Visceribus lassis partuque exhausta revertor 340
 Iam nulli tradenda viro. Da foedera prisci
 Inlibata tori, da tantum nomen inane
 Conubii ; liceat tumulo scripsisse : ‘ Catonis
 Marcia ’ ; nec dubium longo quaeratur in aevo,
 Mutarim primas expulsa, an tradita, taedas. 345
 Non me laetorum sociam rebusque secundis
 Accipis : in curas venio partemque laborum.
 Da mihi castra sequi. Cur tuta in pace relinquer,
 Et sit civili propior Cornelia bello ? ”
 Hae flexere virum voces, et tempora quamquam
 Sint aliena toris, iam fato in bella vocante, 351
 Foedera sola tamen vanaque carentia pompa
 Iura placent sacrisque deos admittere testes.
 Festa coronato non pendent limine sarta,
 Infulaque in geminos discurrit candida postes, 355
 Legitimaque faces, gradibusque adclinis eburnis
 Stat torus et picto vestes discriminat auro,
 Turritaque premens frontem matrona corona
 Translata vitat contingere limina planta ;
 Non timidum nuptae leviter tectura pudorem 360
 Lutea demissos velarunt flammea voltus,
 Balteus aut fluxos gemmis astrinxit amictus,
 Colla monile decens, umerisque haerentia primis

¹ The wife of Pompey.

² “ The marriage takes 22 lines, 17 of which describe the usages dispensed with by the pair, 3 those complied with ; 2 are introductory ” (Heitland’s *Introduction*, p. lxxii).

BOOK II

Cato. And thus she spoke sorrowing: "While there was warm blood in these veins and I had power to be a mother, I did your bidding, Cato: I took two husbands and bore them children. Now I return wearied and worn-out with child-bearing, and I must not again be surrendered to any other husband. Grant me to renew the faithful compact of my first marriage; grant me only the name of wife; suffer men to write on my tomb, 'Marcia, wife of Cato'; let not the question be disputed in after time, whether I was driven out or handed over by you to a second husband. You do not receive me to share in happiness or for prosperous times: I come to take my part in anxiety and trouble. Suffer me to follow the camp. Why should I be left behind in peace and safety, and be kept further away than Cornelia¹ from civil war?"

Her words moved her husband. Though the time when Fate called men to arms was ill-suited for a marriage, they resolved to tie the knot simply and perform the rite with no useless display; the gods alone should be present to witness the ceremony.² No festal garlands, no wreath, hung from the lintel; no white fillet ran this way and that to each post of the door. The customary torches; the high couch supported on ivory steps and displaying a coverlet of gold embroidery; the matron, wearing on her head a towered crown, and careful not to touch the threshold when her foot crosses it—all these are absent. No saffron veil, intended lightly to screen the bride's shy blushes, hid the downcast face; no belt bound the flowing raiment with jewels, no fair circlet confined the neck, nor did a scarf, clinging to the tip of the shoulder,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Suppara nudatos cingunt angusta lacertos.
 Sicut erat, maesti servat lugubria cultus, 365
 Quoque modo natos, hoc est amplexa maritum.
 Obsita funerea celatur purpura lana.
 Non soliti lusere sales, nec more Sabino
 Excepit tristis convicia festa maritus.
 Pignora nulla domus, nulli coiere propinqui : 370
 Iunguntur taciti contentique auspice Bruto.
 Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore
 Caesariem duroque admisit gaudia voltu,—
 Ut primum tolli feralia viderat arma,
 Intensos rigidam in frontem descendere canos 375
 Passus erat maestamque genis increscere barbam :
 Uni quippe vacat studiis odiisque carenti
 Humanum lugere genus—nec foedera prisca
 Sunt temptata tori ; iusto quoque robur amori
 Restitit. Hi mores, haec duri inmoti Catonis 380
 Secta fuit, servare modum finemque tenere
 Naturamque sequi patriaeque inpendere vitam
 Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
 Huic epulae, vicisse famem ; magnique penates,
 Summovisse hiemem tecto ; pretiosaque vestis, 385
 Hirtam membra super Romani more Quiritis
 Induxisse togam ; Venerisque hic unicus¹ usus,
 Progenies ; urbi pater est urbi que maritus,
 Iustitiae cultor, rigidi servator honesti,

¹ unicus *Bentley* : maximus *MSS.*

¹ This band went round the tunic.

BOOK II

surround the bare arms with narrow band. Marcia made no change but kept the solemnity of her widow's weeds, and embraced her husband just as she did her sons. The purple band¹ was covered and concealed by wool of funereal colour. The customary light jesting was silent, nor was the sullen husband greeted by the ceremonial abuse in Sabine fashion. No members of the family and no kinsmen assembled: their hands were joined in silence, and they were satisfied with the presence of Brutus as augur. The husband refused to remove the shaggy growth from his reverend face; nor did his stern features grant access to joy. (Ever since he saw the weapons of ill-omened war raised up, he had suffered the grey hair to grow long over his stern brow and the beard of the mourner to spread over his face; for he alone, free from love and free from hate, had leisure to wear mourning for mankind.) Nor did he seek to renew the former relations with his wife: that iron nature was proof even against wedded love. Such was the character, such the inflexible rule of austere Cato—to observe moderation and hold fast to the limit, to follow nature, to give his life for his country, to believe that he was born to serve the whole world and not himself. To him it was a feast to banish hunger; it was a lordly palace to fend off hard weather with a roof over his head; it was fine raiment to draw over his limbs the rough toga which is a Roman's dress in time of peace. In his view the sole purpose of love was offspring; for the State he became a husband and father; he worshipped justice and practised uncompromising virtue; he reserved his kindness for the whole

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

In commune bonus ; nullosque Catonis in actus Subrepsit partemque tulit sibi nata voluptas.	390
Interea trepido descendens agmine Magnus Moenia Dardanii tenuit Campana coloni. Haec placuit belli sedes, hinc summa moventem Hostis in occursum sparsas extendere partes,	395
Umbrosis mediam qua collibus Appenninus Erigit Italiam, nulloque a vertice tellus Altius intumuit propiusque accessit Olympo. Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas Inferni superique maris, collesque coercent	400
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes aequora Pisae, Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon. Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti. (In laevum cecidere latus veloxque Metaurus	405
Crustumiumque rapax et iuncto Sapis Isauro Senaque et Hadriacas qui verberat Aufidus undas ; Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem, Eridanus fractas devolvit in aequora silvas Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis. Hunc fabula primum Populea fluvium ripas umbrasse corona,	411
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens Succendit Phaethon flagrantibus aethera loris, Gurgitibus raptis penitus tellure perusta, Hunc habuisse pares Phoebéis ignibus undas.	415
Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana iacentis Aegypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret harenas ;	

¹ Capua was believed to have been founded by the Trojan Capys.

² Also called the Tyrrhene and Adriatic seas.

³ Lucan's readers must have known that there were rivers

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people; and there was no act of Cato's life where selfish pleasure crept in and claimed a share.

Meanwhile Magnus marched away in haste and occupied the Campanian walls founded by the Trojan.¹ Capua was chosen as the seat of war; he resolved to make Capua the base of his chief campaign, and from there to disperse and extend his forces in order to meet the enemy where Apennine raises up the centre of Italy in wooded hills; nor is there any peak at which earth rises higher and approaches closer to the sky. Midway between the two seas, the Lower and the Upper,² the mountains stretch; and the range is bounded on the west by Pisa, where her beach breaks the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east by Ancona, which faces the Dalmatian billows. From vast springs the mountain engenders mighty rivers and scatters their streams along the water-sheds that lead to two seas. (Eastward flow the swift Metaurus and rushing Crustumium, the Sapis together with the Isaurus, the Sena, the Aufidus which buffets the waves of the Adriatic; and there the Po, as mighty a river as any which earth discharges,³ snaps off forests and sweeps them down to sea and drains the soil of Italy. As legend tells, this was the first river whose banks were shaded by a ring of poplars; and when Phaethon drove the sun downwards athwart its appointed course and kindled the sky with his burning reins, till the waters vanished and earth was burnt to its core, this river had streams sufficient to match the sun's fire. The Nile would not be greater, did it not flood the Libyan desert over the flats of low-lying Egypt; the Danube would be no greater, did greater than the Po, and mountains higher than the Apennines; but they did not demand truth from poets.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non minor hic Histro, nisi quod, dum permeat orbem,
 Hister casuros in quaelibet aequora fontes
 Accipit et Scythicas exit non solus in undas. 420
 Dexteriora petens montis declivia Thybrim
 Unda facit Rutubamque cavum. Delabitur inde
 Vulturinusque celer nocturnaeque editor aurae
 Sarnus et umbrosae Liris per regna Maricae
 Vestinis impulsus aquis radensque Salerni 425
 Tesca¹ Siler, nullasque vado qui Macra moratus
 Alnos vicinae procurrit in aequora Lunae.)
 Longior educto qua surgit in aera dorso,
 Gallica rura videt devexasque excipit Alpes.
 Tunc Umbris Marsisque ferax domitusque Sabello 430
 Vomere, piniferis amplexus rupibus omnes
 Indigenas Latii populos, non deserit ante
 Hesperiam, quam cum Scyllaeis clauditur undis,
 Extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes,
 Longior Italia, donec confinia pontus 435
 Solveret incumbens terrasque repelleret aequor ;
 At postquam gemino tellus elisa profundo est,
 Extremi colles Siculo cessere Peloro.
 Caesar in arma furens nullas nisi sanguine fuso
 Gaudet habere vias, quod non terat hoste vacantes 440
 Hesperiae fines vacuosque inrumpat in agros
 Atque ipsum non perdat iter consertaque bellis
 Bella gerat. Non tam portas intrare patentes
 Quam fregisse iuvat, nec tam patiente colono

¹ Tesca *Heinsius* : tecta or culta *MSS.*

¹ The Euxine.

² The meaning is that the river is not navigable.

³ The straits of Messina.

⁴ The temple of Juno Lacina, on the Gulf of Tarentum.

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it not, in its course over the globe, receive waters that might otherwise fall into any sea, and carry them with it into the Scythian main.¹ But the waters that run down the western slopes of Apennine give birth to the Tiber and the Rutuba in its deep channel; and also from there swift Vulturnus flows down, and the Sarnus that sends forth exhalations by night; the Liris, driven by Vestinian waters through the haunts of the wood-nymph, Marica; the Siler that grazes the rugged country of Salernum; and the Macra, whose shallow stream delays no ships² and speeds forward into the sea of Luna near at hand.) Where the Apennines taper out and rise skywards with lofty ridge, they look on the land of Gaul and come close to the foot-hills of the Alps. Further south, the range bears harvests for the Umbrians and Marsians, and is tamed by the Samnite ploughshare; its pine-clad cliffs embrace all the native races of Italy, never leaving the land till barred by the waters of Scylla,³ and stretching as far as Lacina's temple.⁴ The ridge was once longer than Italy is now, before the pressure of the sea sundered the isthmus and the water drove back the land; but when the earth was crushed out by the two seas, that end of the Apennines was surrendered to Pelorus in Sicily.

Caesar, frantic for war, rejoices to find no passage except by shedding blood; it pleases him that the land of Italy on which he tramples supplies him with a foe, that the fields which he assaults are not undefended, and that even his marches are not wasted, but battle follows battle with no interval between. He would rather burst a city gate than find it open to admit him; he would rather ravage

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Arva premi, quam si ferro populetur et igni. 445
 Concessa pudet ire via civemque videri.
 Tunc urbes Latii dubiae varioque favore
 Ancipites, quamquam primo terrore ruentis
 Cessurae belli, denso tamen aggere firmant
 Moenia et abrupto circumdant undique vallo, 450
 Saxorumque orbis, et quae super eminus hostem
 Tela petant, altis murorum turribus aptant.
 Pronior in Magnum populus, pugnatque minaci
 Cum terrore fides; ut cum mare possidet Auster
 Flatibus horrisonis, hunc aequora tota secuntur : 455
 Si rursus tellus pulsu laxata tridentis
 Aeolii tumidis inmittat fluctibus Eurum,
 Quamvis icta novo, ventum tenere priorem
 Aequora, nubiferoque polus cum cesserit Euro,
 Vindicat unda Notum. Facilis sed vertere mentes 460
 Terror erat, dubiamque fidem fortuna ferebat.
 Gens Etrusca fuga trepidi nudata Libonis,
 Iusque sui pulso iam perdidit Umbria Thermo.
 Nec gerit auspiciis civilia bella paternis
 Caesaris audito conversus nomine Sulla. 465
 Varus, ut admotae pulsarunt Auximon alae,
 Per diversa ruens neglecto moenia tergo,
 Qua silvae, qua saxa, fugit. Depellitur arce
 Lentulus Asculea; victor cedentibus instat
 Devertitque acies, solusque ex agmine tanto 470

¹ Seven generals are now enumerated, who all commanded detachments of Pompey's troops in N. Italy.

BOOK II

the land with fire and sword than overrun it without protest from the husbandman. He scorns to advance by an unguarded road, or to act like a peaceful citizen. In this hour the towns of Italy, hesitating and wavering in their sympathy for this side or that, though ready to yield at the first alarm of war's onset, nevertheless strengthen their walls with many a rampart and surround them on all sides with steep palisades; and round stones and missiles to strike the enemy from above are fitted to the high towers of the walls. The inhabitants favour Magnus more, and loyalty contends with the menace of danger. So, when the roaring blast of the South wind is master of the sea, all the main is swayed by it; and even if the earth, opened again by Aeolus with his trident, lets loose the East wind on the swollen waves, the ocean, though smitten by the second wind, remains true to the first; and, though the sky surrenders to the rainy East wind, the sea asserts the power of the South. But danger was quick to change men's minds, and the turn of events swept away wavering allegiance.

The men of Etruria are left defenceless by the hasty flight of Libo,¹ and the rout of Thermus has already taken from Umbria the power of free action. Sulla, too, has not the fortune of his father in civil war, but turns to flight on hearing the mere name of Caesar. Varus, when the advancing cavalry knocked at the gates of Auximum, rushed through the opposite gate where the foe had left the rear unguarded, and fled through forests and hills. Lentulus was dislodged from the fortress of Asculum, and the conqueror, pressing hard on their retreat, cut off the army: alone of all the force the general escaped, and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Dux fugit et nullas ducentia signa cohortes.
 Tu quoque nudatam commissae deseris arcem,
 Scipio, Nuceriae, quamquam firmissima pubes
 His sedeat castris, iampridem Caesaris armis
 Parthorum seducta metu, qua Gallica damna 475
 Supplevit Magnus, dumque ipse ad bella vocaret,
 Donavit socero Romani sanguinis usum.
 At te Corfini validis circumdata muris
 Tecta tenent, pugnax Domiti; tua classica servat
 Oppositus quondam polluto tiro Miloni. 480
 Ut procul immensam campo consurgere nubem
 Ardentesque acies percussis sole corusco
 Conspexit telis, "Socii, decurrite" dixit
 "Fluminis ad ripas undaeque inmergite pontem.
 Et tu montanis totus nunc fontibus exi 485
 Atque omnes trahe, gurges, aquas, ut spumeus alnos
 Discussa conpage feras. Hoc limite bellum
 Haereat, hac hostis lentus terat otia ripa.
 Praecipitem cohibete ducem: victoria nobis
 Hic primum stans Caesar erit." Nec plura locutus 490
 Devolvit rapidum nequiquam moenibus agmen.
 Nam prior e campis ut conspicit amne soluto
 Rumpi Caesar iter, calida proclamat¹ ab ira:
 "Non satis est muris latebras quaesisse pavori?
 Obstruitis campos fluviisque arcere paratis, 495
 Ignavi? non si tunido me gurgite Ganges
 Summoveat, stabit iam flumine Caesar in ullo

¹ proclamat *Bentley*: prolatus *MSS.*

¹ In 53 B.C. Pompey lent a legion to Caesar in Gaul; but the men were recalled to Italy in 50 B.C.

² Cf. i. 323.

BOOK II

the standards that brought no troops behind them. Scipio too abandons the stronghold of Nuceria and leaves his charge defenceless, though here were encamped stalwart soldiers, withdrawn long ago from Caesar's army because of the Parthian peril; with these Magnus once made good the losses in Gaul, and granted a loan of Roman lives to his kinsman, until he himself should summon them to war.¹

But Domitius, eager for battle, lay behind strong walls in the city of Corfinium; and under his command were the men who, as recruits, had been arrayed against bloodstained Milo.² When Domitius saw far away a vast cloud of dust rising from the plain, and the glitter of a host whose weapons were struck by the sunlight, "Comrades," he cried "speed down to the river banks and sink the bridge beneath the water. I call on the stream at once to issue forth in might from its springs in the mountains and bring hither all its waters, to carry down with foaming current the planks of the shattered structure. At this point must the war be stayed; on these banks let the foe waste time in idleness! Check ye his headlong haste; it will be a victory to us if Caesar is first brought to a halt here." Without another word he hurried the soldiers down from the walls, but in vain. Caesar got the start of him: from the plain he saw that they were letting loose the river to interrupt his march; and in hot anger he cried out: "Cowards! not content with seeking a hiding-place behind walls for your fear, do you barricade the plains and seek to keep me off by means of rivers? After crossing the Rubicon, never again will Caesar be stopped by any stream, not even if the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Post Rubiconis aquas. Equitum properate catervae,
 Ite simul pedites, ruiturum ascendite pontem."
 Haec ubi dicta, levis totas accepit habenas 500
 In campum sonipes, crebroque simillima nimbo
 Trans ripam validi torserunt tela lacerti.
 Ingreditur pulsa fluvium statione vacantem
 Caesar, et ad tutas hostis compellitur arces.
 Et iam moturas ingentia pondera turres 505
 Erigit, et mediis subrepat vinea muris :
 Ecce, nefas belli ! reseratis agmina portis
 Captivum traxere ducem, civisque superbi
 Constitit ante pedes. Voltu tamen alta minaci
 Nobilitas recta ferrum cervice poposcit. 510
 Scit Caesar poenamque peti veniamque timeri.
 "Vive, licet nolis, et nostro munere" dixit
 "Cerne diem. Victis iam spes bona partibus esto
 Exemplumque mei. Vel, si libet, arma retempta,
 Et nihil hac venia, si viceris, ipse paciscor." 515
 Fatur et astrictis laxari vincula palmis
 Imperat. Heu quanto melius vel caede peracta
 Parcere Romano potuit fortuna pudori !
 Poenarum extremum civi, quod castra secutus
 Sit patriae Magnumque ducem totumque senatum, 520
 Ignosci. Premit ille graves interritus iras
 Et secum : "Romamne petes pacisque recessus
 Degener ? in medios belli non ire furores

¹ *I.e.* the bridge over the stream.

BOOK II

Ganges blocked his way with its swollen flood. Let the squadrons of horse gallop forward and the infantry also advance; and mount the bridge ere it falls." When thus he spoke, the light horse charged in full gallop across the plain, and strong arms hurled javelins like heavy rain over the bank. Driving back the guard, Caesar occupies the undefended stream,¹ and the enemy are forced back to the safety of the citadel. Next Caesar erects towers to launch huge masses of stone, and the penthouse creeps up to the walls that divide the armies. But see!—abomination of war!—the gates are opened and the soldiers drag their general a prisoner. Domitius halted in the presence of his arrogant equal; yet with threatening mien and neck unbent, his lofty soul demanded death by the sword. But knowing that he sought punishment and feared pardon, Caesar addressed him: "Live on, against your will, and see the sun by my generosity. Be an earnest of hope to your friends when they are conquered, and enable them to judge of me; even, if you choose, draw the sword again; and, if you prove victorious, I make no bargain for myself on the strength of mercy shown to you." With these words he bids the bonds be loosened from the fettered hands. How much better, if he had been slain outright, would Fortune have respected the honour of a Roman! This surpasses all other penalties, that for joining the army of his country—an army led by Magnus and including the whole Senate—a patriot should be pardoned! Unterrified, Domitius hid his grievous wrath, and thus addressed himself: "Will you, thus disgraced, seek peaceful retirement at Rome? Haste rather to the centre of war's horrors

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Iam dudum moriture paras? rue certus et omnes
 Lucis rumpe moras et Caesaris effuge munus." 525
 Nescius interea capti ducis arma parabat
 Magnus, ut inmixto firmaret robore partes.
 Iamque secuturo iussurus classica Phoebos
 Temptandasque ratus moturi militis iras
 Adloquitur tacitas veneranda voce cohortes : 530
 " O scelerum ultores melioraque signa secuti,
 O vere Romana manus, quibus arma senatus
 Non privata dedit, votis deprecate pugnam.
 Ardent Hesperii saevis populatibus agri,
 Gallica per gelidas rabies effunditur Alpes, 535
 Iam tetigit sanguis pollutos Caesaris enses.
 Di melius, belli tulimus quod damna priores :
 Coeperit inde nefas, iam iam me praeside Roma
 Supplicium poenamque petat. Neque enim ista vocari
 Proelia iusta decet, patriae sed vindicis iram ; 540
 Nec magis hoc bellum est, quam quom Catilina paravit
 Arsuras in tecta faces sociusque furoris
 Lentulus exertique manus vaesana Cethegi.
 O rabies miseranda ducis ! cum fata Camillis
 Te, Caesar, magnisque velint miscere Metellis, 545
 Ad Cinnas Mariosque venis. Sternere profecto,
 Ut Catulo iacuit Lepidus, nostrasque secures
 Passus, Sicanio tegitur qui Carbo sepulchro,
 Quique feros movit Sertorius exul Hiberos.

¹ It was a custom with this family to wear no tunic under the toga, so that the arms were bare : comp. vi. 794.

BOOK II

and die as soon as may be. Speed straight to your mark, snap every tie that binds you to life, and escape Caesar's generosity!"

Magnus meanwhile, unaware that Domitius had been made prisoner, was taking the field, in order to encourage his adherents by an addition of strength. On the following day he intended to bid his trumpets sound, and now thought fit to test the ardour of his men before they marched. There was silence in the ranks as that august voice addressed them: "Avengers of crime and followers of the rightful standards, Romans indeed, whom the Senate has armed to defend your country, declare now your eagerness for battle. The fields of Italy are on fire with savage devastation, the fury of Gaul is pouring over the wintry Alps, blood has already touched and defiled the swords of Caesar. I thank Heaven that we first have borne the losses of war; be it so! let the wickedness begin with the other side; but now must Rome, under my leadership, demand the penalty and inflict the punishment. For the battles you must fight should not be called battles but the wrath and vengeance of our country. This is not war, any more than it was when brands to burn our houses were prepared by Catiline, and by Lentulus, his partner in wickedness, and by the frantic hand of Cethegus—the man of the naked arm.¹ What pitiable madness is Caesar's! Though Fortune is ready to raise him to the height of a Camillus or great Metellus, he joins the ranks of such as Marius and Cinna. His defeat is certain, just as Lepidus was overthrown by Catulus, and as Carbo, who now lies in a Sicilian grave, was beheaded by my orders; and so Sertorius fell, who in exile stirred the fierce

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quamquam, si qua fides, his te quoque iungere, Caesar,
 Invideo nostrasque manus quod Roma furenti 551
 Opposuit. Parthorum utinam post proelia sospes
 Et Scythicis Crassus victor remeasset ab oris,
 Ut simili causa caderes, quoi¹ Spartacus, hosti.
 Te quoque si superi titulis accedere nostris 555
 Iusserunt, valet en ! torquendo dextera pilo,
 Fervidus haec iterum circa praecordia sanguis
 Incaluit ; disces non esse ad bella fugaces,
 Qui pacem potuere pati. Licet ille solum
 Defectumque vocet, ne vos mea terreat aetas : 560
 Dux sit in his castris senior, dum miles in illis.
 Quo potuit civem populus perducere liber,
 Ascendi, supraque nihil, nisi regna, reliqui.
 Non privata cupis, Romana quisquis in urbe
 Pompeium transire paras. Hinc consul uterque, 565
 Hinc acies statura ducum est. Caesarne senatus
 Victor erit ? non tam caeco trahis omnia cursu,
 Teque nihil, Fortuna, pudet. Iunctisne² rebellis
 Gallia iam lustris aetasque impensa labori
 Dant animos ? Rhene gelidis quod fugit ab undis 570
 Oceanumque vocans incerti stagna profundi
 Territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis ?
 An vanae tumuere minae, quod fama furoris
 Expulit armatam patriis e sedibus urbem ?
 Heu demens ! non te fugiunt, me cuncta secuntur.

¹ quoi *Housman* : quod or qua *MSS.*

² Iunctis suggested by *Housman* : multis *MSS.* : geminis *Bentley.*

¹ The army of slaves and gladiators led by Spartacus was destroyed by Crassus in 71 B.C.

² So Livy says of the 300 Fabii, "every one of them was fit to command" (*quorum neminem ducem sperneres*).

³ The North Sea with its tides is meant.

BOOK II

Spaniards to war. And yet, upon my honour, I am loth to couple Caesar even with these, and I grieve that Rome has set my arm to stop his madness. Would that Crassus had returned after battle with the Parthians alive and victorious from the borders of Scythia, that Caesar, not less guilty than Spartacus,¹ might be overthrown by the same antagonist. But if Heaven has ordained that he too should add to my fame, see! this right hand has strength to hurl the pilum, the blood about this heart has kindled to a glow once again; he shall learn that men who were able to put up with peace are no cowards in war. Though he call me feeble and worn out, you must not be disquieted by my age: that I am older than Caesar matters not, provided his soldiers are older than mine. I have risen as high as a free people could exalt a citizen, and above me nothing remains save tyranny. Whoever schemes to rise above Pompey in the Roman State covets too much for a mere subject. On my side both consuls will take their stand, and on my side an army made up of generals.² Shall Caesar defeat the Senate? No! Fortune does not bring on the course of events so blindly; she is not so utterly shameless. What emboldens Caesar? Is it Gaul, which twice five years have not tamed? Is it a lifetime devoted to the task? Is it because he fled from the cold waters of Rhine, and gave the name of Ocean to the pools of a sea³ that was neither sea nor land, and turned his back in panic to the Britons whom he went out of his way to attack? Or have his idle threats risen high, because the report of his madness has driven the people forth in arms from their native city? Poor madman! It is not you before whom all things flee,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Qui cum signa tuli toto fulgentia ponto, 576
 Ante bis exactum quam Cynthia conderet orbem,
 Omne fretum metuens pelagi pirata reliquit
 Angustaque domum terrarum in sede poposcit.
 Idem per Scythici profugum divortia ponti 580
 Indomitum regem Romanaque fata morantem
 Ad mortem Sulla feliciore ire coegi.
 Pars mundi mihi nulla vacat; sed tota tenetur
 Terra meis, quocumque iacet sub sole, tropaeis:
 Hinc me victorem gelidas ad Phasidos undas 585
 Arcos habet; calida medius mihi cognitus axis
 Aegypto atque umbras nusquam flectente Syene;
 Occasus mea iura timent Tethynque fugacem
 Qui ferit Hesperius post omnia flumina Baetis.
 Me domitus cognovit Arabs, me Marte feroces 590
 Heniochi notique erepto vellere Colchi.
 Cappadoces mea signa timent et dedita sacris
 Incerti Iudaea dei mollisque Sophene.
 Armenios Cilicasque feros Taurumque subegi.
 Quod socero bellum praeter civile reliqui? 595
 Verba ducis nullo partes clamore secuntur
 Nec matura petunt promissae classica pugnae.
 Sensit et ipse metum Magnus, placuitque referri
 Signa nec in tantae discrimina mittere pugnae
 Iam victum fama non visi Caesaris agmen. 600
 Pulsus ut armentis primo certamine taurus
 Silvarum secreta petit vacuosque per agros

¹ Mithradates, King of Pontus. He was driven to take refuge in his Bosporean kingdom (the Crimea) and sought death there in 63 B.C.

BOOK II

but I whom all things follow. When I bore the standards that shone over all the sea, before the moon had twice filled out her disk and hidden it again, the pirates, scared from the sea and abandoning every creek, begged for a narrow plot of dry land to live on. Again, when the indomitable king¹ obstructed Rome's destiny, I drove him in flight along the isthmus of the Scythian sea; and I, more fortunate than Sulla, forced him to die. No part of the world have I left untouched: the whole earth, beneath whatever clime it lies, is occupied by my trophies. On one side, the North knows my victories by the icy waters of the Phasis; the torrid zone is known to me in sultry Egypt and Syene where the shadows fall perpendicular; my power is dreaded in the West, and where Spanish Baetis, remotest of all rivers, beats back the ebbing tide. The Arab owns me his conqueror; so do the warlike Heniochi, and the Colchians famous for the fleece they were robbed of. My standards overawe Cappadocia, and Judaea given over to the worship of an unknown god, and effeminate Sophene; I subdued the Armenians, the fierce Cilicians, and the range of Taurus. I have left my kinsman no war to wage, except civil war."

The general's speech was followed by no applause from his supporters, nor did his men demand at once the signal for the promised battle. Magnus himself was conscious of their fear; and it was decided to recall the standards, rather than expose to the hazard of a decisive engagement an army already beaten by the rumour of Caesar before they saw him. When a bull is driven from the herd by his first defeat, he seeks the recesses of the forest, or spends his solitary banishment in the fields; there

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Exul in adversis explorat cornua truncis
 Nec redit in pastus, nisi cum cervice recepta
 Excussi placuere tori; mox reddita victor 605
 Quoslibet in saltus comitantibus agmina tauris
 Invito pastore trahit: sic viribus inpar
 Tradidit Hesperiam profugusque per Apula rura
 Brundisii tutas concessit Magnus in arces.
 Urbs est Dictaeis olim possessa colonis, 610
 Quos Creta profugos vexere per aequora puppes
 Cecropiae, victum mentitis Thesea velis.
 Hinc latus angustum iam se cogentis in artum
 Hesperiae tenuem producit in aequora linguam,
 Hadriacas flexis claudit quae cornibus undas. 615
 Nec tamen hoc artis inmissum faucibus aequor
 Portus erat, si non violentos insula Coros
 Exciperet saxis lassasque refunderet undas.
 Hinc illinc montes scopulosae rupis aperto
 Opposuit natura mari flatusque removit, 620
 Ut tremulo starent contentae fune carinae.
 Hinc late patet omne fretum, seu vela ferantur
 In portus, Corcyra, tuos, seu laeva petatur
 Illyris Ionias vergens Epidamnos in undas.
 Huc fuga nautarum, cum totas Hadria vires 625
 Movit et in nubes abiere Ceraunia cumque
 Spumoso Calaber perfunditur aequore Sason.
 Ergo, ubi nulla fides rebus post terga relictis
 Nec licet ad duros Martem convertere Hiberos,

¹ The story is told at length in Catullus 64, 212 ff.; the colour of the sails gave the false news.

² An island.

BOOK II

he tests his horns upon the tree-trunks for opponents; nor does he return to the pasture till he has recovered strength and approves of his starting muscles; but when he has conquered his rival and got back his herd, he leads them, accompanied by the bulls, to what glades he will, and defies the herdsman. Thus Pompey surrendered Italy to his stronger rival, and fled through the open country of Apulia till he found a safe retreat in the fortress of Brundisium.

Of yore this city was occupied by men of Dicte—Cretan exiles, who were borne across the sea on Athenian ships with the sails that falsely told that Theseus had been conquered.¹ At this point Italy grows narrow, and her straitened border puts forth a slender tongue of land into the sea—a tongue which encloses waters of the Adriatic within curving horns. Yet the water that makes its way through the narrow entrance would be no harbour, but for an island, which confronts the fierce northern gales with a barrier of rock and repels the wearied waves. On both sides Nature has set masses of craggy cliff to meet the open sea, and has kept off the blasts, that ships might ride there at anchor, content with a swaying cable. From here all the sea is visible far and wide, whether the ship is bound for the ports of Corcyra or turns to the left, where Illyrian Epidamnus slopes down towards the Ionian sea. Here the mariner takes refuge, when the Adriatic puts forth all its might, when the Ceraunian mountains are lost in cloud, and when Sason² in Calabria is drenched with spray.

Pompey felt no confidence in the success of the cause he had left behind him; nor could he transfer the war to the land of the hardy Spaniards, because

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cum mediae iaceant immensis tractibus Alpes, 630
 Tum subole e tanta natum, cui firmior aetas,
 Adfatur: "Mundi iubeo temptare recessus:
 Euphraten Nilumque move, quo nominis usque
 Nostri fama venit, quas est volgata per urbes
 Post me Roma ducem. Sparsos per rura colonos 635
 Redde mari Cilicas; Pharios hinc concute reges
 Tigranemque meum; nec Pharnacis arma relinquaas,
 Admoneo, nec tu populos utraque vagantes
 Armenia Pontique feras per litora gentes
 Rhiphaeasque manus et quas tenet aequore denso 640
 Pigra palus Scythici patiens Maeotia plaustris,
 Et—quid plura moror? totos mea, nate, per ortus
 Bella feres totoque urbes agitabis in orbe
 Perdomitas; omnes redeant in castra triumphis.
 At vos, qui Latios signatis nomine fastos, 645
 Primus in Epirum Boreas agat; inde per arva
 Graiorum Macetumque novas adquirete vires,
 Dum paci dat tempus hiemps." Sic fatur, et omnes
 Iussa gerunt solvuntque cavas a litore puppes.
 At numquam patiens pacis longaeque quietis 650
 Armorum, ne quid fatis mutare liceret,
 Adsequitur generique premit vestigia Caesar.
 Sufficerent aliis primo tot moenia cursu
 Rapta, tot oppressae depulsis hostibus arces,
 Ipsa, caput mundi, bellorum maxima merces, 655
 Roma capi facilis; sed Caesar in omnia praeceps,

¹ Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus: the younger was Sextus.

² The Sea of Azov.

³ The consuls, Lentulus and C. Marcellus.

BOOK II

the vast extent of the Alps lay between; and therefore he thus addressed the elder of his noble sons¹: "I bid you explore the ends of the earth. Stir up the Euphrates and the Nile—every region where the glory of my fame penetrates, every city where the name of Rome became famous after my exploits. Bring back to the sea the Cilician colonists now dispersed over the land; next rouse up the sovereigns of Egypt and Tigranes whom I made king. I bid you pay heed also to the army of Pharnaces, the nomad races of the two Armenias, the savage nations along the shores of the Black Sea, the Carpathian hordes, and the men whom the sluggish Maeotian mere,² trodden by Scythian waggons, maintains on its frozen expanse. But why detain you longer? Carry through all the East the standard of your sire, and rouse to arms the cities I have conquered all the world over: let all over whom I have triumphed repair to my camp. Next, you two who date by your names the Roman calendar,³ the first North wind must waft you to Epirus. Thence seek fresh strength in the lands of Greece and Macedon, while winter grants time for peace." Thus Pompey spoke, and they all obeyed his bidding and loosed their hollow ships from the shore.

But Caesar, ever impatient of peace or long cessation from warfare, and fearing that Fortune might have power to work some change, follows close and dogs the steps of his son-in-law. Others might be content after seizing so many cities at the first assault, after surprising so many strongholds and dislodging their garrisons, and after seeing Rome itself, the capital of the world and the chief prize of war, an easy prey; but Caesar, headlong in all his designs, thought nothing done while anything

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nil actum credens, cum quid superesset agendum,
 Instat atrox et adhuc, quamvis possederit omnem
 Italiam, extremo sedeat quod litore Magnus,
 Communem tamen esse dolet. Nec rursus aperto 660
 Vult hostes errare freto, sed molibus undas
 Obstruit et latum deiectis rupibus aequor.
 Cedit in inmensum cassus labor : omnia pontus
 Haurit saxa vorax montesque inmiscet harenis :
 Ut maris Aeolii¹ medias si celsus in undas 665
 Depellatur Eryx, nullae tamen aequore rupes
 Emineant, vel si convolso vertice Gaurus
 Decidat in fundum penitus stagnantis Averni.
 Ergo ubi nulla vado tenuit sua pondera moles,
 Tunc placuit caesis innectere vincula silvis 670
 Roboraque inmensis late religare catenis.
 Tales fama canit tumidum super aequora Persen
 Construxisse vias, multum cum pontibus ausus
 Europamque Asiae Sestonque admovit Abydo
 Incessitque fretum rapidi super Hellesponti, 675
 Non Eurum Zephyrumque timens, cum vela ratesque
 In medium deferret Athon. Sic ora profundi
 Artantur casu nemorum ; tunc aggere multo
 Surgit opus, longaeque tremunt super aequora turres.
 Pompeius tellure nova compressa profundi 680
 Ora videns curis animum mordacibus angit,
 Ut reseret pelagus spargatque per aequora bellum.
 Saepe Noto plenae tensisque rudentibus actae

¹ Aeolii Bentley : Aegaei MSS.

¹ Xerxes,

BOOK II

remained to do. He pressed fiercely forwards; and, though he was master of all Italy, he resented that the land was still shared between them; for Magnus retained a foothold on the margin of the sea. But unwilling, on the other hand, that the enemy should range freely over the deep, he blocks the sea with masonry and casts down rocks into the wide waters. In vain the endless labour was carried on; for the greedy main swallowed down every boulder and mingled the huge heaps with her sands. So, if Mount Eryx were thrown down into the midst of the Aeolian sea, or if Gaurus, with summit wrenched from its place, were sunk deep down into the Avernian pool, nevertheless no cliffs would emerge from the surface of the waters. Therefore, when no pile of stone stood steady on the bottom, Caesar next resolved to fell trees and bind them together, and to make fast a wide expanse of timber with long chains. Such, by the report of fame, was the road built over the sea by the proud Persian,¹ when, greatly daring, he brought Europe near to Asia and Sestos to Abydos by his bridges, and passed on foot over the straits of fast-flowing Hellespont; East wind and West wind had no terrors for him, since he conveyed his ships under sail to the centre of Mount Athos. Thus the egress to the deep was straitened by the felling of the forest; soon the work rose high with many a mound of earth, and high towers swayed above the sea.

When Pompey saw his exit to the sea narrowed by new-made land, his mind was racked with distress and doubt how he might unbar the deep and spread his forces over the main. Again and again his vessels, driven along before the wind with straining cordage, passed right through the obstacle that

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ipsa maris per claustra rates fastigia molis
 Discussere salo spatiumque dedere carinis, 685
 Tortaque per tenebras validis ballista lacertis
 Multifidas iaculata faces. Ut tempora tandem
 Furtivae placuere fugae, ne litora clamor
 Nauticus exagitet, neu bucina dividat horas,
 Neu tuba praemonitos perducat ad aequora nautas, 690
 Praecepit sociis. Iam coeperat ultima Virgo
 Phoebum laturas ortu praecedere Chelas,
 Cum tacitas solvere rates. Non anchora voces
 Movit, dum spissis avellitur uncus harenis ;
 Dum iuga curvantur mali dumque ardua pinus 695
 Erigitur, pavidam classis siluere magistri,
 Strictaque pendentes deducunt carbasa nautae
 Nec quatiunt validos, ne sibilet aura, rudentes.
 Dux etiam votis hoc te, Fortuna, precatur,
 Quam retinere vetas, liceat sibi perdere saltem 700
 Italiam. Vix fata sinunt ; nam murmure vasto
 Impulsum rostris sonuit mare, fluctuat unda,
 Totque carinarum permixtis aequora sulcis
*Eruta fervere litusque fremens pulsant.*¹
 Ergo hostes portis, quas omnes solverat urbis
 Cum fato conversa fides, murisque recepti 705
 Praecipiti cursu flexi per cornua portus
 Ora petunt pelagusque dolent contingere classi.
 Heu pudor ! exigua est fugiens victoria Magnus.

¹ *The line in italics was inserted by Housman.*

BOOK II

barred the sea and threw down the ends of the boom into the water, thus giving sea-room to the fleet; often in the darkness of night, his machines, wound up by stalwart arms, launched a shower of cleft fire-brands. When at last he had fixed a day for secret flight, he gave orders to his men that no shouting of the crews should alarm the shore, that no signal should mark the watches, nor any trumpet forewarn the sailors and recall them to the fleet. Silently they loosed their vessels when the last part of the Virgin had begun to rise in front of the Scales, which at their rising would bring the sun with them. No shout was raised when the anchor-flukes were wrenched from the thick sand; the captains of the fleet were anxious and silent, while the yards of the mast were bent and the tall mast itself was hoisted; the sailors, dangling in the air, pulled down the furled sails without shaking the stout cordage, that the wind might not whistle through it. The leader even prays to Fortune, that she will suffer him at least to abandon the Italy which she forbids him to retain. Fortune scarcely grants his request; for the sea, smitten by the prows, gave forth a confused roaring, the waves rose, and the billows, churned up by the mingled wakes of so many hulls, boiled and raged as they struck the shore.

Therefore the enemy, admitted within the walls and through the gates—for the loyalty of the citizens had changed sides together with fortune and thrown all the gates open—rushed in eager haste along the branching piers of the winding harbour towards its mouth, angry that the sea should be accessible to the ships. Shame on them that the flight of Magnus is not victory enough! Narrow was the channel

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Angustus puppes mittebat in aequora limes
 Artior Euboica, quae Chalcida verberat, unda. 710
 Hic haesere rates geminae, classique paratae
 Excepere manus, tractoque in litora bello
 Hic primum rubuit civili sanguine Nereus.
 Cetera classis abit summis spoliata carinis :
 Ut, Pagasaea ratis peteret cum Phasidos undas, 715
 Cyaneas tellus emisit in aequora cautes ;
 Rapta puppe minor subducta est montibus Argo,
 Vanaque percussit pontum Symplegas inanem
 Et statura redit. Iam Phoebum urguere monebat
 Non idem Eoi color aetheris, albaque nondum 720
 Lux rubet et flammam propioribus eripit astris,
 Et iam Plias hebet, flexi iam plaustra Bootae
 In faciem puri redeunt languentia caeli,
 Maioresque latent stellae, calidumque refugit
 Lucifer ipse diem. Pelagus iam, Magne, tenebas, 725
 Non ea fata ferens, quae, cum super aequora toto
 Praedonem sequerere mari : lassata triumphis
 Descivit Fortuna tuis. Cum coniuge pulsus
 Et natis totosque trahens in bella penates
 Vadis adhuc ingens populis comitantibus exul. 730
 Quaeritur indignae sedes longinqua ruinae.
 Non quia te superi patrio privare sepulchro
 Maluerint, Phariae busto damnantur harenae :
 Parcitur Hesperiae : procul hoc et in orbe remoto
 Abscondat Fortuna nefas, Romanaque tellus 735
 Inmaculata sui servetur sanguine Magni.

¹ Another name for the Cyanean Rocks.

BOOK II

that let the ships out to sea, narrower than the water of Euboea that beats on Chalcis. Here two ships ran aground and were taken by bands of soldiers lying in wait for the fleet. Then the fighting was transferred to the shore, and here the sea was first incarnadined with the blood of civil war. Robbed of its rearmost ships, the rest of the fleet put forth. So, when the Argo sailed from Thessaly to the river Phasis, earth launched forth the Cyanean Rocks upon the deep; but the ship was rescued from the shock, though her stern was carried away: and the Clashing Rocks¹ struck the empty sea in vain, recoiled, and remained at rest for ever. And now the changing hue of the Eastern sky gave warning that the sun was near his rising; and the ruddy light, not white as yet, stole their fire from the nearer stars; now the Pleiads were growing dim, the wain of circling Boötes grew faint and merged into the indistinguishable aspect of the sky, the greater stars went out, and Lucifer himself fled before the heat of day. By this time Magnus had gained the open sea; but the fortune which attended him when he hunted the pirates all over the deep was no longer his; good luck, wearied out by his triumphs, now proved untrue. Driven forth with his wife and sons, taking his whole household with him to war, still mighty in banishment, he goes forth with nations in his train. Destiny is seeking a distant scene for the destruction of her innocent victim. The sands of Egypt are doomed to be his grave, not because the gods preferred to rob him of a tomb in his native land, but in mercy to Italy: let destiny hide that tragedy far away in a distant region, and let Roman soil be kept unstained by the blood of Rome's darling Magnus.

BOOK III

LIBER TERTIUS

PROPULIT ut classem velis cedentibus Auster
Incumbens mediumque rates movere profundum,
Omnis in Ionios spectabat navita fluctus :
Solus ab Hesperia non flexit lumina terra
Magnus, dum patrios portus, dum litora numquam 5
Ad visus reditura suos tectumque cacumen
Nubibus et dubios cernit vanescere montes.
Inde soporifero cesserunt languida somno
Membra ducis ; diri tum plena horroris imago
Visa caput maestum per hiantes Iulia terras 10
Tollere et accenso furialis stare sepulchro.
“ Sedibus Elysiis campoque expulsa piorum
Ad Stygias ” inquit “ tenebras manesque nocentes
Post bellum civile trahor. Vidi ipsa tenentes
Eumenidas, quaterent quas vestris lampadas armis ; 15
Praeparat innumeras puppes Acherontis adusti
Portitor ; in multas laxantur Tartara poenas ;
Vix operi cunctae dextra properante sorores
Sufficiunt, lassant rumpentes stamina Parcas.
Coniuge me laetos duxisti, Magne, triumphos : 20
Fortuna est mutata toris, semperque potentes
Detrahere in cladem fato damnata maritos

¹ The river-banks are scorched.

BOOK III

WHEN the wind bore down on the yielding sails and drove the fleet forward till the ships ploughed the open sea, all the sailors looked ahead over the Ionian waves. Magnus alone never took his eyes off the land of Italy until the harbours of his country, with the shore he was never to see again and the cloud-veiled hill-tops and mountains, grew dim before his eyes and disappeared. His wearied frame then yielded to drowsy sleep, and straight he saw a dream: Julia, a spectre full of dread and menace, raised her sorrowful head above the yawning earth and stood in the guise of a Fury amid the flames of her funeral pyre. And thus she spoke: "Now that civil war has begun, driven forth from the Elysian Fields and abode of the blest, I am dragged to Stygian darkness and the place of guilty spirits. There I saw with these eyes the Furies, and in their hands were torches, to brandish for kindling the strife between you; the ferryman of scorched Acheron¹ is getting ready countless boats; Tartarus is making wide its borders for the punishment of many sinners; all three Parcae, though their hands are busy, are scarce equal to their task, and the Sisters are weary of breaking the threads. While I was your wife, Magnus, you celebrated joyful triumphs. But your fortune changed with your bride: my rival, Cornelia, condemned by Fate ever to drag down her husbands from power to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Innupsit tepido paelex Cornelia busto.
 Haereat illa tuis per bella, per aequora, signis, 25
 Dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos
 Et nullum vestro vacuum sit tempus amori,
 Sed teneat Caesarque dies et Iulia noctes.
 Me non Lethaeae, coniunx, oblivia ripae
 Inmemorem fecere tui, regesque silentum
 Permisere sequi. Veniam te bella gerente 30
 In medias acies. Numquam tibi, Magne, per umbras
 Perque meos manes genero non esse licebit ;
 Abscidis frustra ferro tua pignora : bellum
 Te faciet civile meum." Sic fata refugit
 Umbra per amplexus trepidi dilapsa mariti. 35
 Ille, dei quamvis cladem manesque minentur,
 Maior in arma ruit certa cum mente malorum
 Et "quid" ait "vani terremur imagine visus ?
 Aut nihil est sensus animis a morte relictum
 Aut mors ipsa nihil." Titan iam pronus in undas 40
 Ibat et igniferi tantum demerserat orbis,
 Quantum desse solet lunae, seu plena futura est,
 Seu iam plena fuit : tunc obtulit hospita tellus
 Puppibus accessus faciles ; legere rudentes
 Et posito remis petierunt litora malo. 45
 Caesar, ut emissas venti rapuere carinas,
 Absconditque fretum classes, et litore solus
 Dux stetit Hesperio, non illum gloria pulsi
 Laetificat Magni : queritur, quod tuta per aequor
 Terga ferant hostes. Neque enim iam sufficit ulla 50

¹ Cornelia had been the wife of P. Crassus, who fell with his father at Carrhae.

² *I. e.* you will die.

³ If sensation is lost, the vision is a mere delusion ; and, if sensation remains, death is not dreadful.

BOOK III

destruction,¹ supplanted me ere my pyre was cold. She is welcome to cling to your standards on land and sea, if only I have power to trouble and disturb your slumbers, and if no time is left free for love between you, while Caesar takes up your days and Julia your nights. Not even the forgetful shore of Lethe has banished my husband from my memory, and I am permitted by the Rulers of the dead to haunt you. When you fight battles, I shall appear in the centre of the fray: never shall my shade, my ghost, suffer you to forget that you were husband to Caesar's daughter. In vain you sever with the sword the tie of kinship that binds you. The civil war shall make you mine."² Thus speaking, the ghost fled away, dissolving in the arms of her eager husband.

Though threatened with disaster by the gods and by the dead, Pompey rushed more eagerly to arms with a mind made up for calamity. "Why," said he, "am I terrified by the sight of a meaningless spectre? Either no feeling remains to the soul after death, or death itself matters not at all."³ The sun was now sinking towards the sea, and had dipped as much of his flaming disk as the moon is wont to lose just before she is at the full or just after; and now a friendly land offered the ships an easy approach; the men hauled in the stays, laid the masts along, and rowed ashore.

When the wind snatched the vessels away from Caesar's grasp and the sea concealed the fleet, he stood on the Italian shore, a leader without a rival; yet he felt no joy in the glory of driving Magnus out, but only vexation that the enemy had fled safely over the deep. No success could any longer

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Praecipiti fortuna viro, nec vincere tanti,
 Ut bellum differret, erat. Tum pectore curas
 Expulit armorum pacique intentus agebat,
 Quoque modo vanos populi conciret amores,
 Gnarus et irarum causas et summa favoris 55
 Annona momenta trahi. Namque adserit urbes
 Sola fames, emiturque metus, cum segne potentes
 Volgus alunt: nescit plebes ieiuna timere.
 Curio Sicantias transcendere iussus in urbes,
 Qua mare tellurem subitis aut obruit undis 60
 Aut scidit, et medias fecit sibi litora terras;
 Vis illic ingens pelagi, semperque laborant
 Aequora, ne rupti repetant confinia montes.
 Bellaque Sardoas etiam sparguntur in oras.
 Utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis arvis; 65
 Nec prius Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullae
 Nec Romana magis conplerunt horrea terrae.
 Ubere vix glaebae superat, cessantibus Austris,
 Cum medium nubes Borea cogente sub axem
 Effusis magnum Libye tulit imbris annum. 70
 Haec ubi sunt provisa duci, tunc agmina victor
 Non armata trahens sed pacis habentia voltum,
 Tecta petit patriae. Pro, si remeasset in urbem,
 Gallorum tantum populis Arctoque subacta,
 Quam seriem rerum longa praemittere pompa, 75
 Quas potuit belli facies! ut vincula Rheno
 Oceanoque daret, celsos ut Gallia currus
 Nobilis et flavis sequeretur mixta Britannis.

¹ His bridge over the Rhine is meant.

BOOK III

satisfy his impetuous haste; even victory in the war was not worth the price of delay. At once he banished thoughts of battle from his mind, and passed his time over problems of peace and the means of winning the fickle favour of the populace; for he knew that the causes of hatred and mainsprings of popularity are determined by the price of food. Hunger alone makes cities free; and when men in power feed the idle mob, they buy subservience; a starving people is incapable of fear. He bade Curio cross over to the cities of Sicily, by the way where the sea either covered the land with sudden inundation or severed it and turned to shore what had once been inland; mighty there is the working of the sea, and its waters ever strive to prevent the severed mountains from renewing their contact. Other troops were detached for the borders of Sardinia. Both islands are famous for their harvest-fields: no foreign lands supplied Italy and the granaries of Rome earlier than these or more abundantly. In fertility of soil Africa hardly excels them, even when the South winds lag and the North wind drives the clouds to the torrid zone, and the rains pour down to produce a mighty harvest.

When he had taken these precautions, the victorious general led his troops, unarmed and wearing the aspect of peace, to the city of his birth. Ah! if he had conquered only the North and the tribes of Gaul before returning to Rome, what a line of exploits, what scenes of war, he might have sent before him in long procession through the city!—the fetters he had laid upon the Rhine¹ and the Ocean, his lofty chariot followed by noble Gauls together with fair-haired Britons! How grand a

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Perdidit o qualem vincendo plura triumphum !
 Non illum laetis vadentem coetibus urbes 80
 Sed tacitae videre metu, nec constitit usquam
 Obvia turba duci. Gaudet tamen esse timori
 Tam magno populis et se non mallet amari.
 Iamque et praecipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
 Et qua Pomptinas via dividit uda paludes, 85
 Qua sublime nemus, Scythicae qua regna Dianae,
 Quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam ;
 Excelsa de rupe procul iam conspicit urbem
 Arctoi toto non visam tempore belli
 Miratusque suae sic fatur moenia Romae : 90
 "Tene, deum sedes, non ullo Marte coacti
 Deseruere viri ? pro qua pugnabitur urbe ?
 Di melius, quod non Latias Eous in oras
 Nunc furor incubuit nec iuncto Sarmata velox
 Pannonio Dacisque Getes admixtus : habenti 95
 Tam pavidum tibi, Roma, ducem fortuna pepercit,
 Quod bellum civile fuit." Sic fatur et urbem
 Attonitam terrore subit. Namque ignibus atris
 Creditur, ut captae, rapturus moenia Romae
 Sparsurusque deos. Fuit haec mensura timoris : 100
 Velle putant quodcumque potest. Non omina festa,
 Non fictas laeto voces simulare tumultu,
 Vix odisse vacat. Phoebea Palatia conplet
 Turba patrum nullo cogendi iure senatus

¹ At the Latin festival (*feriae Latinae*).

BOOK III

triumph he lost by adding to his conquests! No joyful throngs from the cities met him on his march; but men looked on with silent fear; no crowd anywhere gathered to meet him. But he was glad to be so dreaded by his countrymen and would not have preferred their love.

Now he had passed the heights of Anxur on its crag, and the spot where a miry way cleaves the Pomptine marshes; he had passed the hilly grove and temple where Scythian Diana reigns, and the place where the Roman consuls ascend Alba's height.¹ At last from a high cliff he caught a distant view of Rome. Never had he seen it through all the time of his wars in the North, and now he gazed in wonder and thus addressed the walls of Rome, his mother city: "Were you, the abode of gods, abandoned by men whom no stress of war compelled? What city then will find arms to strike a blow for her? Heaven be thanked that the furious East—swift Sarmatians allied with Pannonians, and Getae combined with Dacians—did not choose this time to fall on the borders of Italy! It was a mercy of Fortune that Rome, with so faint-hearted a leader, had to fight against Romans only."—With these words he entered a city paralysed with fear. For men believed that, as if he had taken Rome, he would destroy the walls with smoky fires and hurl her gods hither and thither. The measure of their fears was this: they deemed that his will was equal to his power. Their minds are not free to feign words of good omen or to make pretence of rejoicing with mirthful shouts; and scarcely free to utter curses. Authority to summon the Senate was wanting; but a mob of senators, brought out

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

E latebris educta suis ; non consule sacrae 105
 Fulserunt sedes, non, proxima lege potestas,
 Praetor adest, vacuaeque loco cessere curules.
 Omnia Caesar erat ; privatae curia vocis
 Testis adest. Sedere patres censere parati,
 Si regnum, si templa sibi iugulumque senatus 110
 Exiliumque petat. Melius, quod plura iubere
 Erubuit, quam Roma pati. Tamen exit in iram,
 Viribus an possint obsistere iura, per unum
 Libertas experta virum ; pugnaeque Metellus,
 Ut videt ingenti Saturnia templa revelli 115
 Mole, rapit gressus et Caesaris agmina rumpens
 Ante fores nondum reseratae constitit aedis,
 — Usque adeo solus ferrum mortemque timere
 Auri nescit amor. Pereunt discrimine nullo
 Amissae leges, sed, pars vilissima rerum, 120
 Certamen movistis, opes—prohibensque rapina
 Victorem clara testatur voce tribunus :
 “ Non nisi per nostrum vobis percussa patebunt
 Templa latus, nullasque feres nisi sanguine sacro
 Sparsas, raptor, opes. Certe violata potestas 125
 Invenit ista deos ; Crassumque in bella secutae
 Saeva tribuniciae voverunt proelia dirae.
 Detege iam ferrum ; neque enim tibi turba verenda est
 Spectatrix scelerum : deserta stamus in urbe.

¹ This temple was used as the treasury.

² The person of the tribunes was sacred ; yet some of the noblest among them were murdered by political opponents.

³ Crassus was formally cursed by a tribune in November, 55 B.C., when he left Rome for his Parthian campaign.

BOOK III

from their hiding-places, filled the temple of Apollo on the Palatine; the splendour of the consuls was absent from their sacred seats; the praetors, by law next in office, were not in attendance, and the empty chairs of office were removed from their places. Caesar was all in all, and the Senate met to register the utterance of a private man. Should he demand kingly power and divine honours for himself, or execution and exile for the Senate, the assembled Fathers were ready to give their sanction. Fortunately, there were more things that he was ashamed to decree than Romans were ashamed to allow. Nevertheless, Freedom did break out in wrath and tried, in the person of one man, whether right could resist might. Stubborn Metellus, when he saw main force used to burst open the temple of Saturn,¹ hurried thither, broke through the ranks of Caesar's soldiers, and took his stand at the gates before the locks were broken. (So true it is that love of money alone is incapable of dreading death by the sword. When the constitution was lost and destroyed, it made no difference; but money, the meanest thing of all, stirred up strife.) Loudly the tribune protested, striving to restrain the conqueror from robbery: "Never, except over my body, shall the temple be opened to your assault; no wealth, unless sprinkled with sacred blood,² shall you win by robbery. It is certain that violence done to this office finds gods to avenge it; for the curses of the tribune, which imprecated defeat upon Crassus, followed Crassus to the battlefield.³ Draw your sword at once; you need not fear a crowd to witness the crime—the city in which we stand has been abandoned by

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non feret e nostro sceleratus praemia miles : 130
 Sunt, quos prosternas, populi, quae moenia dones.
 Pacis ad exutae¹ spoliū non cogit egestas :
 Bellum, Caesar, habes." His magnam victor in iram
 Vocibus accensus : " Vanam spem mortis honestae
 Concipis : haud " inquit " iugulo se polluet isto 135
 Nostra, Metelle, manus ; dignum te Caesaris ira
 Nullus honor faciet. Te vindice tuta relicta est
 Libertas ? non usque adeo permiscuit imis
 Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
 Servantur leges, malint a Caesare tolli." 140

Dixerat, et nondum foribus cedente tribuno
 Acrior ira subit : saevos circumspicit enses
 Oblitus simulare togam ; cum² Cotta Metellum
 Conpulit audaci nimium desistere coepto.
 " Libertas " inquit " populi, quem regna coercent, 145
 Libertate perit ; cuius servaveris umbram,
 Si, quidquid iubeare, velis. Tot rebus iniquis
 Paruimus victi ; venia est haec sola pudoris
 Degenerisque metus, nullam potuisse negari.
 Ocius avertat diri mala semina belli. 150
 Damna movent populos, si quos sua iura tuentur :
 Non sibi, sed domino gravis est, quae servit, egestas."
 Protinus abducto patuerunt templa Metello.
 Tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat magnoque reclusas
 Testatur stridore fores ; tum conditus imo 155

¹ exutae *Heinsius*: exustae and exhaustae *MSS.*

² cum *Bentley*: tum *MSS.*

BOOK III

its people. Your soldiers shall not be paid for their wickedness out of our wealth ; there are other nations for you to overthrow, other cities for you to hand over to them. No poverty forces you to the spoliation of the peace you have cast aside : you have war to enrich you." His words fired the conqueror with high indignation. "In vain, Metellus," he cried, "you hope for a glorious death : never shall my hand be stained by your blood. No office shall make you worthy of my wrath. Are you the champion in whose charge freedom has been left for safety ? The course of time has not wrought such confusion that the laws would not rather be trampled on by Caesar than saved by Metellus."

Thus Caesar spoke ; and when the tribune still refused to leave the doors, his anger grew fiercer, and he looked round for his ruthless swords, forgetting to act the part of peace. But Metellus was forced by Cotta to renounce his too bold design. "When a people is held down by tyranny," said Cotta, "freedom is destroyed by freedom of speech ; but you keep the semblance of freedom if you acquiesce in each behest of the tyrant. Because we were conquered, we submitted to repeated acts of oppression ; for our disgrace and ignoble fear there is but one excuse—that refusal was in no case possible. Let Caesar with all speed carry off the baneful germs of cursed warfare. Loss of money touches nations that are protected by their own laws ; but the poverty of slaves is felt by their master, not by themselves." Metellus was drawn aside and the temple at once thrown open. Then the Tarpeian rock re-echoed, and loud grating bore witness to the opening of the doors ; then was

BOOK III

brought forth the wealth of the Roman people, stored in the temple vaults and untouched for many a year—treasure from the Punic wars and Perses, and the spoil of conquered Philip; the gold that the Gaul¹ in his hasty flight forfeited to Rome, and the gold that could not bribe Fabricius to sell Rome to the king²; all that the thrift of our ancestors saved up; all the tribute paid by the wealthy nations of Asia, and all that was handed over to conquering Metellus by Minoan Crete; and the store that Cato brought across the sea from distant Cyprus. Lastly, the riches of the East were brought to light, the far-fetched treasure of captive kings that was borne along in Pompey's triumph. Dismal was the deed of plunder that robbed the temple; and then for the first time Rome was poorer than a Caesar.³

Meanwhile over all the earth the reputation of Magnus had brought forth to battle nations doomed to share his fall. Greece, the nearest country, sent soldiers for her neighbour's war. From Phocis, Amphissa sent her men, and rocky Cirrha; and both peaks of Parnassus were abandoned. The leaders of Boeotia assembled, men whom swift Cephissus surrounds with its oracular stream and Cadmean Dirce; there were men from Pisa and the Alpheus which transmits its waters under the sea to the people of Sicily. Maenalus also was left behind by the Arcadians, and Oeta of Hercules by the soldiers of Trachis. Thesprotians and Dryopes rush to war, and the ancient Selloi left their silent oaks⁴ on the hill of Chaonia. Though Athens was drained of all her men by the levy, few were her vessels that reached the harbour of Apollo,⁵ and but three keels

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tresque petunt veram credi Salamina carinae.
 Iam dilecta Iovi centenis venit in arma
 Creta vetus populis Gnososque agitare pharetras 185
 Docta nec Eois peior Gortyna sagittis.
 Tunc qui Dardanium tenet Oricon et vagus altis
 Dispersus silvis Athaman et nomine prisco
 Encheliae versi testantes funera Cadmi,
 Colchis et Hadriaca spumans Absyrtos in unda ; 190
 Penei qui rura colunt, quorumque labore
 Thessalus Haemoniam vomer proscindit Iolcon.
 (Inde lacessitum primo mare, cum rudis Argo
 Miscuit ignotas temerato litore gentes
 Primaque cum ventis pelagique furentibus undis 195
 Conposuit mortale genus, fatisque per illam
 Accessit mors una ratem.) Tum linquitur Haemus
 Thracius et populum Pholoe mentita biformem.
 Deseritur Strymon tepido committere Nilo
 Bistonias consuetus aves et barbara Cone, 200
 Sarmaticas ubi perdit aquas sparsamque profundo
 Multifidi Peucen unum caput adluit Histri,
 Mysiaque et gelido tellus perfusa Caico
 Idalis et nimium glaebis exilis Arisbe ;
 Quique colunt Pitane et, quae tua munera, Pallas, 205
 Lugent damnatae Phoebos victore Celaenae,
 Qua celer et rectis descendens Marsya ripis
 Errantem Maeandron adit mixtusque refertur,
 Passaque ab auriferis tellus exire metallis

¹ He was changed into a snake: ἔγχελυς is properly "an eel."

² The Centaurs, who united the head and arms of a man to the body of a horse.

³ The cranes from Thrace.

⁴ Pallas invented the flute and then threw it away. The Satyr Marsyas of Celaenae picked it up and challenged Apollo to a match; he was defeated and flayed by his rival.

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claim credence for the tale of Salamis. Next to join the fray was Crete, the ancient island of a hundred peoples, a land dear to Zeus, with Gnosos skilled to ply the bow, and Gortyna rivalling the Parthian archers. These were followed by the men who dwell in Trojan Oricos, the Athamanes who rove scattered in mountain forests, and the Eucheliae, whose ancient name testifies to the death and transformation of Cadmus.¹ Colchian Absyrtos that foams in the Adriatic sea came also, and the men who till the fields about Peneus, and those by whose toil Thessalian ploughs turn up the soil of Haemonian Iolcos. (From Iolcos the sea was first challenged, when the untried Argo scorned the shore and brought together nations that before were strangers; she first matched mankind against the raging winds and waves of ocean, and by her means a new form of death was added to the old.) Next, Mount Haemus in Thrace was abandoned, and Pholoe with its false legend of a twy-formed people.² Strymon was left deserted—Strymon that each year entrusts to the warm Nile the birds of Bistonia;³ and rude Cone, where one mouth of the branching Danube loses its Sarmatian waters and washes Peuce sprinkled by the sea. Mysia was deserted, and the land of Idalus, saturated with the cold waters of Caicus, and Arisbe, whose soil is all too shallow. The people of Pitane assembled, and of Celaenae that mourns the invention of Pallas—Celaenae condemned when Apollo won the match;⁴ in that land the Marsya, running swiftly down in straight channel, joins the winding Maeander and turns back after their union; and there earth has suffered Pactolus to issue forth from mines rich in gold, and Hermus,

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Pactolon, qua culta secat non vilior Hermus. 210
 Iliacae quoque signa manus perituraque castra
 Ominibus petiere suis, nec fabula Troiae
 Continuit Phrygiique ferens se Caesar Iuli.
 Accedunt Syriae populi: desertus Orontes
 Et felix, sic fama, Ninos, ventosa Damascos 215
 Gazaque et arbusto palmarum dives Idume
 Et Tyros instabilis pretiosaque murice Sidon.
 Has ad bella rates non flexo limite ponti
 Certior haud ullis duxit Cynosura carinis.
 (Phoenices primi, famae si creditur, ausi 220
 Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris:
 Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
 Noverat, et saxis tantum volucresque feraeque
 Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas).
 Deseritur Taurique nemus Perseaque Tarsos 225
 Coryciumque patens exesis rupibus antrum;
 Mallos et extremae resonant navalibus Aegae,
 Itque Cilix iusta, iam non pirata, carina.
 Movit et Eoos bellorum fama recessus,
 Qua colitur Ganges, toto qui solus in orbe 230
 Ostia nascenti contraria solvere Phoebos
 Audet et adversum fluctus impellit in Eurum,
 Hic ubi Pellaeus post Tethyos aequora ductor
 Constitit et magno vinci se fassus ab orbe est;
 Quaque ferens rapidum diviso gurgite fontem 235
 Vastis Indus aquis mixtum non sentit Hydaspen;

¹ Tyre was notorious for earthquakes. Ninos (Nineveh) had long been destroyed.

² To make papyrus.

³ In point of fact Alexander never reached the Ganges.

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rich as Pactolus, cleaves the corn-lands. The soldiers of Ilium also, ever ill-fated, joined the standards of the doomed army, undeterred by the tale of Troy or the pretended descent of Caesar from Trojan Iulus. The nations of Syria came also, leaving behind the Orontes, and Ninus of whose prosperity legend tells; they left wind-swept Damascus, Gaza, Idume rich in palm-plantations, tottering Tyre,¹ and Sidon precious for its purple. Their ships were steered to war by the pole-star and kept an unerring course over the sea: to no ships is the pole-star a more trusty guide than to them. (These Phoenicians first made bold, if report speak true, to record speech in rude characters for future ages, before Egypt had learned to fasten together the reeds of her river,² and when only the figures of birds, beasts, and other animals, carved in stone, preserved the utterances of her wise men.) Men left the woods of Taurus, and Tarsos where Perseus alighted, and the Corycian cave that yawns with hollowed rocks. Mallos and distant Aegae are filled with the noise of their dockyards; and the Cilicians, no longer pirates, put forth in regular ships of war.

The news of war roused also the distant parts of the East, where Ganges and its peoples are—Ganges, the one river on earth that dares to unlock its mouths opposite the rising sun and drives its flood forward in the teeth of the East wind; here it was that the Macedonian captain³ halted, with the outer Ocean in front of him, and confessed that he was beaten by the vastness of the world. Roused was the land where the Indus, bearing along its swift stream with two-fold flood, is unchanged by the addition of the Hydaspes to its waste of waters.

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Quique bibunt tenera dulces ab harundine sucos,
 Et qui tingentes croceo medicamine crinem
 Fluxa coloratis astringunt carbasa gemmis,
 Quique suas struxere pyras vivique calentes 2400
 Conscendere rogos. Pro, quanta est gloria genti
 Iniecisse manum fatis vitaque repletos
 Quod superest donasse deis! Venere feroces
 Cappadoce, duri populus non cultor Amani,
 Armeniusque tenens volventem saxa Niphaten. 2455
 Aethera tangentes silvas liquere Choatrae.
 Ignotum vobis, Arabes, venistis in orbem
 Umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras.
 Tum furor extremos movit Romanus Orestas
 Carmanosque duces (quorum iam flexus in Austrum 2500
 Aether non totam mergi tamen aspicit Arcton;
 Lucet et exigua velox ibi nocte Bootes),
 Aethiopumque solum, quod non premeretur ab ulla
 Signiferi regione poli, nisi poplite lapso
 Ultima curvati procederet ungula Tauri; 2555
 Quaque caput rapido tollit cum Tigride magnus
 Euphrates, quos non diversis fontibus edit
 Persis, et incertum, tellus si misceat amnes,
 Quod potius sit nomen aquis. Sed sparsus in agros
 Fertilis Euphrates Phariae vice fungitur undae; 2600
 At Tigrim subito tellus absorbet hiatu
 Occultosque tegit cursus rursusque renatum
 Fonte novo flumen pelagi non abnegat undis.
 Inter Caesareas acies diversaque signa

¹ The sugar-cane is meant.

² *I. e.* to the South.

³ See Housman, p. 327: the translation given here follows his.

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Up rose the men who drink sweet juices from soft reeds;¹ and those who colour their hair with saffron dye and loop up their robes of cotton with bright-hued gems; and those who build pyres for themselves and climb, while yet alive, upon the burning heap. How glorious for a people to lay violent hands on death, and, when satiated with life, to refuse the remnant of it from the gods! The savage Cappadocians came; and the men who find the soil of Mount Amanus too hard to till; and the Armenians, who dwell where the Niphates rolls along boulders in its course. The Choatrae abandoned their forests that reach the sky; the Arabs entered a world unknown to them, and marvelled that the shadows of the trees did not fall to the left.² The remote Orestae too were disturbed by the madness of Rome, and the chiefs of Carmania—where the sky, beginning to incline southwards, sees part at least of the Bear sink below the horizon, and where Boötes, swift to set, is visible only for a short portion of the night—and the land of Aethiopia, which would not be covered by any part of the Zodiac, did not the leg of hunched-up Taurus give way and the tip of his hoof project;³ and the land where the mighty Euphrates and rushing Tigris uplift their heads. They rise in Persia from springs not far apart; and, if earth suffered them to meet, who can say which of the names the waters would bear? But the Euphrates, diffused over the land, fertilises it as the Nile fertilises Egypt; whereas the Tigris is suddenly swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, which hides its course from the eye, but then gives birth to it again from a new source and suffers the river to reach the sea. The warlike Parthians remained

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Pugnaces dubium Parthi tenuere favorem, 265
 Contenti fecisse duos. Tinxere sagittas
 Errantes Scythiae populi, quos gurgite Bactros
 Includit gelido vastisque Hyrcania silvis.
 Hinc Lacedaemonii, moto gens aspera freno, 270
 Heniochi saevisque adfinis Sarmata Moschis ;
 Colchorum qua rura secat ditissima Phasis,
 Qua Croeso fatalis Halys, qua vertice lapsus
 Riphaeo Tanais diversi nomina mundi
 Inposuit ripis Asiaeque et terminus idem
 Europae, mediae dirimens confinia terrae, 275
 Nunc hunc, nunc illum, qua flectitur, ampliat orbem ;
 Quaque, fretum torrens, Maeotidos egerit undas
 Pontus, et Herculeis aufertur gloria metis,
 Oceanumque negant solas admittere Gades.
 Hinc Essedoniae gentes auroque ligatas 280
 Substringens, Arimaspe, comas ; hinc fortis Arius
 Longaque Sarmatici solvens ieiunia belli
 Massagetes, quo fugit, equo volucresque Geloni.
 Non, cum Memnoniis deducens agmina regnis
 Cyrus et effusis numerato milite telis 285
 Descendit Perses, fraternique ultor amoris
 Aequora cum tantis percussit classibus, unum
 Tot reges habuere ducem, coiere nec umquam
 Tam variae cultu gentes, tam dissona volgi

¹ By killing Crassus, the third member of the triumvirate.

² The Sea of Azov (*Palus Maeotis*) was supposed to have an outlet to the Arctic Ocean.

³ Darts, one thrown by each man, were counted.

⁴ Agamemnon, who took vengeance for his brother Menelaus.

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neutral between the army of Caesar and the host opposed to him: it was enough for them that they had reduced the rivals to two.¹ The nomad peoples of Scythia, bounded by the cold stream of Bactros and the endless forests of Hyrcania, dipped their arrows in poison. From one quarter came the Heniochi of Spartan blood, a dangerous people when they shake their bridles, and the Sarmatians, akin to the savage Moschi. Men came from the regions where the Phasis cleaves the rich land of the Colchians, where flows the Halys that brought doom to Croesus, and where the Tanais, falling down from the Rhiphaean heights, gives the names of two worlds to its two banks, bounding Asia and Europe as well—it keeps the central part of earth from union, and, according to its windings, enlarges now one continent and now the other—and where the Euxine drains the rushing waters of the Maeotian Mere through the strait; and thus men deny that Gades alone lets in the Ocean,² and the Pillars of Hercules are robbed of their boast. From another quarter came the Essedonian tribes, the Arimaspians who loop up their hair bound with gold, the brave Arians, the Massagetæ who break the long fast of battle with Sarmatians by bleeding the horse that bore them from the fight, and the fleet Geloni. Neither Cyrus, when he led his host from the land of morning and the Persians came down with an army that was numbered by the casting of darts,³ nor he that avenged his brother's wrong⁴—neither of these smote the sea with such mighty fleets; never did so many kings obey a single leader, never did nations meet so different in dress, never was there such a confusion of tongues. Fortune roused all

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Ora. Tot immensae comites missura ruinae	290
Excivit populos et dignas funere Magni	
Exequias fortuna dedit. Non corniger Hammon	
Mittere Marmaricas cessavit in arma catervas,	
Quidquid ab occiduis Libye patet arida Mauris	
Usque Paraetonias eoa ad litora Syrtes.	295
Acciperet felix ne non semel omnia Caesar,	
Vincendum pariter Pharsalia praestitit orbem.	
Ille ubi deseruit trepidantis moenia Romae,	
Agmine nubiferam raptο super evolat Alpem,	
Cumque alii famae populi terrore paverent,	300
Phocais in dubiis ausa est servare iuventus	
Non Graia levitate fidem signataque iura,	
Et causas, non fata, sequi. Tamen ante furorem	
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem	
Pacifico sermone parant hostemque propinquum	305
Orant Cecropiae praelata fronde Minervae :	
“Semper in externis populo communia vestro	
Massiliam bellis testatur fata tulisse,	
Comprensa est Latiis quaecumque annalibus aetas.	
Et nunc, ignoto si quos petis orbe triumphos,	310
Accipe devotas externa in proelia dextras.	
At, si funestas acies, si dira paratis	
Proelia discordes, lacrimas civilibus armis	
Secretumque damus. Tractentur volnera nulla	
Sacra manu. Si caelicolis furor arma dedisset,	315
Aut si terrigenae temptarent astra gigantes,	
Non tamen auderet pietas humana vel armis	
Vel votis prodesse Iovi, sortisque deorum	

¹ Massilia (Marseilles) was founded by Greeks, emigrants from Phocaea in Asia Minor.

² Olive-branches.

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those peoples, to send them as escort for measureless disaster, and provided them as a funeral train befitting the burial of Magnus. Nor was horned Ammon slow to send to battle African squadrons from the whole extent of parched Libya—from the Moors in the West to Egyptian Syrtes on the eastern coast. That Caesar, favoured by Fortune, might win all at a single cast, Pharsalia presented him the whole world to conquer at once.

When Caesar left the walls of terrified Rome, he rushed with swift march over the cloud-capped Alps. Though other peoples cowered at the terror of his name, the Phocæan¹ warriors, with steadfastness rare in Greeks, dared to be faithful in the hour of danger to their solemn compacts, and to follow the right rather than fortune. But first they tried by peaceable argument to turn aside the reckless rage and stern heart of Caesar; and when the enemy drew near, they appealed to him thus, holding out before them the leaves² of Athenian Minerva:

“Every age included in Italian history bears witness that Massilia has shared the fortunes of the Roman people in their foreign wars. And now too, if you seek triumphs in some unknown region, here at your service are our swords to fight against the foreigner. But if Romans are divided, and if you purpose ill-omened battles and accursed strife, then we offer tears for civil war, and we stand aside. No other hand should meddle with the wounds of gods. If frenzy had armed the immortals, or if the earth-born Giants assailed the sky, the piety of man, nevertheless, would shrink from aiding Jupiter either with arms or with prayers; and the human race, ignorant of what was happening in heaven, would

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Ignarum mortale genus per fulmina tantum Sciret adhuc caelo solum regnare Tonantem.	320
Adde, quod innumerae concurrunt undique gentes, Nec sic horret iners scelerum contagia mundus, Ut gladiis egeant civilia bella coactis.	
Sit mens ista quidem cunctis, ut vestra recusent Fata, nec haec alius committat proelia miles.	325
Cui non conspecto languebit dextra parente Telaque diversi prohibebunt spargere fratres? Finis adest scelerum, ¹ si non committitis ullis Arma, quibus fas est. Nobis haec summa precandi :	
Terribiles aquilas infestaque signa relinquo Urbe procul nostrisque velis te credere muris, Excludique sinas admisso Caesare bellum.	330
Sit locus exceptus sceleri, Magnoque tibi que Tutus, ut, invictae fatum si consulat urbi, Foedera si placeant, sit, quo veniatis inermes.	335
Vel, cum tanta vocent discrimina Martis Hiberi, Quid rapidum deflectis iter? non pondera rerum Nec momenta sumus, numquam felicibus armis Usa manus, patriae primis a sedibus exul,	
Et post translatas exustae Phocidos arces Moenibus exiguis alieno in litore tuti, Inlustrat quos sola fides. Si claudere muros Obsidione paras et vi perfringere portas, Excepisse faces tectis et tela parati,	340
Undarum raptos aversis fontibus haustus	345

¹ scelerum *Schrader* : rerum *MSS.*

¹ That is, soldiers who are not Romans.

² By an error which is often repeated in the context, Phocis in Greece is confused with Phocaea in Asia.

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know only from his thunderbolts that the Thunderer still reigned in the sky without a rival. Moreover, countless nations are speeding to the fray from every quarter; nor is mankind so slow to fight, so averse to the contagion of crime, that civil war need compel recruits. We wish indeed that all men had this purpose—to refuse a share in Roman destiny, and that no foreign soldier should fight in your quarrel. What Roman arm will not be enfeebled by the sight of his father? who will not be hindered from hurling his weapon when he sees his brothers in the ranks of the foe? The civil war will soon end, if you refrain from enlisting those whom alone it is lawful to enlist.¹ For ourselves, this is the sum total of our petition: leave your dreaded eagles, your formidable standards, at a distance from our city, and be willing to trust yourself within our walls; permit us to let Caesar in and keep war out. Let there be one spot exempt from crime, safe for Magnus and safe for you. So, if Fortune is merciful to unconquered Rome and peace is resolved upon, you two will have a place where you can meet unarmed. Again, when you are summoned to Spain by so great a crisis of the war, why do you turn hither your hasty march? We have no weight in affairs, no power to turn the scale. Our people has never been victorious in war. Driven from the ancient seat of our nation, when Phocis² was burnt down and her towers were removed, we dwell on a foreign shore and owe our safety to narrow walls; and our only glory is our fidelity. If you intend to blockade our walls and break down our gates by storm, then we are ready: we shall receive firebrands and missiles upon our houses; if you divert our springs, we shall dig for a hasty

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Quaerere et effossam sitientes lambere terram,
Et, desit si larga Ceres, tunc horrida cerni
Foedaque contingi maculato attingere morsu.
Nec pavet hic populus pro libertate subire,
Obsessum Poeno gessit quae Marte Saguntum. 350
Pectoribus rapti matrum frustra trahentes
Ubera sicca fame medios mittentur in ignes,
Uxor et a caro poscet sibi fata marito,
Volnera miscebunt fratres bellumque coacti
Hoc potius civile gerent." Sic Graia iuventus 355
Finierat, cum turbato iam prodita voltu
Ira ducis tandem testata est voce dolorem :
" Vana movet Graios nostri fiducia cursus.
Quamvis Hesperium mundi properemus ad axem,
Massiliam delere vacat. Gaudete, cohortes : 360
Obvia praebentur fatorum munere bella.
Ventus ut amittit vires, nisi robore densae
Occurrunt silvae, spatio diffusus inani,
Utque perit magnus nullis obstantibus ignis,
Sic hostes mihi desse nocet, damnumque putamus 365
Armorum, nisi qui vinci potuere rebellant.
Sed si solus eam dimissis degener armis,
Tunc mihi tecta patent. Iam non excludere tantum,
Inclusisse volunt. At enim contagia belli
Dira fugant. Dabitur poenas pro pace petita, 370
Et nihil esse meo discetis tutius aevo
Quam duce me bellum." Sic postquam fatus, ad urbem

¹ Saguntum in Spain claimed, like Massilia, to be of Greek origin. It was taken by Hannibal in 218 B.C. after a memorable siege.

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draught of water and lick with parched tongues the earth we have dug; and, if bread run short, then we shall pollute our lips by gnawing things hideous to see and foul to touch. In defence of freedom we do not shrink from sufferings that were bravely borne by Saguntum¹ when beset by the army of Carthage. Our infants, torn from their mothers' arms and tugging in vain at breasts dry with famine, shall be hurled into the midst of the flames; wives shall seek death at the hands of loved husbands; brother shall exchange wounds with brother, and shall choose, if driven to it, that form of civil war." Thus the Greeks ended speaking, and Caesar's wrath, betrayed already by his clouded countenance, at last proved his resentment by spoken word:

"These Greeks trust to my haste, but their trust is vain; though I am hastening to the western region of the world, I have time to destroy Massilia. Rejoice, my soldiers! By favour of destiny war is offered you in the course of your march. As a gale, unless it meets with thick-timbered forests, loses strength and is scattered through empty space, and as a great fire sinks when there is nothing in its way—so the absence of a foe is destructive to me, and I think my arms wasted if those who might have been conquered fail to fight against me. They say that their city is open to me if I disband my army and enter alone and degraded. Their real purpose is not merely to keep me out, but to shut me in. They say that they seek to drive away the horrid taint of war. They shall suffer for seeking peace; they shall learn that in my days none are safe but those who fight under my banner." With these words he turned his march against the citizens who feared

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Haud trepidam convertit iter ; cum moenia clausa
Conspicit et densa iuvenum vallata corona.

Haud procul a muris tumulus surgentis in altum 375
Telluris parvum diffuso vertice campum
Explicat ; haec patiens longo munimine cingi
Visa duci rupes tutisque aptissima castris.

Proxima pars urbis celsam consurgit in arcem
Par tumulo, mediisque sedent convallibus arva. 380

Tunc res immenso placuit statura labore,
Aggere diversos vasto committere colles.
Sed prius, ut totam, qua terra cingitur, urbem
Clauderet, a summis perduxit ad aequora castris
Longum Caesar opus, fontesque et pabula campi 385
Anplexus fossa densas tollentia pinnas
Caespitibus crudaque extruxit bracchia terra.

Iam satis hoc Graiae memorandum contigit urbi
Aeternumque decus, quod non impulsu nec ipso
Strata metu tenuit flagrantis in omnia belli 390

Praecipitem cursum, raptisque a Caesare cunctis
Vincitur una mora. Quantum est, quod fata tenentur,
Quodque virum toti properans inponere mundo
Hos perdit Fortuna dies ! Tunc omnia late
Procumbunt nemora et spoliantur robore silvae, 395
Ut, cum terra levis mediam virgultaque molem
Suspendant, structa laterum conpage ligatam
Artet humum, pressus ne cedat turribus agger.

Lucus erat longo numquam violatus ab aevo,
Obscurum cingens conexis aera ramis 400

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him not; and then he saw the walls closed and fenced with a crowded ring of warriors.

Not far from the walls a hill rose above the level land and expanded into a small plain at its flattened top. This height seemed to Caesar capable of being surrounded by a line of fortifications, and a safe site to pitch his camp. The nearest part of the town rises in a lofty citadel as high as the hill outside, and the land between sinks in hollows. Then Caesar decided on a plan that would cost endless toil—to join the opposing heights by an immense rampart of earth. But first, in order to blockade the town entirely on its landward side, he carried a long line of works from his lofty camp to the sea, cutting off by a trench the water-springs and pasture-land; and with turf and freshly dug soil he built up his lines, crowned by frequent battlements.

For the Greek city this alone was fame enough and immortal glory—that she was not overborne or laid low by mere terror, but arrested the headlong rush of war blazing over the world; that, when Caesar made short work with all else, she alone took time to conquer. It was a great thing to hinder destiny, and to cause Fortune, in her haste to set Caesar above all the world, to lose those days. Now all the woods were felled and the forests stripped of their timber far and wide; for, since light earth and brushwood made the mid-structure loose, the timber was intended to compress and bind the soil by the carpentry of the sides, and to keep the mound from sinking under the weight of the towers.

A grove there was, untouched by men's hands from ancient times, whose interlacing boughs enclosed

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Et gelidas alte summotis solibus umbras.
 Hunc non ruricolae Panes nemorumque potentes
 Silvani Nymphaeque tenent, sed barbara ritu
 Sacra deum ; structae diris altaribus arae,
 Omnisque humanis lustrata cruoribus arbor. 405
 Siqua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas,
 Illis et volucres metuunt insistere ramis
 Et lustris recubare ferae ; nec ventus in illas
 Incubuit silvas excussaque nubibus atris
 Fulgura ; non ulli frondem praebentibus aurae 410
 Arboribus suis horror inest. Tum plurima nigris
 Fontibus unda cadit, simulacraque maesta deorum
 Arte carent caesisque extant informia truncis.
 Ipse situs putrique facit iam robore pallor
 Attonitos ; non volgatis sacrata figuris 415
 Numina sic metuunt : tantum terroribus addit,
 Quos timeant, non nosse deos. Iam fama ferebat
 Saepe cavas motu terrae mugire cavernas,
 Et procumbentes iterum consurgere taxos,
 Et non ardentis fulgere incendia silvae, 420
 Roboraque amplexos circumfluxisse dracones.
 Non illum cultu populi propiore frequentant
 Sed cessere deis. Medio cum Phoebus in axe est
 Aut caelum nox atra tenet, pavet ipse sacerdos
 Accessus dominumque timet deprendere luci. 425
 Hanc iubet inmisso silvam procumbere ferro ;
 Nam vicina operi belloque intacta priore
 Inter nudatos stabat densissima montes.
 Sed fortes tremuere manus, motique verenda

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a space of darkness and cold shade, and banished the sunlight far above. No rural Pan dwelt there, no Silvanus, ruler of the woods, no Nymphs; but gods were worshipped there with savage rites, the altars were heaped with hideous offerings, and every tree was sprinkled with human gore. On those boughs—if antiquity, reverential of the gods, deserves any credit—birds feared to perch; in those coverts wild beasts would not lie down; no wind ever bore down upon that wood, nor thunderbolt hurled from black clouds; the trees, even when they spread their leaves to no breeze, rustled of themselves. Water, also, fell there in abundance from dark springs. The images of the gods, grim and rude, were uncouth blocks formed of felled tree-trunks. Their mere antiquity and the ghastly hue of their rotten timber struck terror; men feel less awe of deities worshipped under familiar forms; so much does it increase their sense of fear, not to know the gods whom they dread. Legend also told that often the subterranean hollows quaked and bellowed, that yew-trees fell down and rose again, that the glare of conflagration came from trees that were not on fire, and that serpents twined and glided round the stems. The people never resorted thither to worship at close quarters, but left the place to the gods. For, when the sun is in mid-heaven or dark night fills the sky, the priest himself dreads their approach and fears to surprise the lord of the grove.

This grove was sentenced by Caesar to fall before the stroke of the axe; for it grew near his works. Spared in earlier warfare, it stood there covered with trees among hills already cleared. But strong arms faltered; and the men, awed by the solemnity

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Maiestate loci, si robora sacra ferirent, 430
 In sua credebant redituras membra secures.
 Implicitas magno Caesar torpore cohortes
 Ut vidit, primus raptam librare bipennem
 Ausus et aeriam ferro proscindere quercum
 Effatur merso violata in robora ferro : 435
 “ Iam ne quis vestrum dubitet subvertere silvam,
 Credite me fecisse nefas.” Tum paruit omnis
 Imperiis non sublato secura pavore
 Turba, sed expensa superiorum et Caesaris ira.
 Procumbunt orni, nodosa inpellitur ilex, 440
 Silvaque Dodones et fluctibus aptior alnus
 Et non plebeios luctus testata cupressus
 Tum primum posuere comas et fronde carentes
 Admisere diem, propulsaque robore denso
 Sustinuit se silva cadens. Gemuere videntes 445
 Gallorum populi ; muris sed clausa iuventus
 Exultat ; quis enim laesos inpune putaret
 Esse deos ? Servat multos fortuna nocentes,
 Et tantum miseris irasci numina possunt.
 Utque satis caesi nemoris, quaesita per agros 450
 Plaustra ferunt, curvoque soli cessantis aratro
 Agricolae raptis annum flevere iuvençis.
 Dux tamen inpatiens haesuri ad moenia Martis
 Versus ad Hispanas acies extremaque mundi
 Iussit bella geri. Stellatis axibus agger 455
 Erigitur geminasque aequantes moenia turres

¹ Cyparissus, son of King Telephus, was changed into a cypress

BOOK III

and terror of the place, believed that, if they aimed a blow at the sacred trunks, their axes would rebound against their own limbs. When Caesar saw that his soldiers were sore hindered and paralysed, he was the first to snatch an axe and swing it, and dared to cleave a towering oak with the steel: driving the blade into the desecrated wood, he cried: "Believe that I am guilty of sacrilege, and thenceforth none of you need fear to cut down the trees." Then all the men obeyed his bidding; they were not easy in their minds, nor had their fears been removed; but they had weighed Caesar's wrath against the wrath of heaven. Ash trees were felled, gnarled holm-oaks overthrown; Dodona's oak, the alder that suits the sea, the cypress that bears witness to a monarch's grief,¹ all lost their leaves for the first time; robbed of their foliage, they let in the daylight; and the toppling wood, when smitten, supported itself by the close growth of its timber. The peoples of Gaul groaned at the sight; but the besieged men rejoiced; for who could have supposed that the injury to the gods would go unpunished? But Fortune often guards the guilty, and the gods must reserve their wrath for the unlucky. When wood enough was felled, waggons were sought through the countryside to convey it; and the husbandmen, robbed of their oxen, mourned for the harvest of the soil left untouched by the crooked plough.

But Caesar could not brook this protracted warfare before the walls: he turned to the army in Spain and the limits of the world, leaving orders that the operations should go on. The mound was built up with planks arranged lattice-wise, and two towers, as high as the town walls, were placed upon it; the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Accipit ; hae nullo fixerunt robore terram
 Sed per iter longum causa repsere latenti.
 Cum tantum nutaret onus, telluris inanes
 Concussisse sinus quaerentem erumpere ventum 460
 Credidit et muros mirata est stare iuventus.
 Illinc tela cadunt excelsas urbis in arces.
 Sed maior Graio Romana in corpora ferro
 Vis inerat. Nec enim solis excussa lacertis
 Lancea, sed tenso ballistae turbine rapta, 465
 Haud unum contenta latus transire quiescit,
 Sed pandens perque arma viam perque ossa relicta
 Morte fugit : superest telo post volnera cursus.
 At saxum quotiens ingenti verberis actu
 Executitur, qualis rupes, quam vertice montis 470
 Abscidit impulsu ventorum adiuta vetustas,
 Frangit cuncta ruens nec tantum corpora pressa
 Exanimat, totos cum sanguine dissipat artus.
 Ut tamen hostiles densa testudine muros
 Tecta subit virtus, armisque innexa priores 475
 Arma ferunt, galeamque extensus protegit umbo,
 Quae prius ex longo nocuerunt missa recessu,
 Iam post terga cadunt. Nec Grais flectere iactum.
 Aut facilis labor est longinqua ad tela parati
 Tormenti mutare modum ; sed pondere solo 480
 Contenti nudis evolvunt saxa lacertis.
 Dum fuit armorum series, ut grandine tecta
 Innocua percussa sonant, sic omnia tela
 Respuit ; at postquam virtus incerta virorum

¹ They moved on rollers.

² The formation called *testudo* (tortoise), in which the overlapping shields protect the men below.

BOOK III

timber of the towers was not driven into the ground, but they crawled from far, moved by hidden means.¹ When the tall structure nodded, the besieged believed that wind, seeking to burst forth, had shaken the hollow caverns of the earth, and marvelled that their walls remained standing. From the towers missiles were thrown against the lofty citadel of the town. But the shot of the Greeks fell with greater force on the bodies of the Romans; for their javelins, not sped merely by men's arms, but hurled by the tension of the powerful catapult, pierced more than one body before they were willing to stop: through armour and through bones they cleft a broad way and passed on, leaving death behind them; after dealing its wound the weapon flew on. And every boulder launched by the mighty impulse of a released cord, like a crag which length of time, aided by the blast of the winds, tears from a mountain-top, broke all things in its course, not merely crushing out the lives of its victims, but annihilating limbs and blood together. But when brave men approached the enemy's wall in close formation²—the foremost carrying shields which overlapped the shields of those behind, and their helmets protected by the roof of bucklers—then the missiles which had dealt death at long range, flew over their heads; nor was it easy for the Greeks to shift the range or change the aim of engines made to hurl their bolts to a distance; and so they heaved over boulders with unaided arms, relying on the weight alone. The locking of the shields, while it continued, flung off every missile, just as a roof rattles under the harmless blows of hail; but when the weariness and wavering valour of the soldiers made gaps in the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Perpetuam rupit defesso milite cratem, 485
 Singula continuis cesserunt ictibus arma.
 Tunc adoperta levi procedit vinea terra,
 Sub cuius pluteis et tecta fronte latentes
 Moliri nunc ima parant et vertere ferro
 Moenia ; nunc aries suspenso fortior ictu 490
 Incussus densi conpagem solvere muri
 Temptat et inpositis unum subducere saxis.
 Sed super et flammis et magnae fragmine molis
 Et sudibus crebris et adusti roboris ictu
 Percussae cedunt crates, frustra que labore 495
 Exhausto fessus repetit tentoria miles.
 Summa fuit Grais, starent ut moenia, voti :
 Ultro acies inferre parant armisque coruscas
 Nocturni texere faces, audaxque iuventus
 Erupit. Non hasta viris, non letifer arcus, 500
 Telum flamma fuit, rapiensque incendia ventus
 Per Romana tulit celeri munimina cursu.
 Nec, quamvis viridi luctetur robore, lentas
 Ignis agit vires, taeda sed raptus ab omni
 Consequitur nigri spatiosa volumina fumi, 505
 Nec solum silvas sed saxa ingentia solvit,
 Et crudae putri fluxerunt pulvere cautes.
 Procubuit maiorque iacens apparuit agger.
 Spes victis telluris abit, placuitque profundo
 Fortunam temptare maris. Non robore picto 510
 Ornatas decuit fulgens tutela carinas,
 Sed rudis et qualis procumbit montibus arbor

¹ *I.e.* the mantlets.

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armament, the shields gave way, one by one, to the unceasing battery. Next, mantlets, lightly covered with turf, were brought up; and the besiegers, screened by the boards and covered fronts of the mantlets, strove to sap the foundations and upset the walls with tools of iron; and now the ram, more effective with its swinging blow, tries by its impact to break the solid fabric of the wall and remove one stone from those laid above it; but smitten from above by fire and huge jagged stones, by a rain of stakes and by blows from oaken poles hardened by fire, the hurdles¹ gave ground, and the besiegers, foiled after so great an effort, went back weary to their tents.

The safety of their walls had been the utmost that the Greeks hoped for; but now they prepared to take the offensive. By night they hid flaming torches behind their shields, and their warriors boldly sallied forth. The weapon they bore was neither spear nor death-dealing bow, but fire alone; and the wind, whirling the conflagration along, bore it swiftly over the Roman works. Though contending with green wood, the fire was not slow to put forth its strength: flying from every torch, it followed close on huge volumes of black smoke, and consumed not merely timber but mighty stones; and hard rocks were dissolved into crumbling dust. Down fell the mound, and looked even larger on the ground.

The defeated Romans despaired of success on land and resolved to try their fortune on the sea. Their ships were not adorned with painted timbers or graced with a glittering figure-head: unshaped trees, even as they were felled on the hills, were

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Conseritur, stabilis navalibus area bellis.
 Et iam turrigeram Bruti comitata carinam
 Venerat in fluctus Rhodani cum gurgite classis 515
 Stoechados arva tenens. Nec non et Graia iuventus
 Omne suum fatis voluit committere robur
 Grandaevosque senes mixtis armavit ephebis.
 Accepit non sola viros, quae stabat in undis,
 Classis : et emeritas repetunt navalibus alnos. 520
 Ut matutinos spargens super aequora Phoebus
 Fregit aquis radios et liber nubibus aether
 Et posito Borea pacemque tenentibus Austris
 Servatum bello iacuit mare, movit ab omni
 Quisque suam statione ratem, paribusque lacertis 525
 Caesaris hinc puppes, hinc Graio remige classis
 Tollitur ; impulsae tonsis tremuere carinae,
 Crebraque sublimes convellunt verbera puppes.
 Cornua Romanae classis validaeque triremes
 Quasque quater surgens extracti remigis ordo 530
 Commovet et plures quae mergunt aequore pinus,
 Multiplices cinxere rates. Hoc robur aperto
 Oppositum pelago : lunata classe recedunt
 Ordine contentae gemino crevisse Liburnae.
 Celsior at cunctis Bruti praetoria puppis 535
 Verberibus senis agitur molemque profundo
 Invehit et summis longe petit aequora remis.
 Ut tantum medii fuerat maris, utraque classis
 Quod semel excussis posset transcurrere tonsis,

¹ D. Brutus, Caesar's admiral, is not to be confused with M. Brutus already mentioned.

² Islands off Marseilles.

BOOK III

joined together to form a steady platform for fighting at sea. By now too the fleet, escorting the turret-ship of Brutus,¹ had come down with the waters of the Rhone to the sea, and was anchored off the land of the Stoechades.² The Greeks were no less ready to trust all their forces to the mercy of fortune: they put aged sires together with strip-lings in the ranks. They manned their fleet which rode at anchor, and even searched their dockyards for ships past service. The sun scattered his morning beams over the sea and splintered them on the water; the sky was free from clouds; the North wind was at rest and the South winds held their peace; the sea lay smooth, reserved for battle. Then each man started his vessel from its anchorage, and the two fleets leaped forward with rival strength of arm—Caesar's ships on one side and the fleet rowed by Greeks on the other; the hulls tremble to the beat of the oars, and the rapid stroke tears the tall vessels through the water. The wings of the Roman fleet were closed in by ships of many kinds—stout triremes, and vessels driven by four tiers of rowers rising one above another, and others that dipped in the sea a still greater number of blades. These heavy ships were set as a barrier against the open sea; the galleys, content to rise aloft with but two banks of oars, were further back in crescent formation. Towering above them all, the flag-ship of Brutus, driven by six rows of oars and advancing its bulk over the deep, reaches for the water far below with its topmost tier.

When only so much of sea separated the fleets as each of them could cover with one lusty stroke of oars, then countless cries rose together in the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Innumerae vasto miscentur in aethere voces, 540
 Remorumque sonus premitur clamore, nec ullae
 Audiri potuere tubae. Tum caerulea verrunt
 Atque in transtra cadunt et remis pectora pulsant.
 Ut primum rostris crepuerunt obvia rostra,
 In puppim rediere rates, emissaque tela 545
 Aera texerunt vacuumque cadentia pontum.
 Et iam diductis extendunt cornua proris,
 Diversaeque rates laxata classe receptae.
 Ut, quotiens aestus Zephyris Eurisque repugnat,
 Huc abeunt fluctus, illo mare, sic ubi puppes 550
 Sulcato varios duxerunt gurgite tractus,
 Quod tulit illa ratis remis, haec rettulit aequor.
 Sed Graeis habiles pugnamque lacessere pinus
 Et temptare fugam nec longo frangere gyro
 Cursum nec tardae flectenti cedere clavo ; 555
 At Romana ratis stabilem praebere carinam
 Certior et terrae similem bellantibus usum.
 Tunc in signifera residenti puppe magistro
 Brutus ait : “ Paterisne acies errare profundo,
 Artibus et certas pelagi? iam consere bellum, 560
 Phocaicis medias rostris oppone carinas.”
 Paruit, obliquas et praebuit hostibus alnos.
 Tum quaecumque ratis temptavit robora Bruti,
 Ictu victa suo percussae capta cohaesit ;
 Ast alias manicaeque ligant teretesque catenae, 565
 Seque tenent remis : tecto stetit aequore bellum.

BOOK III

wide heaven, till the splash of the blades was drowned by shouting and no trumpet could be heard. Then the men sweep the sea, bending back to the thwarts behind and bringing the oars against their chests. As soon as beak met beak and clashed, the ships backed astern, and a volley of missiles covered the sky and, as they fell, the sea between the ships. And now the Romans deploy their wings, leaving space between the prows, and their open order gives entrance to the enemy's ships. As, when the tide runs against winds from West or East, the waves are driven in one direction and the body of the sea in another; so, when the vessels ploughed furrows in the sea this way and that, the water which the oars of one ship threw behind it was thrown by another in the opposite direction. But the Greek ships were easily handled for attack or retreat, quick to change course with a sharp turn and to answer the guiding helm, while the Roman ships were safer in this—that they offered a steady platform to the fighter and a foothold like dry ground. Then Brutus hailed his steersman who sat on the poop beside the ensign: "Why suffer the battle to straggle over the sea? why seek to rival the foe's manœuvres? Mass the ships for fighting at once, and offer our broadsides to the beaks of the Phocæans." The man obeyed and exposed the ship's broadside to the enemy. Thereafter, each ship that tested the timber of Brutus was defeated by its own blow and clung, a captive, to the vessel it had rammed, while others were noosed by grappling-irons and smooth chains, or were entangled by their own oars. The sea was no longer visible, and the battle became stationary.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Iam non excussis torquentur tela lacertis,
Nec longinqua cadunt iaculato volnera ferro,
Miscenturque manus. Navali plurima bello
Esis agit. Stat quisque suae de robore puppis 570
Pronus in adversos ictus, nullique perempti
In ratibus cecidere suis. Cruor altus in unda
Spumat, et obducti concreto sanguine fluctus.
Et quas inmissi traxerunt vincula ferri,
Has prohibent iungi conferta cadavera puppes. 575
Semianimes alii vastum subiere profundum
Hauseruntque suo permixtum sanguine pontum.
Hi luctantem animam lenta cum morte trahentes
Fractarum subita ratium periere ruina.
Inrita tela suas peragunt in gurgite caedes, 580
Et quodcumque cadit frustrato pondere ferrum,
Exceptum mediis invenit vulnus in undis.
Phocaeis Romana ratis vallata carinis
Robore diducto dextrum laevumque tuetur
Aequo Marte latus; cuius dum pugnat ab alta 585
Puppe Catus Graiumque audax aplustre retentat,
Terga simul pariter missis et pectora telis
Transigitur; medio concurrit pectore ferrum,
Et stetit incertus, flueret quo vulnere, sanguis,
Donec utrasque simul largus cruor expulit hastas 590
Divisitque animam sparsitque in volnera letum.
Derigit huc puppem miseri quoque dextra Telonis,
Qua nullam melius pelago turbante carinae
Audivere manum, nec lux est notior ulli
Crastina, seu Phoebum videat seu cornua lunae, 595
Semper venturis componere carbasa ventis.

BOOK III

No longer were weapons hurled from vigorous arms, no longer were the wounds of the hurtling steel inflicted at a distance; but men fought hand to hand. The sword played the chief part in that fight at sea. Each man leaned forward from the bulwark of his own ship to strike his foe, and none fell dead upon their own decks. Their blood foamed deep upon the wave, and a crust of gore covered the sea. The ships that were caught and dragged by the iron chains were prevented from coming close by the crowded corpses. Some sailors sank half alive into the bottomless deep and drank the brine mixed with their own blood. Others, while still drawing breath that struggled against tardy death, perished by the sudden downfall of their wrecked craft. Weapons that missed their aim killed men in the water on their own account; and every missile that fell with its heavy blow baffled was met and found a mark in mid-ocean.

A Roman ship, hemmed in by Phocæan craft, was defending her port and starboard with divided crew but equal hardihood. Catus, while fighting on the raised poop and boldly grasping the stern-ornament of a foe, was pierced in back and breast at the same moment by weapons launched together; the weapons met in his body, and the blood stayed, uncertain through which wound to flow; at last the torrent from his veins drove out both javelins at once, parting his life in two and distributing his death between the wounds. Hither also ill-fated Telo steered his bark; to no hand were ships on stormy seas more obedient than to his; and none, from observation of the sun or the moon's horns, could better forecast the morrow, so as ever to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Hic Latiae rostro compagem ruperat alni,
 Pila sed in medium venire trementia pectus,
 Avertitque ratem morientis dextra magistri.
 Dum cupit in sociam Gyareus erepere puppem, 600
 Excipit inmissum suspensa per ilia ferrum,
 Adfixusque rati telo retinente pependit.
 Stant gemini fratres, fecundae gloria matris,
 Quos eadem variis genuerunt viscera fatis.
 Discrevit mors saeva viros, unumque relictum 605
 Agnorunt miseri sublato errore parentes,
 Aeternis causam lacrimis ; tenet ille dolorem
 Semper et amissum fratrem lugentibus offert.
 Quorum alter mixtis obliquo pectine remis
 Ausus Romanae Graia de puppe carinae 610
 Iniectare manum ; sed eam gravis insuper ictus
 Amputat ; illa tamen nisu, quo prenderat, haesit
 Deriguitque tenens strictis inmortua nervis.
 Crevit in adversis virtus : plus nobilis irae
 Truncus habet fortique instaurat proelia laeva 615
 Rapturusque suam procumbit in aequora dextram :
 Haec quoque cum toto manus est abscisa lacerto.
 Iam clipeo telisque carens, non conditus ima
 Puppe sed expositus fraternaque pectore nudo
 Arma tegens, crebra confixus cuspide perstat 620
 Telaque multorum leto casura suorum

¹ He wished to take Telo's place at the helm.

BOOK III

set his sails to the coming winds. He would have rammed the side of the Roman vessel, had not flying javelins pierced to the centre of his breast; and the hand of the dying helmsman steered his ship aside. While Gyareus sought to clamber over into his friend's craft,¹ a grapnel was launched and caught him through the middle as he dangled in air; and there he hung, held fast by the engine to the gunwale.

Twin brothers fought there, the pride of a fertile mother; but the same womb gave them birth for different deaths. The cruel hand of death made distinction between them; and the wretched parents, no longer puzzled by the likeness, recognised the one survivor but found in him a source of unending sorrow; for he keeps their grief ever present and recalls his lost brother to their mourning hearts. One of these twins dared to catch hold of a Roman ship from his own deck, when the oars were entangled and overlapped each other. The hand was lopped off by a heavy downward blow; but still it clung with the effort of its first grip and, holding on with strained muscles, stiffened there in death. His valour rose with disaster; mutilated, he displays yet more heroic ardour. Fiercely he renews the fight with his left hand and leans forward over the water to rescue his right hand; the left hand also and the whole arm were cut off. Then bereft both of shield and sword, not hiding away in the bottom of the ship but full in view, he protects his brother's shield with his own bare breast, standing firm, though pierced with many a point, and, although he had amply earned his death already, stopping missiles that

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Emerita iam morte tenet. Tum volnere multo
 Effugientem animam lassos collegit in artus
 Membraque contendit toto, quicumque manebat,
 Sanguine et hostilem defectis robore nervis 625
 Insiluit solo nociturus pondere puppem.

Strage virum cumulata ratis multoque cruore
 Plena per obliquum crebros latus accipit ictus,
 Et, postquam ruptis pelagus compagibus hausit,
 Ad summos repleta foros descendit in undas 630
 Vicinum involvens contorto vortice pontum.

Aequora discedunt mersa diducta carina,
 Inque locum puppis cecidit mare. Multaque ponto
 Praebuit ille dies varii miracula fati.

Ferrea dum puppi rapidos manus inserit uncos, 635
 Adfixit Lycidan. Mersus foret ille profundo,
 Sed prohibent socii suspensaque crura retentant.

Scinditur avolsus, nec, sicut volnere, sanguis
 Emicuit lentus: ruptis cadit undique venis,
 Discursusque animae diversa in membra meantis 640

Interceptus aquis. Nullius vita perempti
 Est tanta dimissa via. Pars ultima trunci
 Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus artus;
 At tumidus qua pulmo iacet, qua viscera fervent,
 Haeserunt ibi fata diu luctataque multum 645
 Hac cum parte viri vix omnia membra tulerunt.

Dum nimium pugnax unius turba carinae
 Incumbit prono lateri vacuumque relinquit,

BOOK III

would in their fall have made an end of many. Then the life that was departing through many wounds he gathered together into his spent frame, and bracing his limbs with all his remaining strength, he sprang on board the Roman ship; his sinews had lost their power, and his only weapon was his weight. She was piled high with the carnage of her crew and ran with blood; she suffered blow after blow on her broadside; and, when her sides were shattered and let in the sea, she filled up to the top of her decks and sank down into the waves, sucking in the water round her with curling eddy. As the ship sank, the sea parted asunder and then fell back into the room she had occupied. And many other strange forms of death were seen that day upon the deep.

Thus Lycidas was pierced by a grappling-iron that hurled its swift hooks on board. He would have sunk in the sea, but for his comrades who seized his legs as they swung in air. He was torn asunder, and his blood gushed out, not trickling as from a wound, but raining on all sides from his severed arteries; and the free play of the life coursing through the different limbs was cut off by the water. No other victim's life escaped through so wide a channel. The lower half of his body resigned to death the limbs that contain no vital organs; but where the lungs were full of air and the heart of heat, there death was long baffled and struggled hard with this part of the man, till with difficulty it mastered the whole body.

On one of the ships the crew, too eager for battle, leaned on the tilted gunwale and left empty the side where there was no enemy. Their combined weight

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Qua caret hoste, ratem, congesto pondere puppis
 Versa cava texit pelagus nautasque carina, 650
 Bracchia nec licuit vasto iactare profundo,
 Sed clauso periere mari. Tunc unica diri
 Conspecta est leti facies, cum forte natantem
 Diversae rostris iuvenem fixere carinae.
 Discessit medium tam vastos pectus ad ictus, 655
 Nec prohibere valent obtritis ossibus artus,
 Quo minus aera sonent; eliso ventre per ora
 Eiectat saniem permixtus viscere sanguis.
 Postquam inhihent remis puppes ac rostra reducunt,
 Deiectum in pelagus perfosso pectore corpus. 660
 Volneribus transmisit aquas. Pars maxima turbae
 Naufraga iactatis morti obluctata lacertis
 Puppis ad auxilium sociae concurrit; at illis,
 Robora cum vetitis prensarent altius ulnis
 Nutaretque ratis populo peritura recepto, 665
 Inpia turba super medios ferit ense lacertos.
 Bracchia linquentes Graia pendentia puppe
 A manibus cecidere suis: non amplius undae
 Sustinuere graves in summo gurgite truncos.
 Ianque omni fuis nudato milite telis 670
 Invenit arma furor: remum contorsit in hostem
 Alter, at hi totum validis aplustre lacertis,
 Avolsasque rotant expulso remige sedes.
 In pugnam fregere rates. Sidentia pessum
 Corpora caesa tenent spoliantque cadavera ferro. 675

BOOK III

upset the craft, so that she covered over both sea and sailors with her hull; it was impossible to strike out on the open sea, and they died in their ocean prison. On that day was seen an unexampled form of dreadful death: it chanced that a man in the water was pierced by the beaks of two ships meeting one another. His breast was cloven in two by the dreadful impact; the bones were ground to powder, and the body could not hinder the brazen prows from clashing. The belly was crushed; blood, mixed with flesh, spouted gore through the mouth. When the ships backed water and withdrew their beaks, the corpse with mutilated breast sank and suffered the water to pass through its wounds. Of another crew most were shipwrecked and swam for their lives till they crowded to get help from a friendly craft; then, when they caught hold of the gunwale high up, though they were warned off, because the ship was unsteady and would have sunk if she had rescued them all, the others without pity chopped their arms in two with the sword from their deck. Their arms still hanging on the Greek ship, they fell and left their hands behind them; nor did the surface of the sea support any longer the weight of the mutilated bodies.

By now the fighters had all discharged their missiles, and their hands were empty, but rage found weapons. One hurled an oar at the foe; the strong arms of others launch a whole stern-ornament, or turn out the rowers and tear up the thwarts for a missile; they broke up their ships to fight with. They caught hold of dead bodies as they sank to the bottom, and robbed the corpses of the weapons which had killed them. Many a man, for want of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Multi inopes teli iaculum letale revolsum
 Volneribus traxere suis et viscera laeva
 Oppressere manu, validos dum praebeat ictus
 Sanguis et, hostilem cum torserit, exeat, hastam.
 Nulla tamen plures hoc edidit aequore clades 680
 Quam pelago diversa lues. Nam pinguibus ignis
 Adfixus taedis et tecto sulphure vivax
 Spargitur; at faciles praebere alimenta carinae
 Nunc pice, nunc liquida rapuere incendia cera.
 Nec flammas superant undae, sparsisque per aequor 685
 Iam ratibus fragmenta ferus sibi vindicat ignis.
 Hic recipit fluctus, extinguat ut aequore flammas,
 Hi, ne mergantur, tabulis ardentibus haerent.
 Mille modos inter leti mors una timori est,
 Qua coepere mori. Nec cessat naufraga virtus: 690
 Tela legunt deiecta mari ratibusque ministrant
 Incertaque manus ictu languente per undas
 Exercent; nunc, rara datur si copia ferri,
 Utuntur pelago: saevus complectitur hostem
 Hostis, et implicitis gaudent subsidere membris 695
 Mergentesque mori. Pugna fuit unus in illa
 Eximius Phoeceus animam servare sub undis
 Scrutarique fretum, si quid mersisset harenis,
 Et nimis adfixos unci convellere morsus,
 Adductum quotiens non senserat anchora funem. 700
 Hic, ubi comprehensum penitus deduxerat hostem,
 Victor et incolumis summas remeabat in undas;

¹ The blood is identified with the vital power: cf. iv. 286, 287.

² The epithet has never been explained: the sulphur was smeared on the top of torches.

³ In ancient ships wax was used for oakum, to caulk the seams of the deck; comp. x. 494.

BOOK III

a missile, plucked forth the fatal javelin from his own wounds and clutched his vitals with the left hand, that the blood might have time to deal a sturdy stroke¹ and hurl back the enemy's spear before it flowed forth.

In that sea fight, however, no plague wrought more destruction than the element most hostile to the sea. For fire spread everywhere—fire cleaving to resinous torches and kept alive by hidden² sulphur; and thereupon the ships, quick to provide fuel, caught fire at once with their pitch or melting wax.³ Nor did the waves master the fire, but the flame caught fierce hold of the wrecks now scattered over the deep. Some let in the sea, to put out the fire, while others cling to blazing planks, for fear they drown; among a thousand forms of death, men fear one only—that in which death first approaches them. Even in shipwreck brave men are brave still: they pick up weapons thrown down into the sea and hand them to the crews, or deal feeble blows with erring aim from the water. Some, when other weapons fail, make the sea their weapon: foe grapples fiercely with foe, glad to sink with limbs locked together and to drown while drowning another. One of the combatants was Phocæus;⁴ better than all other men could he hold his breath under water, and search the deep for aught which its sands had swallowed; or, when the anchor would not answer the tug of the cable, he could wrench away the flukes that had bitten too deep. He had grappled with a foe and carried him deep down, and now was returning to the surface alive

⁴ This may be a proper name; or it may stand for *Phocæicus*, "a man of Marseilles."

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sed se per vacuos credit dum surgere fluctus,
Puppibus occurrit tandemque sub aequore mansit.
Hi super hostiles iecerunt bracchia remos 705
Et ratium tenere fugam. Non perdere letum
Maxima cura fuit : multus sua volnera puppi
Adfixit moriens et rostris abstulit ictus.
Stantem sublimi Tyrrhenum culmine prorae
Lygdanus, excussae Balearis tortor habenae, 710
Glande petens solido fregit cava tempora plumbo.
Sedibus expulsi, postquam cruor omnia rupit
Vincula, procurrunt oculi, stat lumine raptō
Attonitus mortisque illas putat esse tenebras.
At postquam membris sensit constare vigorem, 715
“ Vos,” ait “ o socii, sicut tormenta soletis,
Me quoque mittendis rectum componite telis.
Egere, quod superest animae, Tyrrhene, per omnes
Bellorum casus. Ingentem militis usum
Hoc habet ex magna defunctum parte cadaver : 720
Viventis feriere loco.” Sic fatus in hostem
Caeca tela manu, sed non tamen inrita, mittit.
Excipit haec iuvenis generosi sanguinis Argus,
Qua iam non medius descendit in ilia venter,
Adiuvitque suo procumbens pondere ferrum. 725
Stabat diversa victae iam parte carinae
Infelix Argi genitor, non ille iuventae
Tempore Phocaicis ulli cessurus in armis ;
Victum aevo robur cecidit, fessusque senecta
Exemplum, non miles erat ; qui funere viso 730

BOOK III

and victorious. He believed he was rising where the sea was open ; but he struck a ship's bottom and never rose again. Some flung their arms over enemy's oars and checked the flight of their vessels. Their chief anxiety was not to waste their deaths : many a dying man prevented an enemy's beak from ramming by fastening his own wounded body on the stern of his ship.

Tyrrhenus was standing on the lofty bow of his ship, when Lygdamus, a wielder of the Balearic thong, aimed a bullet and slung it ; and the solid lead crushed his hollow temples. The blood burst all the ligaments, and the eyes, forced from their sockets, rushed forth. Tyrrhenus stood amazed by his sudden blindness, believing that this was the darkness of death. But when he felt that his limbs retained their strength, he called to his companions : " As you are wont to place your engines, so place me too in the right position for hurling darts. Tyrrhenus must spend what remains of life in every hazard of war. This body, half dead already, can play a soldier's part nobly : I shall be slain in place of a living man." With these words he launched at the foe a dart which, though no eye guided it, was not launched in vain. It struck Argus, a youth of noble race, just where the lower part of the belly meets the groin, and falling forward he drove the steel deeper with his own weight. At the other end of the ship, which was now past fighting, stood the unhappy father of Argus. In his prime he would have matched any man of the Phocæan army, but conquering age had brought low his strength, and the feeble old man could not fight but could show the way to others. When he saw the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Saepe cadens longae senior per transtra carinae
 Pervenit ad puppim spirantesque invenit artus.
 Non lacrimae cecidere genis, non pectora tundit,
 Distentis toto riguit sed corpore palmis.
 Nox subit atque oculos vastae obduxere tenebrae, 735
 Et miserum cernens agnoscere desinit Argum.
 Ille caput labens et iam languentia colla
 Viso patre levat; vox fauces nulla solutas
 Prosequitur, tacito tantum petit oscula voltu
 Invitatque patris claudenda ad lumina dextram. 740
 Ut torpore senex caruit viresque cruentus
 Coepit habere dolor, "Non perdam tempora" dixit
 "A saevis permissa deis, iugulumque senilem
 Confodiam. Veniam misero concede parenti,
 Arge, quod amplexus, extrema quod oscula fugi. 745
 Nondum destituit calidus tua volnera sanguis,
 Semianimisque iaces et adhuc potes esse superstes."
 Sic fatus, quamvis capulum per viscera missi
 Polluerat gladii, tamen alta sub aequora tendit
 Praecipiti saltu: letum praecedere nati 750
 Festinantem animam morti non credidit uni.
 Inclinant iam fata ducum, nec iam amplius anceps
 Belli casus erat. Graiae pars maxima classis
 Mergitur, ast aliae mutato remige puppes
 Victores vexere suos; navalia paucae 755
 Praecipiti tenuere fuga. Quis in urbe parentum
 Fletus erat! quanti matrum per litora planctus
 Coniunx saepe sui confusis voltibus unda

BOOK III

deadly wound, he made his way with many a stumble along the ship and past the benches, and found the body at the stern still breathing. No tears fell from his cheeks, no blows on his breast, but his hands flew wide apart and all his body became rigid. Night came over him, and thick darkness veiled his eyes; he ceased to recognise the hapless figure of Argus before him. At sight of his father the son raised his sinking head and failing neck; no words followed the unlocking of his throat: he could only ask a kiss with silent look and beg that his father's hand might close his eyes. When the old man recovered from his swoon, and cruel grief began to assert its power, "I will not waste," he cried, "the respite granted by the ruthless gods, but will use it to pierce this aged throat. Argus, forgive your wretched father for refusing your last embrace and your parting kiss. The warm blood has not yet ebbed from your wounds and you lie there still breathing; it is still possible for you to survive me." Thus he spoke, and not content with driving his sword through his body till the hilt was stained, he sprang headlong into the deep, so eager to die before his son that he would not trust to a single form of death.

The fortunes of the leaders were no longer evenly balanced, and the issue of the fight was no longer doubtful. Of the Greek ships most were sunk, others with changed crews now carried their conquerors, and only a few gained the dockyards by hasty flight. What tears were shed by parents in the city! how loud was the lamentation of mothers along the shore! Many a wife clasped a Roman corpse, mistaking the face, with features disfigured

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Credidit ora viri Romanum amplexa cadaver,
Accensisque rogis miseri de corpore trunco
Certavere patres. At Brutus in aequore victor
Primus Caesareis pelagi decus addidit armis.

760

BOOK III

by the sea, for her husband's; beside lighted pyres hapless father strove with father for possession of a headless body. On the other side, Brutus by his victory at sea first conferred naval glory on Caesar's arms.¹

¹ Lucan strangely omits to mention that Massilia was taken by Caesar's forces.

MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT: [Illegible]

[Illegible text follows]

BOOK IV

LIBER QUARTUS

AT procul extremis terrarum Caesar in oris¹
Martem saevus agit non multa caede nocentem,
Maxima sed fati ducibus momenta daturum.
Iure pari rector castris Afranius illis
Ac Petreius erat ; concordia duxit in aequas 5
Imperium commune vices, tutelaque valli
Pervigil alterno paret custodia signo.
His praeter Latias acies erat inpiger Astur
Vettonesque leves profugique a gente vetusta
Gallorum Celtae miscentes nomen Hiberis. 10
Colle tumet modico lenique excrevit in altum
Pingue solum tumulo ; super hunc fundata vetusta
Surgit Ilerda manu ; placidis praelabitur undis
Hesperios inter Sicoris non ultimus amnes,
Saxeus ingenti quem pons amplectitur arcu 15
Hibernas passurus aquas. At proxima rupes
Signa tenet Magni ; nec Caesar colle minore
Castra levat ; medius dirimit tentoria gurges.
Explicat hinc tellus campos effusa patentes
Vix oculo prendente modum, camposque coerces, 20
Cinga rapax, vetitus fluctus et litora cursu
Oceani pepulisse tuo ; nam gurgite mixto
Qui praestat terris aufert tibi nomen Hiberus.

¹ A common description of Spain in Lucan.

² Pompey's army of veterans.

³ Celtiberian was the compound name.

BOOK IV

BUT far away, in the outermost region of earth,¹ Caesar fiercely carried on war—war not guilty of much bloodshed, but destined to turn decisively the scales of fate for the rival leaders. Afranius and Petreius ruled the army² in Spain with equal authority: united in heart, they shared their command equally and in turn, and the watchful guard that kept the rampart safe obeyed the watchword of each in turn. Besides Roman soldiers they had active Asturians and nimble Vettones, and Celts, emigrants from an ancient tribe of Gaul, who added their own name to that of the Hiberians.³

The fertile land rises in a hill of moderate height and ascends with easy slope; and on this stands Ilerda, founded by hands of old. The Sicoris, not least among western rivers, flows by with quiet waters; and a stone bridge, fit to withstand the winter floods, spans the river with mighty arch. A steep hill close by was occupied by the army of Magnus; and Caesar pitched his camp aloft on another hill as high; the river flowed between and divided the camps. Beyond, the level land spreads out in plains whose limit the eye can scarce embrace; but the rushing Cinga bounds the plains—Cinga, whose own swift waters may never smite the shore and the sea; for the Hiberus, which gives its name to the country, mixes its flood with the Cinga and steals its name from it.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Prima dies belli cessavit Marte cruento
 Spectandasque ducum vires numerosaque signa 25
 Exposuit. Piguit sceleris; pudor arma furentum
 Continuit, patriaeque et ruptis legibus unum
 Donavere diem; prono cum Caesar Olympo
 In noctem subita circumdedit agmina fossa,
 Dum primae perstant acies, hostemque fefellit 30
 Et prope consertis obduxit castra maniplis.
 Luce nova collem subito conscendere cursu,
 Qui medius tutam castris dirimebat Ilerdam,
 Imperat. Huc hostem pariter terrorque pudorque
 Inpulit, et raptō tumulum prior agmine cepit. 35
 His virtus ferrumque locum promittit, at illis
 Ipse locus. Miles rupes oneratus in altis
 Nititur, adversoque acies in monte supina
 Haeret et in tergum casura umbone sequentis
 Erigitur. Nulli telum vibrare vacavit, 40
 Dum labat et fixo firmat vestigia pilo,
 Dum scopulos stirpesque tenent atque hoste relicto
 Caedunt ense viam. Vidit lapsura ruina
 Agmina dux equitemque iubet succedere bello
 Munitumque latus laevo praeducere gyro. 45
 Sic pedes ex facili nulloque urgente receptus,
 Inritus et victor subducto Marte pependit.
 Hactenus armorum discrimina; cetera bello
 Fata dedit variis incertus motibus aer.

¹ He shifted his camp to a site nearer the enemy and concealed the manoeuvre.

² *I.e.* their left side.

BOOK IV

The first day of the campaign was innocent of bloodshed: it only displayed to view the forces of the leaders and the multitude of their troops. Men loathed their own wickedness; shame held back the weapons of their frenzy, and they granted one day's respite to their country and the laws they had broken. But when the sky was westering towards night, Caesar surrounded his army with a trench dug in haste, while his front rank kept their ground; thus he deceived the enemy, screening his camp with a line of troops drawn up near at hand.¹ At dawn he ordered his men to move with speed and climb the hill, which lay between Ilerda and the camp and protected the town. Fear and shame alike drove the enemy to this point: with flying march they reached the hill first and occupied it. Their courage and their swords promised possession of the ground to Caesar's men; but the foe relied on actual possession. The heavy-laden soldier struggles up the heights; the line, looking upward, clings to the mountain before it and is supported from falling backwards by the shields of those behind. None was at leisure to hurl his weapon: each drives in his javelin to assure his slippery foothold; they clutch at rocks and trees; they pay no heed to the enemy but hack a path with their swords. Caesar saw that his ranks would come down with a crash; therefore he ordered the cavalry to take up the fighting and interpose their shield-side² by a left wheel. Thus the infantry were easily rescued, and none pursued them; the conquerors, when their antagonists were withdrawn, remained on the hill, but had gained nothing.

So far only the strife of arms proceeded: the rest

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Pigro bruma gelu siccisque Aquilonibus haerens 50
 Aethere constricto pluvias in nube tenebat.
 Urebant montana nives camposque iacentes
 Non duraturae conspecto sole pruinae,
 Atque omnis propior mergenti sidera caelo
 Aruerat tellus hiberno dura sereno. 55
 Sed postquam vernus calidum Titana recepit
 Sidera respiciens delapsae portitor Helles,
 Atque iterum aequatis ad iustae pondera Librae
 Temporibus vicere dies, tum sole relicto
 Cynthia, quo primum cornu dubitanda refulsit, 60
 Exclusit Borean flammisque accepit in Euro.
 Ille, suo nubes quascumque invenit in axe,
 Torsit in occiduum Nabataeis flatibus orbem,
 Et quas sentit Arabs et quas Gangetica tellus
 Exhalat nebulas, quidquid concreescere primus 65
 Sol patitur, quidquid caeli fuscator Eoi
 Inpulerat Corus, quidquid defenderat Indos.
 Incendere diem nubes oriente remotae
 Nec medio potuere graves incumbere mundo
 Sed nimbos rapuere fuga. Vacat imbribus Arctos 70
 Et Notus, in solam Calpen fluit umidus aer.
 Hic, ubi iam Zephyri fines, et summus Olympi
 Cardo tenet Tethyn, vetitae transcurrere densos
 Involvere globos, congestumque aeris atri
 Vix recipit spatium quod separat aethere terram. 75

¹ The western sky.

² Aries, the Ram.

³ *I.e.* after the vernal equinox.

BOOK IV

of the campaign was decided by the shifting phases of capricious weather. Winter, congealed with numbing frost and dry North winds, had bound the upper air and penned the rain in the clouds. The mountains were nipped by snow, and the low-lying plains by hoar frost that would vanish at first sight of the sun; and all the earth, near that part of the sky which dips the stars,¹ was hard and dry owing to the cloudless winter weather. But in spring the Carrier² who let Helle fall received the burning sun and looked back at the other Signs; and, when day and night had for the second time been made equal according to the balance of unerring Libra, day gained the victory.³ Then the moon, receding from the sun, with that crescent with which she shone, scarce visible, at first, barred the North wind and grew bright while the East wind blew. The East wind drove to the West on blasts from Arabia all the clouds he found in his own clime, all the mists that the Arabs feel or the land of the Ganges breathes forth, all the moisture that the Eastern sun suffers to collect, all that the blast which darkens the Eastern heavens had driven on, and all that had screened the Indians from the sun. Day in the East was made hotter by the removal of the clouds—clouds which could not deposit their heavy burden on the centre of earth, but swept the storms with them in their flight. North and South were rainless, and all the moist air streamed to Calpe. There, where the zephyrs start and the furthest point of heaven limits the sea, the clouds, forbidden to go further, rolled into dense round masses; and the space that divides earth from heaven could scarce contain the accumu-

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Iamque polo pressae largos densantur in imbres
Spissataeque fluunt; nec servant fulmina flammās
Quamvis crebra micent: exstinguunt fulgura nimbi.
Hinc imperfecto conplectitur aera gyro
Arcus, vix ulla variatus luce colorem, 80
Oceanumque bibit raptosque ad nubila fluctus
Pertulit et caelo defusum reddidit aequor.
Iamque Pyrenaeae, quas numquam solvere Titan
Evaluit, fluxere nives, fractoque madescunt
Saxa gelu. Tum, quae solitis e fontibus exit, 85
Non habet unda vias: tam largas alveus omnis
A ripis accepit aquas. Iam naufraga campo
Caesaris arma natant, impulsaque gurgite multo
Castra labant; alto restagnant flumina vallo.
Non pecorum raptus faciles, non pabula mersi 90
Ulla ferunt sulci; tectarum errore viarum
Fallitur occultis sparsus populator in agris.
Iamque comes semper magnorum prima malorum
Saeva fames aderat, nulloque obsessus ab hoste
Miles eget; toto censu non prodigus emit 95
Exiguam Cererem. Pro lucri pallida tabes!
Non dest prolato ieiunus venditor auro.
Iam tumuli collesque latent, iam flumina cuncta
Condidit una palus vasta que voragine mersit:
Absorpsit penitus rupes ac tecta ferarum 100
Detulit atque ipsas hausit, subitisque frementes
Vorticibus contorsit aquas et reppulit aestus

BOOK IV

lation of dark mist. Next, squeezed against the sky, they condense into abundant rain and flow along thickened; thunderbolts flashed constantly but could not keep their flame, because the rain put out the lightning. Next, the rainbow spanned the sky with its broken arch, while hardly any light diversified its colours; it drank the ocean, carried up the waves speedily to the clouds, and restored the water that had poured down from the sky. Then the Pyrenean snows, which no sun had ever power to thaw, were melted, the ice was broken up, and the cliffs were wetted. Next, no stream that issues forth from its normal springs finds a fixed path: such a flood of waters poured into every channel from over its banks. By this time Caesar's army was shipwrecked and afloat on land, his camp fell to pieces under the shock of constant floods, and the rivers formed pools within his high rampart. To carry off cattle is impossible; the submerged furrows produce no food; the spoilers, straggling over the vanished fields, are deceived by missing the inundated roads. And now cruel famine came—famine that is ever first in the train of great disasters, and the soldier starves while no foe besets him: though no spendthrift, he parted with all his wealth for a handful of grain. Shame on the pale plague of avarice! When gold is produced, sellers are forthcoming, though hungry themselves. By now mounds and hills are hidden; all the rivers are buried and swallowed up in the huge maw of a single pool, which has devoured the rocks in its depths, and carried down the habitations of wild beasts, and engulfed the beasts themselves; with sudden eddies it churns up its roaring waters and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Fortior Oceani. Nec Phoebum surgere sentit
Nox subtexta polo : rerum discrimina miscet
Deformis caeli facies iunctaeque tenebrae. 105
Sic mundi pars ima iacet, quam zona nivalis
Perpetuaeque premunt hiemes : non sidera caelo
Ulla videt, sterili non quidquam frigore gignit,
Sed glacie medios signorum temperat ignes.
Sic, o summe parens mundi, sic, sorte secunda 110
Aequorei rector, facias, Neptune, tridentis,
Et tu perpetuis inpendas aera nimbis,
Tu remeare vetes, quoscumque emiseris, aestus.
Non habeant amnes declivem ad litora cursum
Sed pelagi referantur aquis, concussaue tellus 115
Laxet iter fluviis : hos campos Rhenus inundet,
Hos Rhodanus, vastos obliquent flumina fontes.
Riphaeas huc solve nives, huc stagna lacusque
Et pigras, ubicumque iacent, effunde paludes,
Et miseras bellis civilibus eripe terras. 120
Sed parvo Fortuna viri contenta pavore
Plena reedit, solitoque magis favere secundi
Et veniam meruere dei. Iam rarior aer
Et par Phoebus aquis densas in vellera nubes
Sparserat, et noctes ventura luce rubebant, 125
Servatoque loco rerum discessit ab astris
Umor, et ima petit, quidquid pendebat aquarum.
Tollere silva comas, stagnis emergere colles
Incipiunt, visoque die durescere valles.

¹ The Antarctic region is meant.

² *I.e.* next in power to Jupiter.

BOOK IV

drives back with superior strength the tides of ocean. Night, curtaining the sky, is not conscious of sunrise; all natural distinctions are upset by the hideous aspect of the heaven and by darkness following on night. Such is the region that lies lowest in the world¹ under the snowy zone and perpetual winter: no stars are visible there; its barren cold can produce nothing, but its ice lessens the heat of the equatorial Signs. O supreme Father of the universe, and O Neptune, to whom the second lot² gave power over the trident of ocean, be such your will! May the one god devote the sky to perpetual rain, and the other prevent every tide he has sent forth from ebbing again! May rivers find no downward passage to the shore but be driven back by the waters of the sea! May the earth shake and enlarge the path of the rivers! May the Rhine and the Rhone flood the fields of Spain! May the rivers turn aslant their immense springs! Pour hither the melted snows of the Rhiphaean mountains and the water from every mere and lake and stagnant marsh in all the world, and snatch away this hapless land from civil war.

But now Fortune, contented with having frightened her favourite a little, came back in full force; and the gods earned pardon by an exceptional exercise of their support. By this time the sky had cleared; the sun, a match for the waters, had broken up the thick clouds into fleeces; and the nights grew red as dawn came on. The elements took up their proper station: the moisture left the firmament, and all the waters that were overhead took the lowest room. Trees began to lift their foliage, hills to rise above the floods, and valleys to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Utque habuit ripas Sicoris camposque reliquit, 130
 Primum cana salix madefacto vimine parvam
 Textitur in puppim caesoque inducta iuvenco
 Vectoris patiens tumidum super emicat amnem.
 Sic Venetus stagnante Pado fusoque Britannus
 Navigat Oceano; sic, cum tenet omnia Nilus, 135
 Conseritur bibula Memphitis cumba papyro.
 His ratibus traiecta manus festinat utrimque
 Succisum curvare nemus, fluviique ferocis
 Incrementa timens non primis robora ripis
 Inposuit, medios pontem distendit in agros. 140
 Ac, ne quid Sicoris repetitis audeat undis,
 Spargitur in sulcos et scisso gurgite rivis
 Dat poenas maioris aquae. Postquam omnia fatis
 Caesaris ire videt, celsam Petreius Ilerdam
 Deserit et noti diffisus viribus orbis 145
 Indomitos quaerit populos et semper in arma
 Mortis amore feros, et tendit in ultima mundi.
 Nudatos Caesar colles desertaque castra
 Conspiciens capere arma iubet nec quaerere pontem
 Nec vada, sed duris fluvium superare lacertis. 150
 Paretur, rapuitque ruens in proelia miles
 Quod fugiens timuisset iter. Mox uda receptis
 Membra fovent armis gelidosque a gurgite cursu
 Restituunt artus, donec decresceret umbra

¹ By this is meant central Spain.

BOOK IV

grow solid at the sight of sunlight. And as soon as the Sicoris left the plains and had banks again, osiers of hoary willow were steeped and plaited to form small boats, which, when covered with the skin of a slain ox, carried passengers and rode high over the swollen river. In such craft the Venetian navigates the flooded Po, and the Briton his wide Ocean; and so, when Nile covers the land, the boats of Memphis are framed of thirsty papyrus. In these boats Caesar's soldiers were ferried over; in haste they began to cut down trees and form them into an arch on both banks; but, fearing a spate of the headstrong river, instead of placing their wooden bridge close by the margin, they carried it far into the fields. Also, that the Sicoris might never again wax bold with a renewal of its flood, it was divided into channels and punished for its overflow by having its waters split up into canals. When Petreius saw that Caesar's destiny was carrying all before it, he left Ilerda on the hill: distrusting the resources of the known world, he sought untamed peoples, whom contempt of death makes ever eager for battle; and he moved on towards the world's end.¹

When Caesar saw the hills bare and the camp deserted, he bade his men arm and cross the river by hard swimming, without looking for either bridge or ford; and they obeyed. The soldier, when rushing into battle, was eager for the passage which he would have feared if retreating. Soon they put on their arms again and dry their limbs; they march in haste to warm their frames chilled from the river, until the shadows grow shorter as day rises to its height. And now the cavalry were

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

In medium surgente die ; iamque agmina summa	155
Carpit eques, dubiique fugae pugnaeque tenentur.	
Attollunt campo geminae iuga saxea rupes	
Valle cava media ; tellus hinc ardua celsos	
Continuat colles, tutae quos inter opaco	
Anfractu latuere viae ; quibus hoste potito	160
Faucibus emitti terrarum in devia Martem	
Inque feras gentes Caesar videt. "Ite sine ullo	
Ordine" ait "raptumque fuga convertite bellum	
Et faciem pugnae voltusque inferte minaces ;	
Nec liceat pavidis ignava occumbere morte :	165
Excipiant recto fugientes pectore ferrum."	
Dixit et ad montes tendentem praevenit hostem.	
Illic exiguo paulum distantia vallo	
Castra locant. Postquam spatio languentia nullo	
Mutua conspicuos habuerunt lumina voltus,	170
[Hic fratres natosque suos videre patresque,] ¹	
Depreſsum eſt civile nefas. Tenuere parumper	
Ora metu, tantum nutu motoque ſalutant	
Enſe ſuos. Mox, ut ſtimulis maioribus ardens	
Rupit amor leges, audet transcendere vallum	175
Miles, in amplexus effuſas tendere palmas.	
Hospitis ille ciet nomen, vocat ille propinquum,	
Admonet hunc ſtudiis conſors puerilibus aetas ;	
Nec Romanus erat, qui non agnoverat hoſtem.	
Arma rigant lacrimis, ſingultibus oſcula rumpunt,	180
Et quamvis nullo maculatus ſanguine miles	

¹ 171 (*Here they saw their brothers, sons and fathers*) has little MS. authority and was ejected by Oudendorp.

¹ *I.e.* "discipline."

BOOK IV

harassing the rear of the enemy, who were held there, doubting whether to fight or flee.

Two cliffs raised their rocky ridges on the plain, leaving a hollow valley between. From that point the earth rises into a continuous range of lofty hills, among which a shadowed winding route was concealed and offered safety. Caesar saw that if the enemy reached that gorge, the war would slip from his hands and be transferred to outlandish regions and savage nations. "On with you, without keeping ranks," he cried, "and turn back the war which their flight has stolen from you; bring against them battle array and menacing countenances; frightened as they are, let them die no coward's death but meet the sword in front, even while they flee." Thus he spoke and outstripped the enemy as they sought to gain the mountains. There the two camps with low ramparts were pitched not far apart. When their eyes met, undimmed by distance, and they saw each other's faces clearly, then the horror of civil war was unmasked. For a short time fear¹ kept them silent, and they greeted their friends only by nodding their heads and waving their swords; but soon, when warm affection burst the bonds of discipline with stronger motives, the men ventured to climb over the palisade and stretch out eager hands for embraces. One hails a friend by name, another accosts a kinsman; the time spent in the same boyish pursuits recalls a face to memory; and he who had found no acquaintance among the foe was no true Roman. They besprinkle their weapons with tears; sobs interrupt their embraces; though stained by no bloodshed, they dread the deeds they might have done already.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quae potuit fecisse timet. Quid pectora pulsas?
Quid, vaesane, gemis? fletus quid fundis inanes
Nec te sponte tua sceleri parere fateris?
Usque adeone times, quem tu facis ipse timendum? 185
Classica det bello, saevos tu neglege cantus;
Signa ferat, cessa: iam iam civilis Erinys
Concidet, et Caesar generum privatus amabit.

Nunc ades, aeterno complectens omnia nexu,
O rerum mixtique salus Concordia mundi 190
Et sacer orbis amor; magnum nunc saecula nostra
Venturi discrimen habent. Periere latebrae
Tot scelerum, populo venia est erepta nocenti:
Agnovere suos. Pro numine fata sinistro
Exigua requie tantas augmentia clades! 195
Pax erat, et miles castris permixtus utrisque
Errabat; duro concordes caespite mensas
Instituunt et permixto libamina Baccho;
Graminei luxere foci, iunctoque cubili
Extrahit insomnes bellorum fabula noctes, 200
Quo primum steterint campo, qua lancea dextra
Exierit. Dum quae gesserunt fortia iactant
Et dum multa negant, quod solum fata petebant,
Est miseris renovata fides, atque omne futurum
Crevit amore nefas. Nam postquam foedera pacis 205
Cognita Petreio seque et sua tradita venum
Castra videt, famulas scelerata ad proelia dextras

BOOK IV

Fool! why beat your breast and groan and shed unavailing tears? Why not confess that you obey the command of crime by your own will? Do you dread so greatly the leader whom you alone make dreadful? If he sound the bugle for war, be deaf to its cruel note; if he advance his standards, stay still. Then in a moment the frenzy of civil war will collapse, and Caesar, in private station, will be friends with his daughter's husband.

Be present now, thou that embracest all things in an eternal bond, Harmony, the preserver of the world and the blended universe! Be present, thou hallowed Love that unitest the world! For at this moment our age can exercise a mighty influence upon the future. The disguise of all that wickedness has been torn off, and a guilty nation has been robbed of all excuse: the men have recognised their kinsmen. A curse on Fortune, whose malignant power uses a brief respite to make great calamities still greater! There was peace, and the men made friends and strolled about in either camp; they began friendly meals together and outpourings of blended wine, sitting on the hard ground; the fire burned on turf-built hearths; where they lay side by side, tales of the war went on through all the sleepless night—on what field they first fought, by what force of hand their javelin was launched. But while they boast of their brave actions and deny the truth of many tales, their friendship, alas! was renewed, which was all that Fortune desired, and all their future wickedness was made worse by their reconciliation.—For when Petreius heard of the peaceful compact and saw that he and his forces had been sold, he armed his slaves for infamous warfare.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Excitat atque hostes turba stipatus inermes
 Praecipitat castris iunctosque amplexibus ense
 Separat et multo disturbat sanguine pacem. 210
 Addidit ira ferox moturas proelia voces :
 “ Inmemor o patriae, signorum oblite tuorum,
 Non potes hoc causae, miles, praestare, senatus
 Adsertor victo redeas ut Caesare? certe,
 Ut vincare, potes. Dum ferrum, incertaque fata, 215
 Quique fluat multo non derit vulnere sanguis,
 Ibitis ad dominum damnataque signa feretis,
 Utque habeat famulos nullo discrimine Caesar,
 Exorandus erit? ducibus quoque vita petita est?
 Numquam nostra salus pretium mercesque nefandae 220
 Proditionis erit; non hoc civilia bella,
 Ut vivamus, agunt. Trahimur sub nomine pacis.
 Non chalybem gentes penitus fugiente metallo
 Eruerent, nulli vallarent oppida muri,
 Non sonipes in bella ferox, non iret in aequor 225
 Turrigeras classis pelago sparsura carinas,
 Si bene libertas umquam pro pace daretur.
 Hostes nempe meos sceleri iurata nefando
 Sacramenta tenent; at vobis vilior hoc est
 Vestra fides, quod pro causa pugnantibus aequa 230
 Et veniam sperare licet. Pro dira pudoris
 Funera! nunc toto fatorum ignarus in orbe,
 Magne, paras acies mundique extrema tenentes
 Sollicitas reges, cum forsitan foedere nostro
 Iam tibi sit promissa salus.” Sic fatur et omnes 235

BOOK IV

Surrounded by this band, he hurled the unarmed enemy out of the camp, separated the embrace of friends by the sword, and shattered the peace with much shedding of blood. His fierce anger prompted speech that was sure to provoke a fray: "Soldiers, regardless of your country and forgetful of your standards, if you cannot, in the cause of the Senate, conquer Caesar and return as liberators, you can at least be conquered for their sake. While your swords are left and the future is uncertain, and while you have blood enough to flow from many a wound, will you go over to a master and carry the standards which you once condemned? Must Caesar be implored to treat you no worse than his other slaves? Have you begged quarter for your generals also? Never shall our lives be the price and wages of foul treason. Our life is not the object of civil war. Under a pretence of peace we are dragged into captivity. Men would not dig out iron in the deep-burrowing mine, cities would not be fortified with walls, the spirited charger would not rush to battle, nor the fleet be launched to send turreted ships all over the sea, if it were ever right to barter freedom for peace. My foes, it seems, are true to the oath they swore—an oath which binds them to crime unspeakable; but you hold your allegiance cheaper, because you are fighting for a righteous cause and may therefore hope even for—pardon! Alas! that Honour should die so foul a death. At this moment Magnus, ignorant of his fate, is raising armies all over the world and rousing up kings who inhabit the ends of the earth, though perhaps our treaty has already bargained for his mere life."—His words worked strongly upon every

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Concussit mentes scelerumque reduxit amorem.
 Sic, ubi desuetae silvis in carcere cluso
 Mansuevere ferae et voltus posuere minaces
 Atque hominem didicere pati, si torrida parvus
 Venit in ora cruor, redeunt rabiesque furorque, 240
 Admonitaeque tument gustato sanguine fauces ;
 Fervet et a trepido vix abstinet ira magistro.
 Itur in omne nefas, et, quae Fortuna deorum
 Invidia caeca bellorum in nocte tulisset,
 Fecit monstra fides. Inter mensasque torosque, 245
 Quae modo complexu foverunt, pectora caedunt ;
 Et quamvis primo ferrum strinxere gementes,
 Ut dextrae iusti gladius dissuasor adhaesit,
 Dum feriunt, odere suos animosque labantes
 Confirmant ictu. Fervent iam castra tumultu, 250
 Ac velut occultum pereat scelus, omnia monstra
 In facie posuere ducum ; iuvat esse nocentes.
 Tu, Caesar, quamvis spoliatus milite multo,
 Agnoscis superos ; neque enim tibi maior in arvis 255
 Emathiis fortuna fuit nec Phocidos undis
 Massiliae, Phario nec tantum est aequore gestum,
 Hoc siquidem solo civilis crimine belli
 Dux causae melioris eris. Polluta nefanda
 Agmina caede duces iunctis committere castris 260
 Non audent, altaeque ad moenia rursus Ilerdae
 Intendere fugam. Campos eques obvius omnes
 Abstulit et siccis inclusit collibus hostem.

¹ At the battle of Pharsalia.

² Where Pompey was killed.

BOOK IV

heart and brought back the love of crime. So, when wild beasts have lost the habit of the woods and grown tame in a narrow prison, they lose their grim aspect and learn to submit to man ; but, if a drop of blood finds its way to their thirsty mouths, their rage and fury return, and their throats, reminded of their old life by the taste of blood, swell again ; their anger boils up and scarcely spares their frightened keeper. The soldiers proceed to every crime ; and horrors, which, to the discredit of the gods, Fortune might have brought about in the blind obscurity of battle, are wrought by loyal obedience. Among the tables and couches they pierce the very breasts which they lately embraced. And though they groaned at first when baring the steel, yet when the sword, that counsellor of evil, clings to their grasp, they hate the friends whom they strike, and their blows confirm their wavering purpose. The camp now seethes with uproar ; and, as if a secret crime would be wasted, they set every horror before the eyes of their commanders ; they glory in their guilt.

Caesar, though robbed of many soldiers, recognised the hand of heaven. Never indeed was he more fortunate, either on the Emathian plain¹ or on the sea of Phocian Massilia ; nor did the coast of Egypt² witness so great a triumph, inasmuch as he, thanks to this one crime of civil war, will be henceforward the leader of the better cause. The leaders dared not entrust their troops, stained with hideous bloodshed, to a camp near Caesar's, but directed their flight back to the walls of lofty Ilerda. Caesar's cavalry met them and drove them off the plains and cooped them up among waterless hills.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tunc inopes undae praerupta cingere fossa
 Caesar avet nec castra pati contingere ripas 265
 Aut circum largos curvari bracchia fontes.

Ut leti videre viam, conversus in iram
 Praecipitem timor est. Miles non utile clausis
 Auxilium mactavit equos, tandemque coactus
 Spe posita damnare fugam casurus in hostes 270
 Fertur. Ut effuso Caesar decurrere passu
 Vidit et ad certam devotos tendere mortem,
 "Tela tene iam, miles," ait "ferrumque ruenti
 Subtrahe : non ullo constet mihi sanguine bellum.
 Vincitur haud gratis, iugulo qui provocat hostem. 275
 En, sibi vilis adest invisae luce iuventus
 Iam damno peritura meo ; non sentiet ictus,
 Incumbet gladiis, gaudebit sanguine fuso.
 Deserat hic fervor mentes, cadat impetus amens,
 Perdant velle mori." Sic deflagrare minaces 280
 Incassum et vetito passus languescere bello,
 Substituit merso dum nox sua lumina Phoebo.
 Inde, ubi nulla data est miscendae copia mortis,
 Paulatim fugit ira ferox mentesque tepescunt ;
 Saucia maiores animos ut pectora gestant, 285
 Dum dolor est ictusque recens et mobile nervis
 Conamen calidus praebet cruor ossaque nondum
 Adduxere cutem : si conscius ensis adacti
 Stat victor tenuitque manus, tum frigidus artus
 Alligat atque animum subducto robore torpor, 290

¹ A gladiator is meant.

BOOK IV

Next Caesar eagerly attempts to surround them, in their lack of water, with a steep trench; he will not suffer their camp to reach the river banks or their outworks to enclose abundant springs.

When the soldiers saw the path to death before them, their fear was changed to headlong ardour. Having slaughtered their horses, as powerless to help men besieged, they were forced at last to abandon hope and reject flight, and rushed upon the foe with intent to perish. When Caesar saw the devoted warriors coming on at full speed to meet inevitable death, he called to his men, "Hold your weapons for a time and withdraw the sword from him who rushes to meet it; no lives of my own men must be lost in the battle; he who challenges the foe with his life costs his victor dear. See! they come, hating life and holding themselves cheap, and I must pay for their deaths: insensible to wounds, they will fling themselves on the sword and rejoice to shed their blood. This excitement must calm down; this wild enthusiasm must flag; they must lose their wish to die." So by refusing battle he suffered their threats to burn down to nothing and dwindle away, while the sun set and night replaced his light with her own. Then, when no chance was given them to kill and be killed, their ardour left them by degrees and their minds lost heat. So a wounded man¹ has higher courage, while his wound and his pain are fresh, and while the warm blood lends active force to the muscles, and before the skin has shrunk over the bones; but, if the conqueror, aware that his sword has gone home, stands still and refrains from striking, then cold numbness binds both mind and body and steals strength away,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Postquam sicca rigens astrinxit volnera sanguis.
 Iamque inopes undae primum tellure refossa
 Occultos latices abstrusaque flumina quaerunt ;
 Nec solum rastris durisque ligonibus arva
 Sed gladiis fodere suis, puteusque cavati 295
 Montis ad inrigui premitur fastigia campi.
 Non se tam penitus, tam longe luce relicta
 Merserit Astyrici scrutator pallidus auri.
 Non tamen aut tectis sonuerunt cursibus amnes,
 Aut micuere novi percusso pumice fontes, 300
 Antra neque exiguo stillant sudantia rore,
 Aut impulsa levi turbatur glarea vena.
 Tunc exhausta super multo sudore iuventus
 Extrahitur duris silicum lassata metallis ;
 Quoque minus possent siccos tolerare vapores, 305
 Quaesitae fecistis aquae. Nec languida fessi
 Corpora sustentant epulis, mensasque perosi
 Auxilium fecere famem. Si mollius arvom
 Prodidit umorem, pingues manus utraque glaebas
 Exprimit ora super ; nigro si turbida limo 310
 Conluvies inmota iacet, cadit omnis in haustus
 Certatim obscaenos miles moriensque recepit
 Quas nollet victurus aquas ; rituque ferarum
 Distentas siccant pecudes, et lacte negato
 Sordidus exhausto sorbetur ab ubere sanguis. 315
 Tunc herbas frondesque terunt et rore madentes
 Destringunt ramos et si quos palmite crudo
 Arboris aut tenera sucos pressere medulla.
 O fortunati, fugiens quos barbarus hostis
 Fontibus inmixto stravit per rura veneno. 320
 Hos licet in fluvios saniem tabemque ferarum,

BOOK IV

after the congealing blood has closed the drying wounds. And now, in their shortage of water, they begin by digging in search of hidden springs and underground streams; as well as iron rakes and picks they use their swords to pierce the soil; and wells in the excavated hillside are sunk to the level of the watered plain. The pale searcher after Asturian gold would not bury himself so deep, or leave daylight so far behind. But there was no sound of rivers with hidden courses, no new springs gushed from the smitten rock, no dripping caves oozed forth a scanty moisture, no gravel was stirred and lifted even by a slender vein of water. Then the men are hauled up to the surface, worn out with heavy labour and wearied by mining in the flint; and their quest for water has made them less able to endure the drought and heat. Nor was their bodily weakness and weariness supported by food: they abhorred all meat and called in hunger to help them against thirst. Wherever soft soil betrayed moisture, they squeezed the oozy clods over their mouths with both hands. Where pools of stagnant filth were caked with black mire, each man fell down eager for the foul draught, and dying swallowed water which, with a prospect of life, he would have refused; like wild beasts they drained the swollen udders of cattle, and, if milk was denied, sucked the pallid blood from the empty teats. Next, they pounded grass and leaves, and stripped the dew off branches, and brushed off any moisture they could squeeze from the green shoots or soft pith of trees.

Happy are those whom a barbarian foe, as he fled, has laid low upon the fields by mingling poison in the springs. Into the Spanish rivers Caesar may pour

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Pallida Dictaeis, Caesar, nascentia saxis
 Infundas aconita palam, Romana iuventus
 Non decepta bibet. Torrentur viscera flamma,
 Oraque sicca rigent squamosis aspera linguis ; 325
 Iam marcent venae, nulloque umore rigatus
 Aeris alternos angustat pulmo meatus,
 Rescissoque nocent suspiria dura palato ;
 Pandunt ora tamen nociturumque¹ aera captant.
 Expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant 330
 Impulsu, et siccis voltus in nubibus haerent.
 Quoque magis miseros undae ieiunia solvant,
 Non super arentem Meroen Cancrique sub axe,
 Qua nudi Garamantes arant, sedere, sed inter
 Stagnantem Sicorim et rapidum deprensus Hiberum 335
 Spectat vicinos sitiens exercitus annes.

Iam domiti cessere duces, pacisque petendae
 Auctor damnatis supplex Afranius armis
 Semianimes in castra trahens hostilia turmas
 Victoris stetit ante pedes. Servata precanti 340
 Maiestas non fracta malis, interque priorem
 Fortunam casusque novos gerit omnia victi,
 Sed ducis, et veniam securo pectore poscit :
 " Si me degeneri stravissent fata sub hoste,
 Non derat fortis rapiendo dextera leto. 345
 At nunc causa mihi est orandae sola salutis,
 Dignum donanda, Caesar, te credere vita.
 Non partis studiis agimur nec sumpsimus arma

¹ nociturum *Dorville* : nocturnum *MSS.*

BOOK IV

without concealment gore and the carrion of wild beasts, and the deadly aconite which grows on the rocks of Crete; and Roman soldiers will drink with their eyes open. Their inward parts are burnt with fire; their mouths are dry and hard, and rough with scaly tongues; by now their pulses flag, and their lungs, wetted by no moisture, choke the passage of air to and fro; and their difficult breathing is painful to their cracked palates; yet still they open their mouths, eager for the air that will prove their bane. They hope for rain—rain, whose downpour lately flooded all the land; and they fix their gaze on the rainless clouds. And, that the water-famine may break them down still more in their misery, their camp is not pitched beyond burning Meroe and beneath the sign of Cancer, where the naked Garamantes dwell; but the army, entrapped between the brimming Sicoris and the rapid Hiberus, can see the rivers close at hand while dying of thirst.

At last the leaders were overcome and yielded: Afranius advised that terms should be sought; despairing of resistance, he took with him squadrons of half-dead men to the enemy's camp, and stood in supplication before the conqueror's feet. The suppliant maintained his dignity unbroken by disaster; between his former high position and his recent misfortune, he had all the bearing of a general, though a defeated general, and he asked pardon with a mind at ease: "Had Fortune laid me low beneath an unworthy foeman, my own strong arm would not have failed to snatch death by violence; as it is, my sole reason for begging life is that I consider you, Caesar, worthy to grant it. We are not moved by party spirit; nor did we take up

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Consiliis inimica tuis. Nos denique bellum
Invenit civile duces, causaeque priori, 350
Dum potuit, servata fides. Nil fata moramur :
Tradimus Hesperias gentes, aperimus Eoas,
Securumque orbis patimur post terga relictī.
Nec cruor effusus campis tibi bella peregit
Nec ferrum lassaeque manus : hoc hostibus unum, 355
Quod vincas, ignosce tuis. Nec magna petuntur :
Otia des fessis, vitam patiaris inermes
Degere quam tribuis. Campis prostrata iacere
Agmina nostra putes ; nec enim felicibus armis
Misceri damnata decet, partemque triumphī 360
Captos ferre tui ; turba haec sua fata peregit.
Hoc petimus, victos ne tecum vincere cogas.”
Dixerat ; at Caesar facilis voltuque serenus
Flectitur atque usus belli poenamque remittit.
Ut primum iustae placuerunt foedera pacis, 365
Incustoditos decurrit miles ad amnes,
Incumbit ripis permissaque flumina turbat.
Continuus multis subitarum tractus aquarum
Aera non passus vacuis discurrere venis
Artavit clausitque animam ; nec fervida pestis 370
Cedit adhuc, sed morbus egens iam gurgite plenis
Visceribus sibi poscit aquas. Mox roborā nervis
Et vires rediere viris. O prodiga rerum
Luxuries numquam parvo contenta paratis

BOOK IV

arms in opposition to your designs. In fact, the civil war found us at the head of an army; and, while we could, we were loyal to our former cause. We make no attempt to hinder destiny: to you we surrender the nations of the West and open the way to the East; we enable you to feel no anxiety for the region you leave in your rear. Your victory has not been gained by blood poured forth upon the plains, nor by the sword plied till the arm was weary; pardon your foes their one crime—that you are victorious over us. We do not ask much: only give rest to the weary, and suffer those to whom you grant life to spend it unarmed. Deem that our ranks lie prostrate on the field; for captives must not share in your triumph, nor warriors condemned by fate be mingled with conquerors: my army has completed its own destiny. This we beg—that you will not compel us whom you have conquered to conquer along with you.”

Thus he spoke; and Caesar readily gave way with unclouded brow; he excused them from service in his army and from all punishment. As soon as the treaty of peace was settled in due form, the men rushed down to the unguarded rivers, lay down upon the banks, and made muddy the streams thrown open to them. While they gulped down the water, the uninterrupted draught prevented the air from passing through the empty arteries: it contracted and blocked the windpipes of many; nor does the burning plague yet abate, but the craving malady demands yet more when the stomach is full of water already. Soon the muscles recovered power, and the soldiers grew strong again. O Luxury, extravagant of resources and never satisfied with what

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et quaesitorum terra pelagoque ciborum 375
 Ambitiosa fames et lautae gloria mensae,
 Discite, quam parvo liceat producere vitam
 Et quantum natura petat. Non erigit aegros
 Nobilis ignoto diffusus consule Bacchus,
 Non auro murraque bibunt, sed gurgite puro 380
 Vita redit. Satis est populis fluviusque Ceresque.
 Heu miseri, qui bella gerunt ! Tunc arma relinquens
 Victori miles spoliato pectore tutus
 Innocuusque suas curarum liber in urbes
 Spargitur. O quantum donata pace potitos 385
 Excussis unquam ferrum vibrasse lacertis
 Paenituit, tolerasse sitim frustra que rogasse
 Prospera bella deos ! Nempe usis Marte secundo
 Tot dubiae restant acies, tot in orbe labores ;
 Ut numquam fortuna labet successibus anceps, 390
 Vincendum totiens ; terras fundendus in omnes
 Est cruor et Caesar per tot sua fata sequendus.
 Felix, qui potuit mundi nutante ruina
 Quo iaceat iam scire loco. Non proelia fessos
 Ulla vocant, certos non rumpunt classica somnos. 395
 Iam coniunx nati que rudes et sordida tecta
 Et non deductos recipit sua terra colonos.
 Hoc quoque securis oneris fortuna remisit,
 Sollicitus menti quod abest favor : ille salutis
 Est auctor, dux ille fuit. Sic proelia soli 400

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costs little; and ostentatious hunger for dainties sought over land and sea; and ye who take pride in delicate eating—hence ye may learn how little it costs to prolong life, and how little nature demands. No famous vintage, bottled in the year of a long forgotten consul, restores these to health; they drink not out of gold or agate, but gain new life from pure water; running water and bread are enough for mankind.

Alas for those who still fight on! These men abandon their arms to the conqueror; safe, though they are stripped of their breast-plates, harmless and free from care, they are scattered among their native cities. Now that they possess the gift of peace, how much they regret that they ever hurled the steel with vigorous arms, and endured thirst, and prayed mistakenly to the gods for victory! For the victors, it is sure, so many doubtful battles and hardships over all the world still lie ahead; even though Fortune never fail—Fortune fickle in her favours—still they must conquer again and again, and shed their blood on every land, and follow Caesar through all his chances and changes. When the whole world is nodding to its fall, happy the man who has been able to learn already the lowly place appointed for him. No battles call them from where they rest; no trumpet-call breaks their sound slumbers. They are welcomed now by their wives and innocent babes, by their simple dwellings and their native soil, nor are they settled there as colonists. Of another burden too Fortune relieves them: their minds are rid of the trouble of partisanship; for, if Caesar granted them their lives, Pompey was once their leader. Thus they alone are happy,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Felices nullo spectant civilia voto.

Non eadem belli totum fortuna per orbem
 Constitit, in partes aliquid sed Caesaris ausa est.
 Qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salonas
 Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader, 405
 Illic bellaci confisus gente Curictûm,
 Quos alit Hadriaco tellus circumflua ponto,
 Clauditur extrema residens Antonius ora,
 Cautus ab incursu belli, si sola recedat,
 Expugnat quae tuta, fames. Non pabula tellus 410
 Pascendis summittit equis, non proserit ullam
 Flava Ceres segetem ; spoliarat ¹ gramine campum
 Miles et attonso miseris iam dentibus arvo
 Castrorum siccas de caespite volserat herbas.
 Ut primum adversae socios in litore terrae 415
 Et Basilum videre ducem, nova furta per aequor
 Exquisita fugae. Neque enim de more carinas
 Extendunt puppesque levant, sed firma gerendis
 Molibus insolito contexunt robora ductu.
 Namque ratem vacuae sustentant undique cupae, 420
 Quarum porrectis series constricta catenis
 Ordinibus geminis obliquas excipit alnos ;
 Nec gerit expositum telis in fronte patenti
 Remigium, sed, quod trabibus circumdedit aequor,
 Hoc ferit et taciti praebet miracula cursus, 425
 Quod nec vela ferat nec apertas verberet undas.

¹ spoliarat *Quietus* : spoliabat *MSS.*

¹ The town, not the river, of that name.

² Curicta is an island off the coast of Illyricum.

³ C. Antonius, brother of the triumvir, commanded a body of Caesar's troops on the island ; Basilus with more of

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looking on at civil war with no prayer for the success of either.

The fortune of war did not remain unchanged all the world over, but dared to strike one blow against Caesar's side. Where the Adriatic wave beats on the straggling town of Salonae, and where mild Iader¹ runs out towards the soft West winds, there Antonius, trusting in the warlike race of the Curictae,² who dwell in an island surrounded by the Adriatic waters, was pent up within his camp on the edge of the shore. He was safe against armed attack, if only he could keep famine at bay—famine which takes the impregnable fortress. The earth sends up no fodder to feed his horses; golden Ceres puts forth no corn there; the soldiers had robbed the field of its grass; and, when they had nibbled the blades close with starving teeth, they had torn the withered tufts from the sods that formed the camp. As soon as they saw a friendly force commanded by Basilus³ on the mainland opposite, they devised a novel plan to steal in flight across the deep. They built no long hulls, no high sterns, as the custom is, but joined stout planks together on unwonted lines to carry heavy structures. This raft rested entirely upon empty barrels, a succession of which, lashed together in double rows by long chains, supported the planks laid transversely across them. Nor were the rowers she carried exposed to missiles along an open front; but they struck the water enclosed by the timbers; and the raft presented the puzzle of mysterious motion, because it carried no sail and did not thrash the waves visibly.

Caesar's men was at some point on the mainland; and M. Octavius, Pompey's admiral, held the coast.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tum freta servantur, dum se declivibus undis
 Aestus agat refluoque mari nudentur harenae.
 Iamque relabenti crescebant litora ponto :
 Missa ratis prono defertur lapsa profundo 430
 Et geminae comites. Cunctas super ardua turris
 Eminent et tremulis tabulata minantia pinnis.
 Noluit Illyricae custos Octavius undae
 Confestim temptare ratem, celeresque carinas
 Continuit, cursu crescat dum praeda secundo, 435
 Et temere ingressos repetendum invitat ad aequor
 Pace maris. Sic, dum pavidos formidine cervos
 Claudat odoratae metuentes aera pinnae,
 Aut dum dispositis attollat retia varis,
 Venator tenet ora levis clamosa Molossi, 440
 Spartanos Cretasque ligat, nec creditur ulli
 Silva cani, nisi qui presso vestigia rostro
 Colligit et praeda nescit latrare reperta,
 Contentus tremulo monstrasse cubilia loro.
 Nec mora, complentur moles, avideque petitis 445
 Insula deseritur ratibus, quo tempore primas
 Impedit ad noctem iam lux extrema tenebras.
 At Pompeianus fraudes innectere ponto
 Antiqua parat arte Cilix, passusque vacare
 Summa freti medio suspendit vincula ponto 450
 Et laxae fluitare sinit, religatque catenas
 Rupis ab Illyricae scopulis. Nec prima nec illam
 Quae sequitur tardata ratis, sed tertia moles

¹ *formido*, "scare," was the name given to an arrangement of coloured feathers, which prevented hunted animals from breaking through.

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Next they watched the sea till the time when the tide should move with downward-flowing waters and the sand be left bare by the ebb. So, when the sea began to flow back and the shore to grow, the raft was launched and sped gliding down the current, and her two consorts with her. High above each rose a tower and stages that threatened with nodding battlements. Octavius, who guarded the Illyrian waters, would not at once attack the raft, but held his swift ships back, until his prey should be increased by a prosperous passage. When they had begun their rash venture, he encouraged them, by leaving the sea open, to try a second voyage. So the hunter proceeds: until he pens in the stags, alarmed by the "scare"¹ and dreading the scent of the tainted feathers, or until he sets up his nets on the line of props, he shuts the noisy mouth of the swift Molossian hound, and keeps in leash the hounds of Sparta and Crete; the only dog allowed to range the forest is he who puzzles out the scent with nose to the ground and never thinks of barking when his prey is discovered, content to indicate the creature's lair by tugging at the leash. Soon the hulks are manned; eagerly they embark on the rafts and abandon the island; it was the time when the last lingering light hinders the first darkness from bringing on the night. But the Cilicians in Pompey's pay, resorting to their ancient skill, prepared to lay a trap in the sea. Leaving the surface empty, they hung ropes at half the depth of the water and suffered them to drift about at large, and bound the cables to the cliffs of the Illyrian shore. Neither the first raft nor the second was hampered, but the third hulk stuck fast and was drawn to the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Haesit et ad cautes adducto fune secuta est.
 Inpendent cava saxa mari, ruituraque semper 455
 Stat—mirum—moles et silvis aequor inumbrat.
 Huc fractas Aquilone rates summersaque pontus
 Corpora saepe tulit caecisque abscondit in antris ;
 Restituit raptus tectum mare, cumque cavernae
 Evomuere fretum, contorti vorticis undae 460
 Tauromenitanam vincunt fervore Charybdim.
 Hic Opiterginis moles onerata colonis
 Constitit ; hanc omni puppes statione solutae
 Circumeunt, alii rupes ac litora complent.
 Vulteius tacitas sentit sub gurgite fraudes 465
 —Dux erat ille ratis—frustra qui vincula ferro
 Rumpere conatus poscit spe proelia nulla
 Incertus qua terga daret, qua pectora bello.
 Hoc tamen in casu, quantum deprensa valebat,
 Effecit virtus : inter tot milia captae 470
 Circumfusa rati et plenam vix inde cohortem
 Pugna fuit, non longa quidem ; nam condidit umbra
 Nox lucem dubiam, pacemque habuere tenebrae.
 Tum sic attonitam venturaque fata paventem
 Rexit magnanima Vulteius voce cohortem : 475
 “ Libera non ultra parva quam nocte iuventus,
 Consulite extremis angusto in tempore rebus.
 Vita brevis nulli superest, qui tempus in illa
 Quaerendae sibi mortis habet ; nec gloria leti
 Inferior, iuvenes, admoto occurrere fato. 480
 Omnibus incerto venturae tempore vitae,

¹ These men had been enlisted on Caesar's side at Opitergium in Transpadane Gaul : the "ships" are those of Octavius.

² Because he was surrounded by enemies.

³ *admoto* : the meaning is, that the credit of suicide is not less when death is in any case close at hand than when it is further away : the idea is repeated in ll. 482, 3.

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rocks when the rope was tightened. Hollow cliffs overhang the sea, and their mass, ever in act to fall, stands marvellously firm, and shadows the water with trees. Hither the tide often bore ships wrecked by the North wind and the bodies of drowned men, and buried them in hidden caverns; but the sea beneath the rocks restored its prey, and whenever the caves vomited forth the tide, the waves of the whirling eddy surpassed the fury of Sicilian Charybdis. Here the hulk halted, weighed down with men of Opitergium;¹ and all the ships, casting loose from their anchorage, surround it, while other foes cover the rocks and the shore. Vulteius, the captain of the raft, perceived the trap concealed beneath the water, and tried in vain to sever the ropes with his sword; then he called for battle with no hope of victory, not knowing² on which side he was offering his back or his front to attack. Yet even in this plight valour did all that valour could do, when taken at a disadvantage: a battle was fought between the many thousands who swarmed round the captured raft and the men on board, who were barely six hundred; but the battle soon ended; for the shades of night hid the twilight, and the darkness brought a truce.

Then thus Vulteius with noble speech kept his men steady, appalled as they were with dread of coming death: "Soldiers, free for no longer than the brief space of a night, use the short interval to decide upon your course in this extremity. No life is short that gives a man time to slay himself; nor does it lessen the glory of suicide to meet doom at close quarters.³ For all men the future of life is uncertain; and, though it is noble in the mind to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Par animi laus est et, quos speraveris, annos
 Perdere et extremæ momentum abrumpere lucis,
 Accersas dum fata manu; non cogitur ullus
 Velle mori. Fuga nulla patet, stant undique nostris 485
 Intenti cives iugulis: decernite letum,
 Et metus omnis abest. Cupias, quodcumque necesse est.
 Non tamen in caeca bellorum nube cadendum est,
 Aut cum permixtas acies sua tela tenebris
 Involvent. Conferta iacent cum corpora campo, 490
 In medium mors omnis abit, perit obruta virtus:
 Nos in conspicua sociis hostique carina
 Constituere dei. Praebebunt aequora testes,
 Praebebunt terræ, summis dabit insula saxis,
 Spectabunt geminae diverso litore partes. 495
 Nescio quod nostris magnum et memorabile fatis
 Exemplum, Fortuna, paras. Quaecumque per aevum
 Exhibuit monimenta fides servataque ferro
 Militiæ pietas, transisset nostra iuventus.
 Namque suis pro te gladiis incumbere, Caesar, 500
 Esse parum scimus; sed non maiora supersunt
 Obsessis, tanti quæ pignora demus amoris.
 Abscidit nostræ multum fors invida laudi,
 Quod non cum senibus capti natisque tenemur.
 Indomitos sciat esse viros timeatque furentes 505
 Et morti faciles animos et gaudeat hostis
 Non plures haesisse rates. Temptare parabunt
 Foederibus turpique volent corrumpere vita.
 O utinam, quo plus habeat mors unica famæ,

¹ *I.e.* from two different points on the shore.

² Had opportunity been granted.

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forfeit years that you look forward to, it is no less noble to cut short even a moment of remaining life, provided that you summon death by your own act. No man is forced to die voluntarily. No escape is open to us; our countrymen surround us, eager for our lives; resolve upon death, and then all fear is dispelled: let a man desire whatever he cannot avoid. Yet we are not compelled to fall on the blind haze of battle, or when their own missiles cover the confused armies with darkness. When the dead lie thick upon the field, each death is merged in a common account, and valour, thus overlaid, is wasted. But us the gods have placed on a ship that is seen by friend and foe: sea and land and the topmost cliffs of the island will provide witnesses; the two parties from the two opposite shores¹ will look on. By our death Fortune designs some mighty and memorable example for posterity. Our company would have surpassed² all records that time has preserved of loyalty and military devotion, maintained by the sword. For we know that it is not enough for Caesar's men to fall upon their swords in his defence; but, hemmed in as we are, we have no greater pledge to give of our deep devotion. Grudging Fortune has subtracted much from our glory, inasmuch as we are not held prisoners together with our old men and our little ones. But let the foe learn that our men are unconquerable; let him dread the mad courage that welcomes death; and let him thank his stars that only one of the rafts stuck fast. They will try to tempt us with terms of peace, and will seek to bribe us by the offer of dishonourable life. I wish that they would promise pardon and encourage us to hope for life;

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Promittant veniam, iubeant sperare salutem, 510
 Ne nos, cum calido fodiemus viscera ferro,
 Desperasse putent. Magna virtute merendum est,
 Caesar ut amissis inter tot milia paucis
 Hoc damnum clademque vocet. Dent fata recessum
 Emmittantque licet, vitare instantia nolim. 515
 Proieci vitam, comites, totusque futurae
 Mortis agor stimulis: furor est. Agnoscere solis
 Permissum, quos iam tangit vicinia fati,
 Victurosque dei celant, ut vivere durent,
 Felix esse mori." Sic cunctas sustulit ardor 520
 Mobilium¹ mentes iuvenum. Cum sidera caeli
 Ante ducis voces oculis umentibus omnes
 Aspicerent flexoque Ursae temone paverent,
 Idem, cum fortes animos praecepta subissent,
 Optavere diem. Nec segnis vergere ponto 525
 Tunc erat astra polus; nam sol Ledaea tenebat
 Sidera, vicino cum lux altissima Cancro est;
 Nox tum Thessalicas urgebat parva sagittas.

Detegit orta dies stantes in rupibus Histros
 Pugnacesque mari Graia cum classe Liburnos. 530
 Temptavere prius suspenso vincere bello
 Foederibus, fieret captis si dulcior ipsa
 Mortis vita mora. Stabat devota iuventus
 Damnata iam luce ferox securaque pugnae

¹ Mobilium *Bentley*: Nobilium *MSS.*

¹ Midsummer, when the sun is in Gemini and Sagittarius (the Archer) is above the horizon all night.

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for so our matchless death would gain greater renown, and they would not think, when they see us pierce our vitals with the warm steel, that we have abandoned hope. It requires a mighty deed of valour to make Caesar, when he loses a few men out of so many thousands, call it a disaster and a defeat. Should Fate now suffer me to withdraw and release me from her grasp, I should refuse to shun what lies before me. I have cast life behind me, comrades, and am wholly driven on by the excitement of coming death; it is a veritable possession. None but those whom the approach of death already overshadows are suffered to know that death is a blessing; from those who have life before them the gods conceal this, in order that they may go on living." By his words the hearts of all the warriors were changed, and swelled with martial ardour. Before their leader spoke they all watched the stars in heaven with weeping eyes, and trembled when the pole of the Wain went round; but now, when his exhortation had sunk into their stout hearts; they prayed for daylight. Nor at that season¹ did the sky take long to sink the stars in the sea; for the sun was in the constellation of Gemini, when his disk reaches its zenith and Cancer is close at hand; short was the night that then brooded over the Thessalian Archer.

Dawn came and revealed the Histrians posted on the cliffs and the fierce Liburnians on the sea with the Greek fleet. They suspended the fight and tried first to conquer by agreement, hoping that the mere postponement of death might make life sweeter to the prisoners in the trap. But the devoted men stood firm: contempt of life made them bold, and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Promisso sibi fine manu, nullique tumultus 535
 Excussere viris mentes ad summa paratas ;
 Innumerasque simul pauci terraque marique
 Sustinuere manus ; tanta est fiducia mortis.
 Utque satis bello visum est fluxisse cruoris,
 Versus ab hoste furor. Primus dux ipse carinae 540
 Vulteius iugulo poscens iam fata relecto
 " Ecquis " ait " iuvenum est, cuius sit dextra cruore
 Digna meo certa que fide per volnera nostra
 Testetur se velle mori ? " Nec plura locuto
 Viscera non unus iamdudum transigit ensis. 545
 Conlaudat cunctos, sed eum, cui volnera prima
 Debebat, grato moriens interficit ictu.
 Concurrunt alii totumque in partibus unis
 Bellorum fecere nefas. Sic semine Cadmi
 Emicuit Dircaea cohors ceciditque suorum 550
 Volneribus, dirum Thebanis fratribus omen ;
 Phasidos et campis insomni dente creati
 Terrigenae missa magicis e cantibus ira
 Cognato tantos inplerunt sanguine sulcos,
 Ipsaque, inexpertis quod primum fecerat herbis, 555
 Expavit Medea nefas. Sic mutua pacti
 Fata cadunt iuvenes, minimumque in morte virorum
 Mors virtutis habet. Pariter sternuntque caduntque
 Volnere letali ; nec quemquam dextra fefellit,
 Cum feriat moriente manu. Nec volnus adactis 560
 Debetur gladiis : percussum est pectore ferrum,

¹ See note to i. 552.

² It needed more courage to kill their comrades than to face death themselves.

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they were indifferent to the issue of the fight, because they had engaged to kill themselves; no uproar of assault could dislodge the resolution that was prepared for the worst; and their small company withstood the countless hands that attacked them by land and sea at once; so great is the confidence inspired by death. Then, when they deemed that blood enough had been shed in battle, they turned their fury away from the foe. First Vulteius himself, the captain of the craft, bared his throat and called for death. "Is any soldier here," he cried, "whose right arm is worthy of my blood, who will prove his wish to die beyond all doubt by slaying me?" Before he could speak another word, his body was pierced instantly by more swords than one. He thanked them all, but dying slew with grateful stroke him to whom he owed his first wound. Others met in combat; and there the horrors of civil war were enacted in full by one faction alone. Thus from the seed sown by Cadmus the Theban warriors started up and were slain by the swords of their kinsmen—a dismal omen for the Theban brothers;¹ and thus in the land of the Phasis the sons of Earth, who sprang from the teeth of the sleepless dragon, filled the vast furrows with kindred blood, when magic spells had filled them with fury; and Medea herself was appalled by the first crime which her herbs, untried before, had wrought. So the soldiers fell, sworn to slay each other; and in the death of those heroes death itself called for least courage;² at the same instant they dealt a fatal wound and received it; and no man's right hand failed him, though he struck with dying arm. Nor were their wounds due to the pressure of the sword; but their breasts

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et iuguli pressere manum. Cum sorte cruenta
 Fratibus incurrunt fratres natusque parenti,
 Haud trepidante tamen toto cum pondere dextra
 Exegere enses. Pietas ferientibus una 565
 Non repetisse fuit. Iam latis viscera lapsa
 Semianimes traxere foris multumque cruorem
 Infudere mari. Despectam cernere lucem
 Victoresque suos voltu spectare superbo
 Et mortem sentire iuvat. Iam strage cruenta 570
 Conspicitur cumulata ratis, bustisque remittunt
 Corpora victores, ducibus mirantibus, ulli
 Esse ducem tanti. Nullam maiore locuta est
 Ore ratem totum discurrens Fama per orbem.
 Non tamen ignavae post haec exempla virorum 575
 Percipient gentes, quam sit non ardua virtus
 Servitium fugisse manu, sed regna timentur
 Ob ferrum, et saevis libertas uritur armis,
 Ignorantque datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses.
 Mors, utinam pavidos vitae subducere nolles, 580
 Sed virtus te sola daret!

Non signior illo

Marte fuit, qui tum Libycis exarsit in arvis.
 Namque rates audax Lilybaeo litore solvit
 Curio, nec forti velis Aquilone recepto
 Inter semirutas magnae Carthaginis arces 585
 Et Clipeam tenuit stationis litora notae,
 Primaque castra locat cano procul aequore, qua se
 Bagrada lentus agit siccae sulcator harenae.

BOOK IV

dashed against the steel, and their throats struck the hand of the striker. At a time when murderous destiny made brother rush on brother and son on his father, yet their right hands never hesitated but drove the sword home with all its weight. The only proof of affection the slayer could give was to strike no second blow. By now half dead, they dragged their protruding entrails over the wide gangways and poured streams of blood into the sea. They rejoice to see the light they have rejected, to watch their conquerors with disdainful eyes, and to feel the approach of death. And now when the raft was seen piled high with carnage, the victors yield up the dead to the funeral pyre, while their leaders marvel that any man should prize his leader so highly. Fame, that flies abroad over the whole earth, never spoke with louder voice of any vessel. Yet even after the example set by these heroes, cowardly nations will not understand how simple a feat it is to escape slavery by suicide; and the tyrant is dreaded for his sword, and freedom is weighed down by cruel weapons, and men are ignorant that the purpose of the sword is to save every man from slavery. O that death were the reward of the brave only, and would refuse to release the coward from life!

No less fiercely the fire of war blazed up then in the land of Libya. For bold Curio weighed anchor on the shore of Sicily, and a gentle North wind filled the sails, till he gained the shore of famous anchorage between Clipea and the half-ruined citadels of great Carthage. His first camp he pitched at some distance from the hoary sea, where the Bagrada slowly pushes on and furrows the thirsty

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Inde petit tumulos exesasque undique rupes,
 Antaei quas regna vocat non vana vetustas. 590
 Nominis antiqui cupientem noscere causas
 Cognita per multos docuit rudis incola patres :
 " Nondum post genitos Tellus effeta gigantas
 Terribilem Libycis partum concepit in antris.
 Nec tam iusta fuit terrarum gloria Typhon 595
 Aut Tityos Briareusque ferox ; caeloque pepercit,
 Quod non Phlegraeis Antaeum sustulit arvis.
 Hoc quoque tam vastas cumulavit munere vires
 Terra sui fetus, quod, cum tetigere parentem,
 Iam defecta vigent renovato robore membra. 600
 Haec illi spelunca domus ; latuisse sub alta
 Rupe ferunt, epulas raptos habuisse leones ;
 Ad somnos non terga ferae praebere cubile
 Adsuerunt, non silva torum, viresque resumit
 In nuda tellure iacens. Periere coloni 605
 Arvorum Libyae, pereunt quos appulit aequor ;
 Auxilioque diu virtus non usa cadendi
 Terrae spernit opes : invictus robore cunctis,
 Quamvis staret, erat. Tandem volgata cruenti
 Fama mali terras monstris aequorque levantem 610
 Magnanimum Alciden Libycas excivit in oras.
 Ille Cleonaei proiecit terga leonis,
 Antaeus Libyci ; perfundit membra liquore
 Hospes Olympicae servato more palaestrae,

¹ Where the other giants fought against the gods.

² This was the invariable garment of Hercules, and he threw it down before wrestling.

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sand. From there he marched to the rocky eminence, hollowed out on all sides, which tradition with good reason calls the realm of Antaeus. When he sought to learn the origin of that ancient name, he was told by an unlettered countryman a tale handed down through many generations :

“ Even after the birth of the Giants Earth was not past bearing, and she conceived a fearsome offspring in the caves of Libya. She had more cause to boast of him than of Typhon or Tityos and fierce Briareus ; and she dealt mercifully with the gods when she did not raise up Antaeus on the field of Phlegra.¹ Further she crowned the vast strength of her child with this gift, that his limbs, whenever they touched their mother, recovered from weariness and renewed their strength. Yonder cave was his dwelling ; men say that he hid beneath the towering cliff and feasted on the lions he had carried off ; when he slept, no skins of wild beasts made him a bed, nor did the trees supply him with bedding ; but his custom was to lie on the bare earth and so recover strength. He slew the tillers of the Libyan fields ; he slew the strangers whom the sea brought to the shore ; and for long, in his might, he spurned his mother’s aid and never availed himself of the help that falling gave ; so strong was he that even when he stood upright none could overcome him. The hero Alcides was then ridding land and sea of monsters, when the widespread report of this bloodstained ogre summoned him to the borders of Libya. Down on the ground he threw the skin of the Nemean lion² ; the skin that Antaeus threw down came from a lion of Libya. The stranger, faithful to the fashion of wrestlers at Olympia, drenched his limbs with oil ; the other, not trusting

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ille parum fidens pedibus contingere matrem 615
 Auxilium membris calidas infudit harenas.
 Conseruere manus et multo bracchia nexu ;
 Colla diu gravibus frustra temptata lacertis,
 Inmotumque caput fixa cum fronte tenetur ;
 Miranturque habuisse parem. Nec viribus uti 620
 Alcides primo voluit certamine totis,
 Exhaustique virum, quod creber anhelitus illi
 Prodidit et gelidus fesso de corpore sudor.
 Tum cervix lassata quati, tum pectore pectus
 Urgueri, tunc obliqua percussa labare 625
 Crura manu. Iam terga viri cedentia victor
 Alligat et medium compressis ilibus artat
 Inguinaque insertis pedibus distendit et omnem
 Explicuit per membra virum. Rapit arida tellus
 Sudorem : calido conplentur sanguine venae, 630
 Intumescere tori, totosque induruit artus
 Herculeosque novo laxavit corpore nodos.
 Constitit Alcides stupefactus robore tanto,
 Nec sic Inachiis, quamvis rudis esset, in undis
 Desectam timuit reparatis anguibus hydram. 635
 Confixere pares, Telluris viribus ille,
 Ille suis. Numquam saevae sperare novercae
 Plus licuit ; videt exhaustos sudoribus artus
 Cervicemque viri, siccam cum ferret Olympum.
 Utque iterum fessis iniecit bracchia membris, 640
 Non expectatis Antaeus viribus hostis
 Sponte cadit maiorque accepto robore surgit.

¹ Hera, the wife of Zeus.

BOOK IV

to contact with his mother Earth by means of his feet alone, poured hot sand over his limbs to help him. They locked hands and arms in manifold embrace; for long they tried the strength of each other's necks with the pressure of arms, without result; each head remained unmoved with steadfast forehead; each marvelled to find that his match existed on earth. Unwilling to put forth all his strength at the beginning of the contest, Alcides wore down his opponent; and this was made clear to him by the quick panting and the cold sweat that poured from the weary frame. Soon his neck flagged and gave way, soon breast was borne down by breast, soon the legs tottered, struck by a sidelong blow of the fist. Then the victor pins his foe's yielding back, hugs his loins and squeezes his middle, thrusts his own feet to part the thighs, and lays his man at full length upon the ground, from top to toe. But, when the dry earth eagerly drank his sweat, his veins were replenished with warm blood, his muscles swelled out, his whole frame grew tough, and he loosened the grip of Hercules with fresh strength. Alcides stood astonished by such great might: even by the waters of Inachus, though he was inexperienced then, he felt less fear of the chopped Hydra when her snakes grew again. The combatants were well matched, one fighting with the strength of Earth, the other with his own. Never was the cruel stepmother¹ of Hercules more sanguine of success: she sees his body and his neck worn out with toil—that neck that never sweated when it supported Olympus. He grappled a second time with his weary foe; but Antaeus, without waiting for the pressure of his antagonist, fell down voluntarily and rose up more

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quisquis inest terris in fessos spiritus artus
 Egeritur, Tellusque viro luctante laborat.
 Ut tandem auxilium tactae prodesse parentis 645
 Alcides sensit, 'Standum est tibi,' dixit 'et ultra
 Non credere solo, sternique vetabere terra.
 Haerebis pressis intra mea pectora membris :
 Huc, Antaeae, cades.' Sic fatus sustulit alte
 Nitentem in terras iuvenem. Morientis in artus 650
 Non potuit nati Tellus permittere vires :
 Alcides medio tenuit iam pectora pigro
 Stricta gelu terrisque diu non credidit hostem.
 Hinc, aevi veteris custos, famosa vetustas
 Miratrixque sui signavit nomine terras. 655
 Sed maiora dedit cognomina collibus istis
 Poenum qui Latiis revocavit ab arcibus hostem
 Scipio ; nam sedes Libyca tellure potito
 Haec fuit. En, veteris cernis vestigia valli.
 Romana hos primum tenuit victoria campos." 660
 Curio laetatus, tamquam fortuna locorum
 Bella gerat servetque ducum sibi fata priorum,
 Felici non fausta loco tentoria ponens
 Indulsit castris et collibus abstulit omen,
 Sollicitatque feros non aequis viribus hostes. 665
 Omnis Romanis quae cesserat Africa signis,
 Tum Vari sub iure fuit ; qui robore quamquam
 Confisus Latio regis tamen undique vires

¹ Hannibal.

BOOK IV

mighty with an accession of strength. All the vital power that resides in the earth poured into his wearied limbs; and Earth suffers in the wrestling-match of her son. When at last Alcides perceived that his foe got help by contact with his mother, 'You must stand upright' said he; 'no more will I trust you to the ground or suffer you to lie down upon the earth; here you shall remain, with your body clasped in my embrace; if you fall, Antaeus, you shall fall on me.' Thus Alcides spoke and lifted on high the giant who struggled to gain the ground. Earth was unable to convey strength into the frame of her dying son; for Alcides, standing between, gripped the breast that was already stiff with cold obstruction, and refused for long to trust his foe to the earth. Hence the land has got its name from long tradition which treasures the past and thinks highly of itself. But a greater name was given to these heights by Scipio, when he brought the Carthaginian invader¹ back from the citadels of Latium. Here he encamped when he reached the soil of Libya; yonder you see the remains of his ancient rampart; these are the fields which the Roman conqueror first occupied."

Curio heard this with joy, believing that the lucky spot would fight for him, and repeat for him the success of former leaders. Pitching his ill-starred tents on that lucky ground, he trusted too much to his encampment and robbed the heights of their good fortune. He challenged a fierce enemy who was too strong for him.

All of Africa that had yielded to the Roman arms was then commanded by Varus; and he, though he relied on Roman soldiers, nevertheless summoned

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Excivit, Libycas gentes, extremaque mundi
 Signa suum comitata Iubam. Non fusior ulli 670
 Terra fuit domino : qua sunt longissima, regna
 Cardine ab occiduo vicinus Gadibus Atlas
 Terminat, a medio confinis Syrtibus Hammon ;
 At, qua lata iacet, vasti plaga fervida regni
 Distinet Oceanum zonaeque exusta calentis. 675
 Sufficiunt spatio populi : tot castra secuntur,
 Autololes Numidaeque vagi semperque paratus
 Inculto Gaetulus equo, tum concolor Indo
 Maurus, inops Nasamon, mixti Garamante perusto
 Marmaridae volucres, aequaturusque sagittas 680
 Medorum, tremulum cum torsit missile, Mazax,
 Et gens quae nudo residens Massylia dorso.
 Ora levi flectit frenorum nescia virga,
 Et solitus vacuis errare mapalibus Afer
 Venator, ferrique simul fiducia non est, 685
 Vestibus iratos laxis operire leones.
 Nec solum studiis civilibus arma parabat
 Privatae sed bella dabat Iuba concitus irae.
 Hunc quoque, quo superos humanaque polluit anno,
 Lege tribunicia solio depellere avorum 690
 Curio temptarat, Libyamque auferre tyranno
 Dum regnum te, Roma, facit. Memor ille doloris
 Hoc bellum sceptri fructum putat esse retenti.
 Hac igitur regis trepidat iam Curio fama,

¹ By the "Ocean" is meant the sea to the north of Mauretania.

² 50 B.C., in which year Curio was tribune.

BOOK IV

from every quarter the forces of King Juba—the nations of Libya and the troops from the world's end that followed their king to battle. No ruler possessed a broader realm than he: at its greatest length his kingdom is bounded on its western point by Atlas, neighbour of Gades, and on the East by Ammon, bordering on the Syrtes; and on the line of its breadth, the hot region of his huge domain separates the Ocean¹ from the burnt-up torrid zone. The population matches the area: the king's camp is followed by so many tribes—Autololes, unsettled Numidians, and Gaetulians good at need with their bare-backed horses; then there are Moors black as Indians, needy Nasamonians, swift Marmaridae joined with sun-blackened Garamantes, Mazaces who can rival the archery of the Parthians when they hurl their quivering javelins, and the Massylian people, who ride barebacked and use a light switch to guide their horses whose mouths have never felt the bit; there follows too the African hunter, whose habit it is to stray through deserted villages and to smother angry lions in the folds of his garment, when he has lost confidence in his spear. Not party zeal alone stirred up Juba to arms: war was a concession to personal anger as well. For Curio, in that year² during which he outraged heaven and earth, had also tried to dislodge Juba from his ancestral throne by means of a tribune's law—he sought, at the same time, to take Africa from its rightful king and to set up a king at Rome! Juba, nursing his grievance, considered this war the chief advantage he had gained by retaining his crown. Hence this rumour of the king now alarmed Curio. He was alarmed also because his soldiers had never

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et quod Caesareis numquam devota iuventus 695
 Illa nimis castris nec Rheni miles in undis
 Exploratus erat, Corfini captus in arce,
 Infidusque novis ducibus dubiusque priori
 Fas utrumque putat. Sed postquam languida segni
 Cernit cuncta metu nocturnaue munera valli 700
 Desolata fuga, trepida sic mente profatur :

“ Audendo magnus tegitur timor ; arma capessam
 Ipse prior. Campum miles descendat in aequum,
 Dum meus est ; variam semper dant otia mentem.
 Eripe consilium pugna : cum dira voluptas 705
 Ense subit presso, galeae texere pudorem,
 Quis conferre duces meminit ? quis pendere causas ?
 Qua stetit, inde favet ; veluti fatalis harenae
 Muneribus non ira vetus concurrere cogit
 Productos, odere pares.” Sic fatus apertis 710
 Instruxit campis acies ; quem blanda futuris
 Deceptura malis belli fortuna recepit.
 Nam pepulit Varum campo nudataque foeda
 Terga fuga, donec vetuerunt castra, cecidit.

Tristia sed postquam superati proelia Vari 715
 Sunt audita Iubae, laetus, quod gloria belli
 Sit rebus servata suis, rapit agmina furtim,
 Obscuratque suam per iussa silentia famam
 Hoc solum incauto metuentis¹ ab hoste, timeri.

¹ incauto metuentis *Housman* : metuens incauto *MSS.*

¹ Comp. ii. 478 ff.

BOOK IV

been overmuch devoted to Caesar's cause: never tested on the waters of the Rhine, they had been taken prisoners in the citadel of Corfinium¹; faithless to their leader before and distrusted by Curio now, they think it lawful to take either side. But when Curio saw the slackness of sluggish fear on every hand, and the nightly service on the ramparts left undone by desertion, he spoke thus in the trouble of his soul:

“Boldness is a mask for fear, however great; I will take the field before the foe. Let my soldiers, while they are still mine, march down to the level ground. Idleness is ever the root of indecision; snatch from them by battle the power to form a plan; once the dreadful passion rises, once the sword is grasped and the helmet hides the blush of shame, who thinks then of comparing leaders or balancing causes? Each man backs the side on which he stands. So those who are brought forth at the shows of the deathly arena are not driven to fight by long-cherished anger: they hate whoever is pitted against them.” Thus he spoke and drew up his line upon the open plain; and the fortune of war, meaning to betray him by future disasters, welcomed him now with smiles; for he drove Varus from the field and cut up his defenceless rear in shameful flight until the camp put a stop to the pursuit.

But when Juba heard of the lost battle of conquered Varus, he rejoiced that the glory of the campaign was reserved for his arms. He marched in haste and secrecy, masking the report of his movement by enforcing silence; his one fear was that his rash foe might feel fear of *him*. Sabbura,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Mittitur, exigua qui proelia prima lacessat 720
 Eliciatque manu, Numidis a rege secundus,
 Ut sibi commissi simulator Sabbura belli ;
 Ipse cava regni vires in valle retentat :
 Aspidas ut Pharias cauda sollertior hostis
 Ludit et iratas incerta provocat umbra 725
 Obliquusque caput vanas serpentis in auras
 Effusae tuto comprehendit guttura morsu
 Letiferam citra saniem ; tunc inrita pestis
 Exprimitur, faucesque fluunt pereunte veneno.
 Fraudibus eventum dederat fortuna, feroxque 730
 Non exploratis occulti viribus hostis
 Curio nocturnum castris erumpere cogit
 Ignotisque equitem late decurrere campis.
 Ipse sub aurorae primos excedere motus
 Signa iubet castris, multum frustra que rogatus, 735
 Ut Libycas metuat fraudes infectaque semper
 Punica bella dolis. Leti fortuna propinqui
 Tradiderat fatis iuvenem, bellumque trahebat
 Auctorem civile suum. Super ardua ducit
 Saxa, super cautes abrupto limite signa, 740
 Cum procul e summis conspecti collibus hostes
 Fraude sua cessere parum, dum colle relicto
 Effusam patulis aciem committeret arvis.
 Ille fugam credens simulatae nescius artis,
 Ut victor, mersos aciem deiecit in agros. 745
 Ut primum patuere doli, Numidaeque fugaces
 Undique completis clausurunt montibus agmen,

¹ The ichneumon.

BOOK IV

second to the king in command of the Numidians, was sent out with a small force to challenge the foe and tempt them to begin battle; he was to sham an attack and pretend that he was in charge of it, while the king kept back his main body in a hollow valley. So snakes in Egypt are fooled by the craftier foe¹ with his tail: he stirs up their wrath with its flickering shadow, while the snake spends its force upon the air in vain, and then, holding his head aslant, he grips the throat and bites in safety, too close for the deadly fluid to touch him; at last the baffled bane is squeezed forth, and the poison streams idly from the throat. Fortune gave success to the trick; and daring Curio, without reconnoitring the strength of his hidden foe, made his cavalry sally forth from the camp by night and range far and wide over the unknown plains. He himself at the first stirring of dawn bids his infantry leave their camp; in vain was he warned repeatedly to beware of Libyan deceit and Punic warfare ever tainted by guile. The doom of speedy death had handed the youth over to destruction, and civil war was claiming the man who made it. Along a perilous path he led his men, over high rocks and cliffs, and then the enemy was sighted far away from the top of the hills. They, with their native craft, drew back a little, till he should leave the height and trust his army in loose array to the open fields. Curio, ignorant of their treacherous device, believed that they were fleeing, and, as if victorious, marched his army down to the fields below. As soon as the trick was revealed, and the light Numidian cavalry covered the heights and surrounded the Romans on every side, the leader

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Obstipuit dux ipse simul perituraque turba.
 Non timidi petiere fugam, non proelia fortes.
 Quippe ubi non sonipes motus clangore tubarum 750
 Saxa quatit pulsu rigidos vexantia frenos
 Ora terens spargitque iubas et subrigit aures
 Incertoque pedum pugnat non stare tumultu ;
 Fessa iacet cervix, fumant sudoribus artus,
 Oraque proiecta squalent arentia lingua, 755
 Pectora rauca gemunt, quae creber anhelitus urguet,
 Et defecta gravis longe trahit ilia pulsus,
 Siccaque sanguineis durescit spuma lupatis.
 Iamque gradum, neque verberibus stimulisque coacti
 Nec quamvis crebris iussi calcaribus, addunt : 760
 Volneribus coguntur equi ; nec profuit ulli
 Cornipedis rupisse moras, neque enim inpetus ille
 Incursusque fuit : tantum perfertur ad hostes
 Et spatium iaculis oblato vulnere donat.
 At, vagus Afer equos ut primum emisit in agmen, 765
 Tum campi tremuere sono, terraque soluta,
 Quantus Bistonio torquetur turbine, pulvis
 Aera nube sua texit traxitque tenebras.
 Ut vero in pedites fatum miserabile belli
 Incubuit, nullo dubii discrimine Martis 770
 Ancipites steterunt casus, sed tempora pugnae
 Mors tenuit ; neque enim licuit procurrere contra
 Et miscere manus. Sic undique saepta iuventus
 Comminus obliquis et rectis eminus hastis
 Obruitur, non volneribus nec sanguine solum, 775

BOOK IV

himself and his doomed army were stupefied alike : the coward did not flee, nor the brave man fight. For there the war-horse was not roused by the trumpet's blare, nor did he scatter the stones with stamping hoof, or champ the hard bit that chafes his mouth, with flying mane and ears erect, or refuse to stand still, and shift his clattering feet. The weary neck sinks down, the limbs reek with sweat, the tongue protrudes and the mouth is rough and dry ; the lungs, driven by quick pants, give a hoarse murmur ; the labouring breath works the spent flanks hard ; and the froth dries and cakes on the blood-stained bit. Now the horses refuse to go faster, though urged by blows and goads and called on by constant spurring : they are stabbed to make them move ; yet no man profited by overcoming the resistance of his horse ; for no charge and onset was possible there : the rider was merely carried close to the foe and, by offering a mark, saved the javelin a long flight. But as soon as the African skirmishers launched their steeds at the host, the plains shook with their trampling, the earth was loosened, and a pillar of dust, vast as is whirled by Thracian stormwinds, veiled the sky with its cloud and brought on darkness. And when the piteous doom of battle bore down upon the Roman infantry, the issue never hung uncertain through any chance or war's lottery, but all the time of fighting was filled by death : it was impossible to rush forward in attack and close with the enemy. So the soldiers, surrounded on all sides, were crushed by slanting thrusts from close quarters and spears hurled straight forward from a distance—doomed to destruction not merely by wounds and blood but by the hail of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Telorum nimbo peritura et pondere ferri.
Ergo acies tantae parvum spissantur in orbem,
Ac, si quis metuens medium correpsit in agmen,
Vix inpune suos inter convertitur enses ;
Densaturque globus, quantum pede prima relato 780
Constrinxit gyros acies. Non arma movendi
Iam locus est pressis, stipataque membra teruntur ;
Frangitur armatum conliso pectore pectus.
Non tam laeta tulit victor spectacula Maurus
Quam fortuna dabat ; fluvios non ille cruoris 785
Membrorumque videt lapsum et ferientia terram
Corpora : compressum turba stetit omne cadaver.
Excitet invisas dirae Carthaginis umbras
Inferiis Fortuna novis, ferat ista cruentus
Hannibal et Poeni tam dira piacula manes. 790
Romanam, superi, Libyca tellure ruinam
Pompeio prodesse nefas votisque senatus !
Africa nos potius vincat sibi. Curio, fusas
Ut vidit campis acies et cernere tantas
Permisit clades compressus sanguine pulvis, 795
Non tulit adflictis animam producere rebus
Aut sperare fugam, ceciditque in strage suorum
Impiger ad letum et fortis virtute coacta.
Quid nunc rostra tibi prosunt turbata forumque,
Unde tribunicia plebeius signifer arce 800
Arma dabas populis? quid prodita iura senatus

BOOK IV

weapons and the sheer weight of steel. Thus a great army was crowded into a small compass; and, if any man in fear crawled into the midst of the press, he could scarce move about unhurt among the swords of his comrades; and the pack grew thicker, whenever the foremost rank stepped back and narrowed the circle. The crowded soldiers have no longer space to ply their weapons; their bodies are squeezed and ground together; and the armoured breast is broken by pressure against another breast. The victorious Moors did not enjoy to the full the spectacle that Fortune granted them: they could not see the rivers of blood, the collapsing limbs, and the bodies striking the ground; for each dead man was held bolt upright by the dense array.

Let Fortune call to life the hated ghost of dread Carthage to enjoy this new sacrifice; let blood-stained Hannibal and his Carthaginian dead accept this awful expiation! But it is an outrage, ye gods, that the fall of Romans on Libyan soil should forward the success of Pompey and the desires of the Senate. Rather let Africa defeat us for her own objects. When Curio saw his ranks prostrate on the field, and when the dust was laid by blood, so that he could survey that awful carnage, he would not stoop to survive defeat or hope for escape, but fell amid the corpses of his men, prompt to face death and brave with the courage of despair.

What does it avail him now that he stirred up turmoil on the Rostrum in the Forum—that stronghold of the tribunes, where he bore the standard of the populace and from which he armed all nations? What avails it that he betrayed the rights

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et gener atque socer bello concurrere iussi?
Ante iaces quam dira duces Pharsalia confert,
Spectandumque tibi bellum civile negatum est.
Has urbi miserae vestro de sanguine poenas 805
Ferre datis, luitis iugulo sic arma, potentes.
Felix Roma quidem civesque habitura beatos,
Si libertatis superis tam cura placeret
Quam vindicta placet. Libycas en, nobile corpus,
Pascit aves nullo contactus Curio busto. 810
At tibi nos, quando non proderit ista silere
A quibus omne aevi senium sua fama repellit,
Digna damus, iuvenis, merita praekoniam vitae.
Haud alium tanta civem tulit indole Roma,
Aut cui plus leges deberent recta sequenti. 815
Perdita tunc urbi nocuerunt saecula, postquam
Ambitus et luxus et opum metuenda facultas
Transverso mentem dubiam torrente tulerunt;
Momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum
Gallorum captus spoliis et Caesaris auro. 820
Ius licet in iugulos nostros sibi fecerit ensis
Sulla potens Mariusque ferox et Cinna cruentus
Caesareaeque domus series, cui tanta potestas
Concessa est? emere omnes, hic vendidit urbem.

BOOK IV

of the Senate and bade Pompey and his wife's father meet in the clash of arms? Low he lies, before the fatal field of Pharsalia confronts the leaders; and the spectacle of civil war is withheld from him. This is the penalty which the great ones of the earth suffer their unhappy country to exact; thus they pay for the wars they make with their own blood and their own deaths. Fortunate indeed would Rome be, and happy her citizens hereafter, if the gods were as careful to preserve her freedom as they are to avenge it.¹ Behold! the unburied body of Curio, a noble carrion, feeds the birds of Libya. But to suppress those deeds which are insured by their own glory against all decay of time will not avail; and therefore we award a due meed of praise to the praiseworthy part of his life. Rome never bore a citizen of such high promise, nor one to whom the constitution owed more while he trod the right path. But then the corruption of the age proved fatal to the State, when ambition and luxury and the formidable² power of wealth swept away with their cross-current the unstable principles of Curio; and, when he yielded to the booty of Gaul and Caesar's gold, his change turned the scale of history. Though powerful Sulla and bold Marius, like bloodstained Cinna and all the line of Caesar's house, secured the power to use the sword against our throats, yet to none of them was granted so high a privilege; for they all bought their country, but Curio sold it.

¹ *I.e.* "to punish those who rob Rome of freedom."

² *I.e.* to its possessor.

BOOK V

LIBER QUINTUS

Sic alterna duces bellorum volnera passos
In Macetum terras miscens adversa secundis
Servavit fortuna pares. Iam sparserat Haemo
Bruma nives gelidoque cadens Atlantis Olympo,
Instabatque dies, qui dat nova nomina fastis 5
Quique colit primus ducentem tempora Ianum.
Dum tamen emeriti remanet pars ultima iuris,
Consul uterque vagos belli per munia patres
Elicit Epirum. Peregrina ac sordida sedes 10
Romanos cepit proceres, secretaque rerum
Hospes in externis audivit curia tectis.
Nam quis castra vocet tot strictas iure secures,
Tot fasces? docuit populos venerabilis ordo,
Non Magni partes sed Magnum in partibus esse.
Ut primum maestum tenuere silentia coetum, 15
Lentulus e celsa sublimis sede profatur :
“ Indole si dignum Latia, si sanguine prisco
Robur inest animis, non qua tellure coacti
Quamque procul tectis captae sedeamus ab urbis,
Cernite, sed vestrae faciem cognoscite turbae, 20

¹ Pharsalia in Thessaly is meant by this phrase.

² The Pleiades were the daughters of Atlas.

³ January 1st, 48 B.C.

⁴ Marcellus and Lentulus.

BOOK V

Thus the leaders in turn suffered the wounds of war, and Fortune, blending failure with success, kept them for the land of the Macedonians¹ equal in strength. Winter had already sprinkled Mount Haemus with snow, and the daughter of Atlas² was setting in a chilly sky. The day³ was coming that gives new names to the Calendar and begins the worship of Janus, leader of the months. But, before the last days of their expiring office ran out, the two consuls⁴ summoned to Epirus those senators who were scattered here and there on military duties. Mean and foreign was the chamber that held the magnates of Rome; and the Senate sat, as guests beneath an alien roof, to hear the business of the State. For who could apply the name of "camp" to all those rods and all those axes bared by right of law? The worshipful body taught the world that they were not the party of Magnus but that Magnus was only one of their partisans.

As soon as silence prevailed in the sorrowing assembly, Lentulus rose up from his high seat of dignity and thus addressed them. "Senators, if you have the stout hearts that befit your Latian stock and ancient blood, consider not the land in which we meet, or the distance which divides us from the dwellings of captured Rome; recognise rather the aspect of this body, and, having power

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cunctaque iussuri primum hoc decernite, patres,
 Quod regnis populisque liquet, nos esse senatum.
 Nam vel Hyperboreae plastrum glaciale sub Ursae
 Vel plaga qua torrens claususque vaporibus axis
 Nec patitur noctes nec iniquos crescere soles, 25
 Si fortuna ferat, rerum nos summa sequetur
 Imperiumque comes. Tarpeia sede perusta
 Gallorum facibus Veiosque habitante Camillo
 Illic Roma fuit. Non umquam perdidit ordo
 Mutato sua iura solo. Maerentia tecta 30
 Caesar habet vacuasque domos legesque silentes
 Clausaque iustitio tristi fora; curia solos
 Illa videt patres, plena quos urbe fugavit:
 Ordine de tanto quisquis non exulat hic est.
 Ignaros scelerum longaque in pace quietos 35
 Bellorum primus sparsit furor: omnia rursus
 Membra loco redeunt. En, totis viribus orbis
 Hesperiam pensant superi: iacet hostis in undis
 Obrutus Illyricis, Libyae squalentibus arvis
 Curio Caesarei cecidit pars magna senatus. 40
 Tollite signa, duces, fatorum inpellite cursum,
 Spem vestram praestate deis, fortunaque tantos
 Det vobis animos, quantos fugientibus hostem
 Causa dabat. Nostrum exhausto ius clauditur anno;
 Vos, quorum finem non est censura potestas, 45
 Consulite in medium, patres, Magnumque iubete
 Esse ducem." Laeto nomen clamore senatus

¹ He implies that the senators who have submitted to Caesar are the real exiles.

² An allusion to the death of the Opitergians; see iv. 404 f.

³ The two consuls.

to pass any measure, decree this first of all—and the fact is clear to all kings and nations—that we are the Senate. For whether beneath the icy Wain of the Northern Bear, or in the torrid zone and the clime fenced in by heat, where neither night nor day may grow beyond equality, wherever Fortune carry us, the State will go with us and empire attend us. When the Tarpeian sanctuary was consumed by the firebrands of the Gauls, Camillus dwelt at Veii, and Veii was Rome. Never has this order forfeited its rights by changing its place. Caesar has in his power the sorrowing buildings, the empty houses, the silenced laws, and the law-courts closed by a dismal holiday; but that Senate House sees no senators save those whom it expelled ere Rome was deserted: every member of this great body who is not an exile is present here.¹ When we knew naught of civil war and had rested long in peace, the first fury of warfare drove us apart; but now all the scattered limbs return to the body. See how the gods make good the loss of Italy by the armed strength of the whole world! Our enemies lie deep in Illyrian waters;² and Curio, a mighty man in Caesar's Senate, has fallen on the barren fields of Libya. Lift up your standards, ye leaders of armies; hasten the course of destiny; convince the gods that you have hope; and draw from success the confidence which your good cause gave you when you fled before Caesar. For us³ the time of office expires when the year closes; but your authority, senators, can never be subject to any limits; and therefore take counsel for the common good, and vote for Magnus as your leader." That name was hailed with applause by the senators;

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Excipit et Magno fatum patriaeque suumque
 Inposuit. Tunc in reges populosque merentes
 Sparsus honor, pelagique potens Phoebéia donis 50
 Exornata Rhodos gelidique inculta iuventus
 Taygeti; fama veteres laudantur Athenae,
 Massiliaeque suae donatur libera Phocis.
 Tum Sadalam fortemque Cotyn fidumque per arma
 Deiotarum et gelidae dominum Rhascypolin orae 55
 Conlaudant, Libyamque iubent auctore senatu
 Sceptribero parere Iubae. Pro tristia fata!
 Et tibi, non fidae gentis dignissime regno,
 Fortunae, Ptolomaeae, pudor crimenque deorum,
 Cingere Pellaeo pressos diademate crines 60
 Permissum. Saevum in populos puer accipit ensem,
 Atque utinam in populos! donata est regia Lagi,
 Accessit Magni iugulus, regnumque sorori
 Ereptum est soceroque nefas. Iam turba soluto
 Arma petit coetu; quae cum populique ducesque 65
 Casibus incertis et caeca sorte parent,
 Solus in ancipites metuit descendere Martis
 Appius eventus, finemque expromere rerum
 Sollicitat superos multosque obducta per annos
 Delphica fatidici reserat penetralia Phoebi. 70
 Hesperio tantum quantum summotus Eoo
 Cardine Parnasos gemino petit aethera colle,
 Mons Phoebó Bromioque sacer, cui numine mixto

¹ See note to iii. 340.

² Pella was the ancient capital of Macedonia. The first Ptolemy, named Lagus, was a Macedonian; and Lucan often uses the epithet *Pellaeus* of the Egyptian king and court.

³ Delphi, near Parnassus, claimed to be the centre of the earth.

BOOK V

and they laid on the shoulders of Magnus the burden of their country's fate and of their own. Next, rewards for good service were freely bestowed on kings and peoples: gifts of honour were conferred on the rugged soldiery of cold Taygetus, and on Rhodes, queen of the seas and island of Apollo; Athens of ancient fame was commended; and Phocis¹ was declared free, in compliment to Massilia, her daughter city. Praise was given also to Sadalas and brave Cotys, to the faithful ally, Deiotarus, and to Rhascypolis, lord of a frozen land; and Libya was bidden to obey King Juba by the authority of the Senate. And next—O cruelty of Fate—to Ptolemy, right worthy to rule a treacherous people, to Ptolemy, that disgrace of Fortune and reproach of the gods, it was permitted to place on his head the weight of the Macedonian² crown. The boy received the sword to use it ruthlessly against his people. Would that they alone had suffered! But, while the Senate gave the throne of Lagus, the life of Magnus was thrown in as well; and so Cleopatra lost her kingdom, and Caesar the power to murder his son-in-law. Then the meeting dispersed, and all took up arms. But, while the nations and their leaders prepared for war, uncertain of the future and blind to their destiny, Appius alone feared to commit himself to the lottery of battle; therefore he appealed to the gods to reveal the issue of events; and Delphi, the oracular shrine of Apollo, closed for many years, was by him unbarred.

At equal distance from the limits of East and West,³ the twin peaks of Parnassus soar to heaven. The mountain is sacred to Phoebus and to Bromios,

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Delphica Thebanae referunt trieterica Bacchae.
 Hoc solum fluctu terras mergente cacumen 75
 Eminuit pontoque fuit discrimen et astris.
 Tu quoque vix summam, seductus ab aequore, rupem
 Extuleras, unoque iugo, Parnase, latebas.
 Ultor ibi expulsae, premeret cum viscera partus,
 Matris, adhuc rudibus Paeon Pythona sagittis 80
 Explicuit, cum regna Themis tripodasque teneret.
 Ut vidit Paean vastos telluris hiatus
 Divinam spirare fidem ventosque loquaces
 Exhalare solum, sacris se condidit antris,
 Incubuitque adyto vates ibi factus Apollo. 85
 Quis latet hicsuperum? quod numen ab aethere pressum
 Dignatur caecas inclusum habitare cavernas?
 Quis terram caeli patitur deus, omnia cursus
 Aeterni secreta tenens mundoque futuri
 Conscius, ac populis sese proferre paratus 90
 Contactumque ferens hominis, magnusque potensque,
 Sive canit fatum seu, quod iubet ille canendo,
 Fit fatum? Forsan terris inserta regendis
 Aere libratum vacuo quae sustinet orbem,
 Totius pars magna Iovis Cirrhaea per antra 95
 Exit et aetherio trahitur conexa Tonanti.
 Hoc ubi virgineo conceptum est pectore numen,
 Humanam feriens animam sonat oraque vatis

¹ This is Stoic doctrine.

² Cirrha, the port of Delphi, is often used as a synonym for the oracle itself.

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in whose honour the Bacchantes of Thebes, treating the two gods as one, hold their triennial festival at Delphi. When the Flood covered the earth, this height alone rose above the level and was all that separated sea from sky; and even Parnassus, parted in two by the flood, only just displayed a rocky summit, and one of its peaks was submerged. There Apollo, with yet unpractised shafts, laid low the Python and so avenged his mother who had been driven forth when great with child. Themis was then queen and mistress of the oracle; but, when Apollo saw that the huge chasm in the earth breathed forth divine truth, and that the ground gave out a wind that spoke, then he enshrined himself in the sacred caves, brooded over the holy place, and there became a prophet.

Which of the immortals is hidden here? What deity, descending from heaven, deigns to dwell pent up in these dark grottoes? What god of heaven endures the weight of earth, knowing every secret of the eternal process of events, sharing with the sky the knowledge of the future, ready to reveal himself to the nations, and patient of contact with mankind? A great and mighty god is he, whether he merely predicts the future or the future is itself determined by the fiat of his utterance. It may be that a large part of the whole divine element is embedded in the world to rule it,¹ and supports the globe poised upon empty space; and this part issues forth through the caves of Cirrha,² and is inhaled there, though closely linked to the Thunderer in heaven. When this inspiration has found a harbour in a maiden's bosom, it strikes the human soul of the priestess audibly, and unlocks her lips, even as

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Solvit, ceu Siculus flammis urgentibus Aetnam
Undat apex, Campana fremens ceu saxa vaporat 100
Conditus Inarimes aeterna mole Typhoeus.

Hoc tamen expositum cunctis nullique negatum
Numen ab humani solum se labe furoris
Vindicat. Haud illic tacito mala vota susurro
Concipiunt, nam fixa canens mutandaque nulli 105

Mortales optare vetat ; iustisque benignus
Saepe dedit sedem totas mutantibus urbes,
Ut Tyriis, dedit ille minas inpellere belli,
Ut Salaminiacum meminit mare ; sustulit iras
Telluris sterilis monstrato fine ; resolvit 110

Aera tabificum. Non ullo saecula dono
Nostra carent maiore deum, quam Delphica sedes
Quod siluit, postquam reges timuere futura
Et superos vetuere loqui. Nec voce negata
Cirrhacae maerent vates, templique fruuntur 115

Iustitio. Nam si qua deus sub pectora venit,
Numinis aut poena est mors inmatura recepti
Aut pretium ; quippe stimulo fluctuque furoris
Compages humana labat, pulsusque deorum
Concutiunt fragiles animas. Sic tempore longo 120

Inmotos tripodas vastaeque silentia rupis
Appius Hesperii scrutator ad ultima fati
Sollicitat. Iussus sedes laxare verendas
Antistes pavidamque deis inmittere vatem
Castalios circum latices nemorumque recessus 125

¹ The Athenians were encouraged to fight Xerxes by the Delphian oracle.

² On which the priestesses sat.

BOOK V

the crown of Etna in Sicily boils over from the pressure of the flames ; and as Typhoeus, where he lies beneath the everlasting mass of Inarime, makes hot the rocks of Campania by his unrest.

This sacred shrine, which welcomes all men and is denied to none, nevertheless alone is free from the taint of human wickedness. There no sinful prayers are framed in stealthy whisper ; for the god forbids mankind to pray for anything, and only proclaims the doom that none may change. To the righteous he shows favour : when whole cities, as in the case of Tyre, were abandoned by their inhabitants, he has often given them a place to dwell in ; he has enabled others to dispel the dangers of war, as the sea of Salamis¹ has not forgotten ; he has removed the anger of the barren earth by revealing a remedy ; he has cleared the air from the taint of plague. But the Delphian oracle became dumb, when kings feared the future and stopped the mouth of the gods ; and no divine gift is more sorely missed by our age. Yet the priestesses of Delphi feel no grief that utterance is denied them : nay, they rejoice in the cessation of the oracle. For, if the god enters the bosom of any, untimely death is her penalty, or her reward, for having received him ; because the human frame is broken up by the sting and surge of that frenzy, and the stroke from heaven shatters the brittle life.—So when Appius, probing the last secrets of Roman destiny, urged his quest, the tripods² had long been motionless and the mighty rock silent. When the priest was bidden to unbar the awful shrine and usher the terrified priestess into the divine presence, Phemonoe was wandering free from care about the

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Phemonoen errore vagam curisque vacantem
Corripuit cogitque fores inrumpere templi.
Limine terrifico metuens consistere Phoebas
Absterrere ducem noscendi ardore futura
Cassa fraude parat. "Quid spes" ait "inproba veri 130
Te, Romane, trahit? muto Parnasos hiatu
Conticuit pressitque deum, seu spiritus istas
Destituit fauces mundique in devia versum
Duxit iter, seu, barbarica cum lampade Python
Arsit, in immensas cineres abiere cavernas 135
Et Phoebi tenere viam, seu sponte deorum
Cirrha silet farique sat est arcana futuri
Carmina longaevae vobis commissa Sibyllae,
Seu Paeon solitus templis arçere nocentes,
Ora quibus solvat, nostro non invenit aevo." 140
Virginei patuere doli, fecitque negatis
Numinibus metus ipse fidem. Tum torta priores
Stringit vitta comas, crinesque in terga solutos
Candida Phocaica conplectitur infula lauro.
Haerentem dubiamque premens in templa sacerdos 145
Inpulit. Illa pavens adyti penetrale remoti
Fatidicum prima templorum in parte resistit
Atque deum simulans sub pectore ficta quiëto
Verba refert, nullo confusae murmure vocis
Instinctam sacro mentem testata furore, 150
Haud aeque laesura ducem, cui falsa canebat,
Quam tripodas Phoebique fidem. Non rupta trementi

¹ Another name for Delphi; the temple was burnt by Gauls in 279 B.C.

BOOK V

spring of Castalia and the sequestered grove; he laid hands upon her and compelled her to rush within the temple doors. Fearing to take her stand on that dread threshold, Apollo's priestess sought by vain deceit to discourage Appius from his eagerness to learn the future. "Why," she asked, "does presumptuous hope of learning the truth draw you hither, O Roman? The chasm of Parnassus, fallen dumb and silent, has buried its god. Either the breath of inspiration has failed yonder outlet and has shifted its path to a distant region of the world; or, when Pytho¹ was burned by the brands of barbarians, the ashes sank into the vast caverns and blocked the passage of Phoebus; or Delphi is dumb by the will of Heaven, and it is thought enough that the verses of the ancient Sibyl, entrusted to your nation, should tell forth the hidden future; or else Apollo, accustomed to exclude the guilty from his shrine, finds none in our age for whose sake to unseal his lips."

The maiden's craft was plain, and even her fears proved the reality of the deity she denied. Then the circling band confined the tresses above her brow; and the hair that streamed down her back was bound by the white fillet and the laurel of Phocis. When still she paused and hesitated, the priest thrust her by force into the temple. Dreading the oracular recess of the inner shrine, she halted by the entrance, counterfeiting inspiration and uttering feigned words from a bosom unstirred; and no inarticulate cry of indistinct utterance proved that her mind was inspired with the divine frenzy. To Appius, who heard her false prophecy, she could do less harm than to the oracle and Apollo's repute

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Verba sono nec vox antri conplere capacis
 Sufficiens spatium nulloque horrore comarum
 Excussae laurus inmotaque limina templi 155
 Securumque nemus veritam se credere Phoebō
 Prodiderant. Sensit tripodas cessare furensque
 Appius, "Et nobis meritas dabis, inpia, poenas
 Et superis, quos fingis," ait "nisi mergeris antris
 Deque orbis trepidi tanto consulta tumultu 160
 Desinis ipsa loqui." Tandem conterrita virgo
 Confugit ad tripodas vastisque adducta cavernis
 Haesit et insueto concepit pectore numen,
 Quod non exhaustae per tot iam saecula rupis
 Spiritus ingessit vati; tandemque potitus 165
 Pectore Cirrhaeo non umquam plenior artus
 Phoebados inrupit Paeā mentemque priorem
 Expulit atque hominem toto sibi cedere iussit
 Pectore. Bacchatur demens aliena per antrum
 Colla ferens, vittasque dei Phoebeaque sorta 170
 Erectis discussa comis per inania templi
 Ancipiti cervice rotat spargitque vaganti
 Obstantes tripodas magnoque exaestuat igne
 Iratum te, Phoebe, ferens. Nec verbere solo
 Uteris et stimulos flammisque in viscera mergis: 175
 Accipit et frenos, nec tantum prodere vati
 Quantum scire licet. Venit aetas omnis in unam
 Congeriem, miserumque premunt tot saecula pectus,

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for truth. Her words, that rushed not forth with tremulous cry; her voice, which had not power to fill the space of the vast cavern; her laurel wreath, which was not raised off her head by the bristling hair; the unmoved floor of the temple and the motionless trees—all these betrayed her dread of trusting herself to Apollo. Appius perceived that the oracle was dumb, and cried out in fury: "Profane wretch, I myself and the gods whom you counterfeit will punish you even as you deserve, unless you go down into the cave and cease, when consulted concerning the mighty turmoil of a terrified world, to speak your own words." Scared at last the maiden took refuge by the tripods; she drew near to the vast chasm and there stayed; and her bosom for the first time drew in the divine power, which the inspiration of the rock, still active after so many centuries, forced upon her. At last Apollo mastered the breast of the Delphian priestess; as fully as ever in the past, he forced his way into her body, driving out her former thoughts, and bidding her human nature to come forth and leave her heart at his disposal. Frantic she careers about the cave, with her neck under possession; the fillets and garlands of Apollo, dislodged by her bristling hair, she whirls with tossing head through the void spaces of the temple; she scatters the tripods that impede her random course; she boils over with fierce fire, while enduring the wrath of Phoebus. Nor does he ply the whip and goad alone, and dart flame into her vitals: she has to bear the curb as well, and is not permitted to reveal as much as she is suffered to know. All time is gathered up together: all the centuries crowd her breast and torture it; the end-

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tanta patet rerum series, atque omne futurum Nititur in lucem, vocemque petentia fata	180
Luctantur ; non prima dies, non ultima mundi, Non modus Oceani, numerus non derat harenae. Qualis in Euboico vates Cumana recessu, Indignata suum multis servire furorem	185
Gentibus, ex tanta fatorum strage superba Excerpsit Romana manu, sic plena laborat Phemonoe Phoebo, dum te, consultor operti Castalia tellure dei, vix invenit, Appi, Inter fata diu quaerens tam magna latentem.	190
Spumea tunc primum rabies vaesana per ora Effluit et gemitus et anhelo clara meatu Murmura, tum maestus vastis ululatus in antris Extremaeque sonant domita iam virgine voces :	195
“ Effugis ingentes, tanti discriminis experts, Bellorum, Romane, minas, solusque quietem Euboici vasta lateris convalle tenebis.” Cetera suppressit faucesque obstruxit Apollo.	200
Custodes tripodes fatorum arcanaque mundi Tuque potens veri Paeon nullumque futuri A superis celate diem, suprema ruentis Imperii caesosque duces et funera regum Et tot in Hesperio conlapsas sanguine gentes Cur aperire times? an nondum numina tantum Decrevere nefas et adhuc dubitantibus astris Pompei damnare caput tot fata tenentur?	205

¹ Cumae in Campania was founded by Chalcidians from Euboea.

² Appius died in Euboea and was buried there.

BOOK V

less chain of events is revealed; all the future struggles to the light; destiny contends with destiny, seeking to be uttered. The creation of the world and its destruction, the compass of the Ocean and the sum of the sands—all these are before her. Even as the Sibyl of Cumae¹ in her Euboean cave, resenting that her inspiration should be at the service of many nations, chose among them with haughty hand and picked out from the great heap of destiny the fate of Rome, so Phemonoe, possessed by Phoebus, was troubled and sought long ere she found the name of Appius concealed among the names of mightier men—Appius, who came to question the god hidden in the land of Castalia. When she found it, first the wild frenzy overflowed through her foaming lips; she groaned and uttered loud inarticulate cries with panting breath; next, a dismal wailing filled the vast cave; and at last, when she was mastered, came the sound of articulate speech: “Roman, thou shalt have no part in the mighty ordeal and shalt escape the awful threats of war; and thou alone shalt stay at peace² in a broad hollow of the Euboean coast.” Then Apollo closed up her throat and cut short her tale.

Ye oracles that watch over destiny, ye mysteries of the universe, and thou, O Paeon, master of truth from whom no day of future time is hidden by the gods, why is it that thou darest to reveal the last phase in the collapse of empire, the fall of captains and deaths of kings, and the destruction of so many nations in the carnage of Italy? Have the gods not yet resolved on so great a crime, and, because the stars still hesitate to doom Pompey to death, is the fate of many held in suspense? Or is this the object

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Vindicis an gladii facinus poenasque furorum
 Regnaque ad ultores iterum redeuntia Brutos
 Ut peragat fortuna, taces? Tum pectore vatis
 Inpactae cessere fores, expulsaque templis
 Prosiluit; perstat rabies, nec cuncta locutae 210
 Quem non emisit superest deus. Illa feroces
 Torquet adhuc oculos totoque vagantia caelo
 Lumina, nunc voltu pavido, nunc torva minaci;
 Stat numquam facies; rubor igneus inficit ora
 Liventesque genas; nec, qui solet esse timenti, 215
 Terribilis sed pallor inest nec fessa quiescunt
 Corda, sed, ut tumidus Boreae post flamina pontus
 Rauca gemit, sic muta levant suspiria vatem.
 Dumque a luce sacra, qua vidit fata, refertur
 Ad volgare iubar, mediae venere tenebrae. 220
 Inmisit Stygiam Paeon in viscera Lethen,
 Quae raperet secreta deum. Tum pectore verum
 Fugit, et ad Phoebi tripodas rediere futura,
 Vixque refecta cadit. Nec te vicinia leti
 Territat ambiguis frustratum sortibus, Appi; 225
 Iure sed incerto mundi subsidere regnum
 Chalcidos Euboicae vana spe rapte parabas.
 Heu demens! nullum belli sentire fragorem,
 Tot mundi caruisse malis, praestare deorum
 Excepta quis Morte potest? Secreta tenebis 230
 Litoris Euboici memorando condite busto,
 Qua maris angustat fauces saxosa Carystos

¹ The reference is to Caesar's murder, which might, if foretold, be frustrated.

² Here and often "darkness" has the sense of "unconsciousness": comp. iii. 735.

BOOK V

of thy silence—that Fortune may carry through the heroic deed of the avenging sword, that mad ambition may be punished, and that tyranny may meet once more the vengeance of a Brutus?¹—Now the doors gave way when the priestess dashed her breast against them, and forth she rushed, driven from the temple. The frenzy abides; and the god, whom she has not shaken off, still controls her, since she has not told all her tale. She still rolls wild eyes, and eyeballs that roam over all the sky; her features are never quiet, now showing fear, and now grim with menacing aspect; a fiery flush dyes her face and the leaden hue of her cheeks; her paleness is unlike that of fear but inspires fear; her heart finds no rest after its labour; and, as the swollen sea moans hoarsely when the North wind has ceased to blow, so voiceless sighs still heave her breast. While she was returning to the common light of day from the divine radiance in which she had seen the future, a darkness² intervened. For Apollo poured Stygian Lethe into her inward parts, to snatch the secrets of heaven from her. Then the truth vanished from her bosom, and knowledge of the future went back to the tripods of the god; and down she fell, recovering with difficulty. But Appius, deceived by a riddling oracle, was not alarmed by the nearness of death: urged by vain hope, he was eager to take possession of a domain at Chalcis in Euboea, while the lordship over the world was still unsettled. Madman! what deity save Death alone can assure to a man that he will feel no crash of warfare and escape such world-wide suffering? Laid in a memorable tomb, you shall occupy a sequestered spot on the shore of Euboea, where a gorge of the sea is narrowed by the quarries

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et, tumidis infesta colit quae numina, Rhamnus,
 Artatus rapido fervet qua gurgite pontus,
 Euripusque trahit, cursum mutantibus undis, 235
 Chalcidicas puppes ad iniquam classibus Aulin.

Interea domitis Caesar remeabat Hiberis
 Victrices aquilas alium laturus in orbem,
 Cum prope fatorum tantos per prospera cursus
 Avertere dei. Nullo nam Marte subactus 240
 Intra castrorum timuit tentoria ductor
 Perdere successus scelerum, cum paene fideles
 Per tot bella manus satiatae sanguine tandem
 Destituere ducem, seu maesto classica paulum
 Intermissa sono claususque et frigidus ensis 245
 Expulerat belli furias, seu, praemia miles
 Dum maiora petit, damnat causamque ducemque
 Et scelere inbutos etiamnunc venditat enses.
 Haud magis expertus discrimine Caesar in ullo est,
 Quam non e stabili tremulo sed culmine cuncta 250
 Despiceret staretque super titubantia fultus.
 Tot raptis truncus manibus gladioque relictus
 Paene suo, qui tot gentes in bella trahebat,
 Scit non esse ducis strictos sed militis enses.
 Non pavidum iam murmur erat, nec pectore tecto 255
 Ira latens ; nam quae dubias constringere mentes
 Causa solet, dum quisque pavet, quibus ipse timori est,
 Seque putat solum regnorum iniusta gravari,
 Haud retinet. Quippe ipsa metus exsolverat audax

¹ Nemesis.

² His fellow-soldiers.

BOOK V

of Carystos and by Rhamnus that worships a goddess¹ who hates the proud; there the sea boils in the narrows with rushing waters, and there the Euripus with irregular current carries the ships of Chalcis to Aulis unkind to fleets.

Meanwhile Caesar was returning triumphant over conquered Spain to carry into a new world his victorious eagles, when the flowing tide of his successes was almost turned aside by Heaven. For, unsubdued in the field, the general feared, within the tents of his camp, to lose the fruits of crime, when those troops that had been faithful through so many wars, sated at last with blood, came near to forsaking him. Was it perhaps the brief lull in the trumpet's dismal note, and the cooling of the sword in its sheath, that had cast out the evil spirit of war? Or was it greed for greater rewards that made the soldiers repudiate their cause and their leader, and again put up for sale the swords already stained with guilt? In no peril was Caesar more clearly taught how insecure and even tottering was the eminence from which he looked down on the world, and how the ground he stood on quaked beneath him. Maimed by the loss of so many hands, and almost left to the protection of his own weapon, he, who was dragging to war so many nations, learned that the sword, once drawn, belongs to the soldier and not to the general. There was an end of timid muttering, an end of anger hidden in the secret heart; for what often binds a wavering allegiance—that each fears those² to whom he himself is a terror, and each thinks that he alone resents the injustice of oppression—that motive had lost its hold. For their mere numbers had dispelled their

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Turba suos : quidquid multis peccatur inultum est. 260
 Effudere minas : " Liceat discedere, Caesar,
 A rabie scelerum. Quaeris terraque marique
 His ferrum iugulis, animasque effundere viles
 Quolibet hoste paras : partem tibi Gallia nostri
 Eripuit, partem duris Hispania bellis, 265
 Pars iacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
 Te vincente perit. Terris fudisse cruorem
 Quid iuvat Arctois Rhodano Rhenoque subactis ?
 Tot mihi pro bellis bellum civile dedisti.
 Cepimus expulso patriae cum tecta senatu, 270
 Quos hominum vel quos licuit spoliare deorum ?
 Imus in omne nefas manibus ferroque nocentes,
 Paupertate pii. Finis quis quaeritur armis ?
 Quid satis est, si Roma parum est ? iam respice canos,
 Invalidasque manus et inanes cerne lacertos. 275
 Usus abit vitae, bellis consumpsimus aevum :
 Ad mortem dimitte senes. En improba vota :
 Non duro liceat morientia caespite membra
 Ponere, non anima galeam fugiente ferire
 Atque oculos morti clausuram quacrere dextram, 280
 Coniugis inlabi lacrimis, unique paratum
 Scire rogam ; liceat morbis finire senectam ;
 Sit praeter gladios aliquod sub Caesare fatum.
 Quid velut ignaros ad quae portenta paremur
 Spe trahis ; usque adeo soli civilibus armis 285

¹ It is surprising that Lucan allowed this tribute to Caesar to remain in his poem.

BOOK V

fears and made them bold: the sin of thousands always goes unpunished. Thus they poured forth their threats: "Give us leave, Caesar, to depart from the madness of civil war. You search over land and sea for swords to pierce our hearts, and you are ready to spill our worthless lives by the hand of any foe. Some of us were snatched from you by Gaul, others by the hard campaigns in Spain; others lie in Italy; over all the world you are victorious and your soldiers die. What boots it to have shed our blood in Northern lands, where we conquered the Rhone and the Rhine? As a reward for so many campaigns you have given me civil war. When we drove forth the Senate and captured our native city, what men or what gods did you suffer us to rob?¹ As we go on to every crime, though our hands and swords are guilty, our poverty absolves us. What limit of warfare do you seek? What will satisfy you if Rome is not enough? Consider at last our grey hairs; behold our enfeebled hands and wasted arms. We have lost the enjoyment of life, we have spent all our days in fighting. Now that we are old, disband us to die. See how extravagant are our demands! Save us from laying our dying limbs on the hard rampart of the camp, from breathing out our last breath against the bars of the helmet, and from looking in vain for a hand to close our dying eyes; and suffer us to sink into the arms of a weeping wife, and to know that the pyre stands ready for one corpse alone. Suffer us to end our old age by sickness; let not death by the sword be the only end for Caesar's soldiers. Why do you lure us on with promises, as if we did not know the horrors of which we are to be the instruments? Are we the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nescimus, cuius sceleris sit maxima merces?
 Nil actum est bellis, si nondum conperit istas
 Omnia posse manus. Nec fas nec vincula iuris
 Hoc audere vetant: Rheni mihi Caesar in undis
 Dux erat, hic socius; facinus, quos inquinat, aequat. 290
 Adde quod ingrato meritorum iudice virtus
 Nostra perit: quidquid gerimus, fortuna vocatur.
 Nos fatum sciat esse suum. Licet omne deorum
 Obsequium speres, irato milite, Caesar,
 Pax erit." Haec fatus totis discurrere castris 295
 Coeperat infestoque ducem deposcere voltu.
 Sic eat, o superi: quando pietasque fidesque
 Destituunt moresque malos sperare relictum est,
 Finem civili faciat discordia bello.

Quem non ille ducem potuit terrere tumultus? 300
 Fata sed in praeceps solitus demittere Caesar
 Fortunamque suam per summa pericula gaudens
 Exercere venit; nec dum desaeviat ira
 Expectat; medios properat temptare furores.
 Non illis urbes spoliandaque templa negasset 305
 Tarpeiamque Iovis sedem matresque senatus
 Passurasque infanda nurus. Vult omnia certe
 A se saeva peti, vult praemia Martis amari;
 Militis indomiti tantum mens sana timetur.
 Non pudet, heu! Caesar, soli tibi bella placere 310
 Iam manibus damnata tuis? hos ante pigebit

¹ The murder of Caesar himself is meant.

BOOK V

only combatants in civil war who are ignorant what crime¹ earns the richest reward? All our fighting has been in vain if Caesar has yet to learn that our hands stick at nothing. Neither our oath nor the bonds of law forbid us to be thus bold. Though Caesar was my general on the banks of the Rhine, he is my comrade here; crime levels those whom it pollutes. Besides, our valour is wasted, since the judge of merit is ungrateful; all our achievements are called good luck. Let Caesar learn that we are his destiny; though he hope for entire compliance from the gods, yet the anger of his soldiers will bring peace." Thus they spoke and began to run to and fro about the camp, and to demand their general with fury in their faces. So be it, ye gods! Since duty and loyalty are no more and our only remaining hope is in wickedness, let mutiny make an end of civil war.

Such an uproar might have terrified any general; but Caesar was accustomed to stake his fortune upon desperate measures, and glad to put it to the proof in utmost risks; he came, without waiting till their rage should die down, and hastened to defy their fury at its height. Unforbidden by him, they might have sacked cities and temples, even the Tarpeian sanctuary of Jupiter; they might have inflicted unspeakable outrage on the mothers and daughters of senators; he wished undoubtedly that they should demand of him leave for all atrocities, he wished that the rewards of war should be coveted; he dreaded one prospect only—that his fierce soldiers might return to their senses. Do you not blush, Caesar, that you alone find pleasure in war which your instruments have already condemned? Shall

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sanguinis? his ferri grave ius erit, ipse per omne
Fasque nefasque rues? lassare et disce sine armis
Posse pati; liceat scelerum tibi ponere finem.
Saeve, quid insequeris? quid iam nolentibus instas? 315
Bellum te civile fugit. Stetit aggere fulti
Caespitis intrepidus voltu meruitque timeri
Non metuens, atque haec ira dictante profatur:
“Qui modo in absentem voltu dextraque furebas,
Miles, habes nudum promptumque ad volnera pectus.
Hic fuge, si belli finis placet, ense relicto. 321
Detegit inbelles animas nil fortiter ausa
Seditio tantumque fugam meditata iuventus
Ac ducis invicti rebus lassata secundis.
Vadite meque meis ad bella relinquire fatis. 325
Invenient haec arma manus, vobisque repulsis
Tot reddet Fortuna viros, quot tela vacabunt.
Anne fugam Magni tanta cum classe secuntur
Hesperiae gentes, nobis victoria turbam
Non dabit, impulsis tantum quae praemia belli 330
Auferat et vestri rapta mercede laboris
Lauriferos nullo comitetur volnere currus?
Vos despecta, senes, exhaustaque sanguine turba
Cernetis nostros iam plebs Romana triumphos.
Caesaris an cursus vestrae sentire putatis 335
Damnum posse fugae? veluti, si cuncta minentur
Flumina quos miscent pelago subducere fontes,
Non magis ablatis unquam descenderit aequor,

BOOK V

they, sooner than you, sicken of bloodshed and resent the tyranny of the sword, while you rush on through right and wrong without limit? Grow weary; learn to find life endurable without fighting; suffer yourself to set a limit to wickedness. Why this ruthless pressure, this compulsion of men who have lost the will to fight? Civil war is slipping out of your grasp.—He took his stand on a mound of turf piled high; his countenance was undismayed, and his own fearlessness justly inspired fear in others. Anger prompted the words he spoke: “Soldiers, who lately raged against an absent man, with fury in your faces and gestures, here is my breast bare and ready for your stabs. Plant here your swords and fly, if you wish to end the war. That you have no stomach for fighting is revealed; for your mutiny ends in words; you are warriors whose only purpose is flight; your leader’s victories have known no check, and yet you have had enough: Begone! leave me to my own fortune to carry on war. These swords will find hands to hold them; and when I have discarded you, Fortune will give me in exchange a brave man for every unused weapon. If Pompey, in flight, is followed by a mighty fleet and the peoples of Italy, shall not victory give me a host, merely to carry off the prizes of a war already decided, to snatch the reward of your hardships, and to walk unwounded by my laurelled car, while you, a despised mob, old men drained of blood, sunk to be the rabble of Rome, will watch us triumph? Think you that Caesar’s career can feel the loss of your desertion? ’Tis as if all the rivers threatened to withdraw the waters they mingle with the sea: if those waters were removed, the sea-level would not fall any more

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quam nunc crescit, aquis. An vos momenta putatis
 Ulla dedisse mihi? numquam sic cura deorum 340
 Se premet, ut vestrae morti vestraeque saluti
 Fata vacent; procerum motus haec cuncta secuntur:
 Humanum paucis vivit genus. Orbis Hiberi
 Horror et arctoi nostro sub nomine miles,
 Pompeio certe fugeres duce. Fortis in armis 345
 Caesareis Labienus erat; nunc transfuga vilis
 Cum duce praelato terras atque aequora lustrat.
 Nec melior mihi vestra fides, si bella nec hoste
 Nec duce me geritis. Quisquis mea signa relinquens
 Non Pompeianis tradit sua partibus arma, 350
 Hic numquam vult esse meus. Sunt ista profecto
 Curae castra deis, qui me committere tantis
 Non nisi mutato voluerunt milite bellis.
 Heu, quantum Fortuñã umeris iam pondere fessis
 Amolitur onus! sperantes omnia dextras 355
 Exarmare datur, quibus hic non sufficit orbis:
 Iam certe mihi bella geram. Discedite castris,
 Tradite nostra viris ignavi signa Quirites.
 At paucos, quibus haec rabies auctoribus arsit,
 Non Caesar sed poena tenet. Procumbite terra 360
 Infidumque caput feriendaque tendite colla.
 Et tu, quo solo stabunt iam robore castra,
 Tiro rudis, specta poenas et disce ferire,
 Disce mori." Tremuit saeva sub voce minantis

¹ To address soldiers as *Quirites* is equivalent to disbanding them.

BOOK V

than now their presence raises it. Think you that you have ever turned the scale in my favour? Providence will never stoop so low that fate can attend to the life and death of such as you. All these events depend upon the actions of the leaders; it is for the sake of a few that mankind in general lives. While you bore the name of Caesar, you were the terror of the Spanish world, and of the North; but, had Pompey led you, you would certainly have fled. Labienus was eminent in war while he bore my arms; now, a despised deserter, he hurries over land and sea with the leader whom he preferred to me. I shall think no better of your loyalty if you fight neither for me nor against me. If any man leaves my standards without offering his sword to Pompey's faction, he desires never to be mine. This camp is beyond doubt favoured by heaven; for the gods designed that I should change my soldiers before embarking on such great wars. Ah! how great a burden Fortune is lifting now from shoulders that are already overweighted! I have the chance to disband men whose greed is unbounded, and for whom the world is not enough. Henceforward at least I shall fight battles to please myself. Begone from the camp and surrender my standards to men, ye cowards and civilians!¹ Those few, at whose instigation this madness broke out, are detained here not by their general but by their punishment. Down with you upon the ground, and stretch out for the axe your traitorous heads and necks! And you raw recruits, who alone will form the backbone of the army in future, watch their execution, and learn how to slay and to be slain."—The spiritless mob cowered before his fierce and menacing words; and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Volgus iners, unumque caput tam magna iuventus 365
 Privatum factura timet, velut ensibus ipsis
 Imperet invito moturus milite ferrum.
 Ipse pavet, ne tela sibi dextraeque negentur
 Ad scelus hoc, Caesar: vicit patientia saevi
 Spem ducis, et iugulos non tantum praestitit enses. 370
 Nil magis adsuetas sceleri quam perdere mentes
 Atque perire tenet. Tam diri foederis ictu
 Parta quies, poenaque rediv placata iuventus.
 Brundisium decimis iubet hanc attingere castris
 Et cunctas revocare rates, quas avius Hydrus 375
 Antiquusque Taras secretaque litora Leucæ,
 Quas recipit Salapina palus et subdita Sipus
 Montibus, Ausoniam qua torquens frugifer oram
 Delmatico Boreae Calabroque obnoxius Austro
 Apulus Adriacas exit Garganus in undas. 380
 Ipse petit trepidam tutus sine milite Romam
 Iam doctam servire togæ, populoque precanti
 Scilicet indulgens summo dictator honori
 Contigit et laetos fecit se consule fastos.
 Namque omnes voces, per quas iam tempore tanto 385
 Mentimur dominis, hæc primum repperit ætas,
 Qua, sibi ne ferri ius ullum, Caesar, abesset,
 Ausonias voluit gladiis miscere secures,
 Addidit et fasces aquilis et nomen inane
 Imperii rapiens signavit tempora digna 390

¹ Now Otranto.

² Lit. "a dictator was vouchsafed to the highest office," *i.e.* Caesar, being dictator, conferred honour on the consulship by accepting it.

BOOK V

the great army feared a single man whom they could have stripped of his command, as if he could control their very swords and make the steel obey him when the men refused obedience. Caesar himself dreaded that weapons and hands would be refused him for the performance of this crime; but they put up with more than their cruel commander thought possible, and provided not only executioners but the victims also. Between hearts inured to crime there is no stronger bond than inflicting and enduring death. Order was restored by the conclusion of this dreadful pact, and the men returned to their duty: the execution had settled their grievances.

They receive orders to reach Brundisium in nine days' march, and to summon thither all vessels that find harbour in remote Hydrus¹ or ancient Tarentum or the sequestered shore of Leuca or in the Salapinian pool and Sipus beneath the hills, where Garganus curves the Italian coast with its oak-woods, and meets the North wind from Dalmatia and the South wind from Calabria, as it juts out from Apulia into the waters of the Adriatic. Caesar himself, safe without his army, hastened to terrified Rome; she had learned by now to obey him even when he wore the garb of peace. Yielding forsooth to the people's prayer, a dictator was added to the list of consuls,² and Caesar, by his consulship, made glad the Calendar. For that age invented all the lying titles that we have used so long to our masters—that age in which Caesar, that he might grasp every right to use the sword, desired to combine the Roman axes with his blades and add the fasces to his eagles. Snatching at the empty name of legal office, he set a fitting mark upon that time of sorrow; for what

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Maesta nota ; nam quo melius Pharsalicus annus
 Consule notus erit ? Fingit sollemnia Campus
 Et non admissae dirimit suffragia plebis
 Decantatque tribus et vana versat in urna.
 Nec caelum servare licet : tonat augure surdo, 395
 Et laetae iurantur aves bubone sinistro.
 Inde perit primum quondam veneranda potestas
 Iuris inops ; tantum careat ne nomine tempus,
 Menstruus in fastos distinguit saecula consul.
 Nec non Iliacae numen quod praesidet Albae, 400
 Haud meritum Latio sollemnia sacra subacto,
 Vidit flammifera confectas nocte Latinas.
 Inde rapit cursus et, quae piger Apulus arva
 Deseruit rastris et inertis tradidit herbae,
 Ocior et caeli flammis et tigride feta 405
 Transcurrit, curvique tenens Minoia tecta
 Brundisii clausas ventis brumalibus undas
 Invenit et pavidas hiberno sidere classes.
 Turpe duci visum, rapiendi tempora belli
 In segnes exisse moras, portuque teneri 410
 Dum pateat tutum vel non felicibus aequor.
 Expertes animos pelagi sic robore conplet :
 " Fortius hiberni flatus caelumque fretunque,
 Cum cepere, tenent, quam quos incumbere certos
 Perfida nubiferi vetat inconstantia veris. 415
 Nec maris anfractus lustrandaque litora nobis,

¹ Under the Republic, an augur might watch the sky for unfavourable omens, such as might hinder an election being held.

² Lucan exaggerates here. Under the Empire it became common for consuls to hold office for less than a year ; but during 48 B.C. there were only two consuls—Caesar and P. Servilius Vatia.

³ Jupiter Latiaris.

⁴ Owing to the war.

BOOK V

consul has more right to give his name to the year of Pharsalia? The Campus sees a travesty of the annual ceremonies: the people are excluded, but their votes are sorted, the names of the tribes are rehearsed, and a pretence is made of shaking them in the urn. It is not permitted to watch the sky:¹ it thunders, but the augur is deaf; and they swear that the omens are favourable, though an owl flies on the left hand. Then first the office once so venerable lost its power and began to decay: only, that the period might not lack a name, consuls appointed from month to month² mark off the years upon the record-roll. Further, the god³ who presides over Trojan Alba, though, when Latium was conquered, he had ceased to deserve his customary rites, witnessed the bonfire at night that ends the Latin festival.

Hurrying away from Rome, Caesar, swifter than the lightning or the mother tigress, sped over the land which the Apulians, reduced to idleness,⁴ had ceased to till with rakes and surrendered to the weeds. When he reached the Cretan city of Brundisium on its bay, he found the sea closed by winter storms and the fleets scared by the weather of that season. He thought it shame that the time for hastening the war to a close had ended in sloth and idleness, and that he should be detained in harbour, till others, who were no favourites of Fortune, found the sea safe and open. Thus he filled with confidence men who knew naught of the sea: "When the gales of winter have mastered sky and sea, they keep their hold more strongly than those which the treacherous fickleness of rainy spring prevents from blowing steadily. We have no need to track the curves of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sed recti fluctus soloque Aquilone secandi.
 Hic utinam summi curvet carchesia mali
 Incumbatque furens et Graia ad moenia perflet,
 Ne Pompeiani Phaeacum e litore toto 420
 Languida iactatis comprehendant carbasa remis.
 Rumpite, quae retinent felices vincula proras ;
 Iamdudum nubes et saevas perdinus undas.”
 Sidera prima poli Phoebo labente sub undas
 Exierant, et luna suas iam fecerat umbras, 425
 Cum pariter solvere rates ; totosque rudentes
 Laxavere sinus, et flexo navita cornu
 Obliquat laevo pede carbasa summaque pandens
 Sipara velorum perituras colligit auras.
 Vix ¹ primum levior propellere lintea ventus 430
 Incipit exiguumque tument, et reddita malo
 In mediam cecidere ratem, terraque relicta
 Non valet ipsa sequi puppes quae vexerat aura.
 Aequora lenta iacent, alto torpore ligatae
 Pigrius inmotis haesere paludibus undae. 435
 Sic stat iners Scythicas astringens Bosphoros undas,
 Cum glacie retinente fretum non inpulit Hister,
 Immensumque gelu tegitur mare ; comprimit unda,
 Deprendit quascumque rates, nec pervia velis
 Aequora frangit eques, fluctuque latente sonantem 440
 Orbita migrantis scindit Maeotida Bessi.
 Saeva quies pelagi, maestoque ignava profundo
 Stagna iacentis aquae ; veluti deserta regente

¹ Vix *Housman* : Ut *MSS.*

¹ Corcyra.

² Caesar's ships were merchant ships, which depended upon sails, whereas Pompey's warships were rowed.

³ The Sea of Azov.

BOOK V

sea and shore; we have merely to cut the waves in a straight line, with the help of the North wind only. May it blow in all its fury, till it bends the tops of our masts, and drive us all the way to the cities of Greece; else Pompey's sailors, issuing from all the coast of Phaeacia,¹ may overtake our flagging sails by the stroke of their oars.² Cut the cables which detain our victorious prows; we have long been wasting the chance given us by cloudy skies and angry waves."

The sun sank beneath the sea, the first stars had come out in the sky, and the moon had begun to throw shadows of her own, when they cast loose their ships all together. The ropes shook out the sails at full stretch; the sailors bent the yards and slanted the canvas, keeping the sheet to the left, and spread the high topsails to catch the breeze that would otherwise be lost. Hardly had the light air begun to drive the sails till they puffed out a little, when they fell back on the mast and drooped towards the centre of the ship; and, when land was left behind, the very breeze that had carried them could not keep pace with the vessels. The sea lay motionless; chained in dead calm, the waves had less movement than a stagnant pool.—Thus the Bosphorus lies idle and binds the Northern Sea, when the Danube, arrested by frost, no longer urges on the deep, and the vast sea is covered with ice; the water holds in a vice every ship it has grasped; the rider strikes the solid floor that no sail may traverse; and the wheel-track of the Bessian nomad furrows the Maeotian mere,³ while the surge groans beneath. A grim stillness broods over the dismal deep; and the sluggish pools of the flat expanse

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Aequora natura cessant, pontusque vetustas
 Oblitus servare vices non com meat aestu, 445
 Non horrore tremit, non solis imagine vibrat.
 Casibus innumeris fixae patuere carinae.
 Illinc infestae classes et inertia tonsis
 Aequora moturae, gravis hinc languore profundi
 Obsessis ventura fames. Nova vota timori 450
 Sunt inventa novo, fluctus nimiasque precari
 Ventorum vires, dum se torpentibus unda
 Excutiat stagnis et sit mare. Nubila nusquam
 Undarumque minae; caelo languente fretoque
 Naufragii spes omnis abit. Sed nocte fugata 455
 Laesum nube dies iubar extulit imaque sensim
 Concussit pelagi movitque Ceraunia nautis.
 Inde rapi coepere rates atque aequora classem
 Curva sequi, quae iam vento fluctuque secundo
 Lapsa Palaestinas uncis confixit harenas. 460
 Prima duces vidit iunctis consistere castris
 Tellus, quam volucer Genusus, quam mollior Hapsus
 Circumeunt ripis. Hapso gestare carinas
 Causa palus, leni quam fallens egerit unda;
 At Genusum nunc sole nives, nunc imbre solutae 465
 Praecipitant; neuter longo se gurgite lassat,
 Sed minimum terrae vicino litore novit.
 Hoc fortuna loco tantae duo nomina famae

BOOK V

stand idle; as though abandoned by the natural force that governs it, the sea forgets to keep its ancient alternations, and is not moved to and fro by the tides; no ripple ruffles it, nor does it twinkle with any reflection of the sun.—Caesar's becalmed ships were exposed to countless dangers. On one side were the hostile vessels that might stir the sluggish waters with their oars; on the other was the dread approach of famine, while they were yet beleaguered by the calm. New prayers were found to meet the new danger—prayers for stormy seas and violent winds, if only the sea would rouse from its dead stagnation and be sea indeed. But no clouds nor angry waves were visible anywhere: the stillness of sky and ocean robbed them of all hope of shipwreck. When, however, darkness was dispelled, day lifted up the sunlight obscured by cloud, and stirred the ocean depths by degrees, and brought the Ceraunian mountains nearer to the fleet. Soon the ships gathered speed, and the breakers followed in their wake, till they sped along with favouring wind and tide and grappled with their anchor-flukes the sands of Palaeste.

The first place that saw the rivals halt and pitch their camps side by side was the land which the swift Genusus and gentler Hapsus encompass with their banks. The Hapsus is made navigable by a lake, which it drains imperceptibly with quiet flow; but the Genusus is driven fast by the snows thawed now by sun and now by rain; neither river is wearied by the length of its course: the sea is close, and they know little of the land. This was the place where Fortune matched two names of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Conposuit, miserique fuit spes inrita mundi,
 Posse duces parva campi statione diremptos 470
 Admotum damnare nefas ; nam cernere voltus
 Et voces audire datur, multosque per annos
 Dilectus tibi, Magne, socer post pignora tanta,
 Sanguinis infausti subolem mortemque nepotum,
 Te nisi Niliaca propius non vidit harena. 475
 Caesaris attonitam miscenda ad proelia mentem
 Ferre moras scelerum partes iussere relictæ.
 Ductor erat cunctis audax Antonius armis
 Iam tum civili meditatus Leucada bello.
 Illum saepe minis Caesar precibusque morantem 480
 Evocat : " O mundo tantorum causa laborum,
 Quid superos et fata tenes ? sunt cetera cursu
 Acta meo, summam rapti per prospera belli
 Te poscit fortuna manum. Non rupta vadosis
 Syrtibus incerto Libye nos dividit aestu. 485
 Numquid inexperto tua credimus arma profundo,
 Inque novos traheris casus ? ignave, venire
 Te Caesar, non ire, iubet. Prior ipse per hostes
 Percussi medios ¹ alieni iuris harenas :
 Tu mea castra times ? pereuntia tempora fati 490
 Conqueror, in ventos inpendo vota fretumque.
 Ne retine dubium cupientes ire per aequor ;

¹ medios *Oudendorf* : medias *MSS.*

¹ Two children were born to Pompey and Julia ; both died in earliest infancy.

² M. Antonius, a member of the Second Triumvirate, of 43 B.C.

³ Where he and Cleopatra fought against Augustus and Rome ; and Lucan pretends to believe that Antony was now disloyal to Caesar.

BOOK V

such high renown; but the suffering world was disappointed in the hope that the rivals, when parted by but a little space of ground, might repudiate wickedness thus forced upon their notice. For each could see the other's face and hear his voice; and the father-in-law whom Magnus had loved for many years never but once had a nearer view of him after the close tie was broken and when the grandchildren,¹ offspring of an ill-starred union, were dead—and that once was on the sands of the Nile.

Though Caesar was frantic to join battle, he was forced to endure a postponement of wicked war by the partisans he had left in Italy. Bold Antony,² who commanded all those forces, thus early, during the civil war, was plotting an Actium.³ Again and again Caesar urged him to haste with threats and entreaties: "On you lies the blame for the sore troubles that afflict mankind; why do you arrest the course of destiny and the will of Heaven? All else has been done with my accustomed speed, and Fortune now demands of you the finishing touch for a war that has rushed on from victory to victory. We are not parted by the shifting tides of Libya—Libya whose coast is broken by the shoals of the Syrtes. Am I risking your army on a sea I have not tried, or drawing you into dangers unknown? Coward! Caesar bids you come, not go. I myself went before through the midst of the enemy, and my prow struck a shore that others controlled; do you fear *my* camp? I complain that you waste the hours granted by destiny; I spend my prayers upon the winds and waves. Check not the hearts that are eager to cross the treacherous main; the soldiers,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Si bene nota mihi est, ad Caesaris arma iuventus
 Naufragio venisse volet. Iam voce doloris
 Utendum est : non ex aequo divisimus orbem : 495
 Epirum Caesarque tenet totusque senatus,
 Ausoniam tu solus habes." His terque quaterque
 Vocibus excitum postquam cessare videbat,
 Dum se desse deis ac non sibi numina credit,
 Sponte per incautas audet temptare tenebras 500
 Quod iussi timuere fretum, temeraria prono
 Expertus cessisse deo, fluctusque verendos
 Classibus exigua sperat superare carina.
 Solverat armorum fessas nox languida curas,
 Parva quies miseris, in quorum pectora somno 505
 Dat vires fortuna minor ; iam castra silebant,
 Tertia iam vigiles commoverat hora secundos ;
 Caesar sollicito per vasta silentia gressu
 Vix famulis audenda parat, cunctisque relictis
 Sola placet Fortuna comes. Tentoria postquam 510
 Egressus vigilum somno cedentia membra
 Transsiluit questus tacite, quod fallere posset,
 Litora curva legit primisque invenit in undis
 Rupibus exesis haerentem fune carinam.
 Rectorem dominumque ratis secreta tenebat 515
 Haud procul inde domus, non ullo robore fulta
 Sed sterili iunco cannaque intexta palustri
 Et latus inversa nudum munita phaselo.
 Haec Caesar bis terque manu quassantia tectum

¹ Epirus stands for the East, Italy for the West.

² Whose lives were worthless.

BOOK V

if I know them, will be willing to join my forces at the cost of shipwreck. I must even use the language of resentment: the division of the world between us is unfair: Caesar and all the Senate share Epirus¹ between them, while you keep Italy all to yourself." Again and again he summoned Antony forth by these appeals; and, when he saw him still delay, believing that Heaven was more true to him than he to Heaven, he ventured in the dangerous darkness to defy the sea, thus doing of his own accord what others had feared to do when bidden. He knew by experience that rashness succeeds when Heaven favours, and hoped to surmount in a little boat the waves that even fleets must fear.

Drowsy night had relaxed the weary toil of war—night, a brief respite to the wretches over whose breasts their humbler estate suffers sleep to prevail; there was silence in the camp, and the third hour of night had roused the second watch. Stepping anxiously through the desolate silence, Caesar prepares to do what even slaves² hardly could dare: he left all behind him and chose Fortune for his sole companion. He passed outside the tents; he sprang over the bodies of the sleeping sentries, vexed within himself that he was able to elude them; he traced the winding shore and found by the edge of the sea a boat moored by a rope to the hollowed rocks. The skipper and owner of the boat had a dwelling not far away that gave him shelter and safety; no timber supported it, but it was wattled with barren rush and reed from the marshes, and the side exposed to the sea was protected by a skiff turned upside down. Here Caesar smote again and again upon the door till

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Limina commovit. Molli consurgit Amyclas, 520
 Quem dabat alga, toro. "Quisnam mea naufragus"
 inquit
 "Tecta petit? aut quem nostrae fortuna coegit
 Auxilium sperare casae?" Sic fatus ab alto
 Aggere iam tepidae sublato fune favillae
 Scintillam tenuem commotos pavit in ignes, 525
 Securus belli; praedam civilibus armis
 Scit non esse casas. O vitae tuta facultas
 Pauperis angustique lares! o munera nondum
 Intellecta deum! Quibus hoc contingere templis
 Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu 530
 Caesarea pulsante manu? Tum poste recluso
 Dux ait: "Expecta votis maiora modestis
 Spesque tuas laxa, iuvenis: si iussa secutus
 Me vehis Hesperiam, non ultra cuncta carinae
 Debebis manibusque *importunamve fereris*
*Pauperiem deflens*¹ inopem duxisse senectam. 535
 Ne cessa praebere deo tua fata volenti
 Angustos opibus subitis implere penates."
 Sic fatur, quamquam plebeio tectus amictu,
 Indocilis privata loqui. Tum pauper Amyclas:
 "Multa quidem prohibent nocturno credere ponto; 540
 Nam sol non rutilas deduxit in aequora nubes
 Concordesque tulit radios: Noton altera Phoebi,
 Altera pars Borean diducta luce vocabat.
 Orbe quoque exhaustus medio languensque recessit
 Spectantes oculos infirmo lumine passus. 545
 Lunaque non gracili surrexit lucida cornu

¹ *The line in italics was inserted by Housman.*

¹ To use as a torch, apparently.

BOOK V

the roof shook. Amyclas rose up from the soft bed that seaweed gave him. "What shipwrecked sailor seeks my roof?" he asked, "or whom has chance compelled to hope for aid from my cabin?" Thus speaking, he withdrew a rope¹ from a high pile of ashes which time had cooled, and fanned the slender spark till he fed it into flame. No thought of the war had he: he knew that poor men's huts are not plundered in time of civil war. How safe and easy the poor man's life and his humble dwelling! How blind men still are to Heaven's gifts! What temple, what fortified town, could say as much—that it thrills with no alarm when Caesar knocks? Then, when the door was unfastened, Caesar spoke: "Enlarge your hopes, young man, and look forward to bounty beyond your humble prayers. If you obey my orders and carry me to Italy, you shall not henceforward owe all to your boat and your own arms, nor shall you be said to have spent a needy old age in lamenting cruel poverty. Be swift to place your destiny in the hands of Heaven, which wishes to fill your pinched home with sudden wealth." Thus he spoke; for though the garb he wore was humble, he knew not how to speak the language of a private man. Then the poor man, Amyclas, answered: "Many signs, indeed, prevent me from trusting the sea to-night. Thus the sun carried down into the Ocean no ruddy clouds, and showed no symmetrical ring of rays; for with divided beams one half of his disk summoned the South wind, the other the North. Also, his centre was hollowed and dim at sunset, and the feeble light suffered the eye to gaze on it. The moon too, when she appeared, did not shine with slender

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Aut orbis medii puros exesa recessus,
Nec duxit recto tenuata cacumina cornu,
Ventorumque notam rubuit; tum lurida pallens
Ora tulit voltu sub nubem tristis ituro. 550
Sed mihi nec motus nemorum nec litoris ictus
Nec placet incertus qui provocat aequora delphin,
Aut siccum quod mergus amat, quodque ausa volare
Ardea sublimis pinnae confisa natanti,
Quodque caput spargens undis, velut occupet imbrem,
Instabili gressu metitur litora cornix. 556
Sed si magnarum poscunt discrimina rerum,
Haud dubitem praebere manus: vel litora tangam
Iussa, vel hoc potius pelagus flatusque negabunt.”
Haec fatur solvensque ratem dat carbasa ventis, 560
Ad quorum motus non solum lapsa per altum
Aera dispersos traxere cadentia sulcos
Sidera, sed summis etiam quae fixa tenentur
Astra polis sunt visa quati. Niger inficit horror
Terga maris, longo per multa volumina tractu 565
Aestuat unda minax, flatusque incerta futuri
Turbida testantur conceptos aequora ventos.
Tunc rector trepidae fatur ratis: “Aspice, saevum
Quanta paret pelagus; Zephyros intendat an Austros,
Incertum est: puppim dubius ferit undique pontus. 570
Nubibus et caelo Notus est; si murmura ponti

BOOK V

horn ; nor was she carved out in a clear-cut hollow of her central orb ; nor did she prolong her tapering extremities with upright horn. She was red, with an indication of storms ; then she was pale and showed a sallow face, and saddened as her countenance began to pass behind a cloud. For the rest, I like not the tossing of the trees or the beat of the waves on the shore ; or when the dolphin with changing course challenges the sea to rise, and the cormorant prefers the land, and the heron dares to fly aloft and trusts his water-cleaving pinion, and the crow, sprinkling his head with brine, seems to forestall the rain and paces the shore with lurching gait—I like not these signs. Nevertheless, if a great crisis requires it, I cannot hesitate to lend my aid : either I will land you where you bid me, or the wind and waves, not I, shall say you nay.”—

With these words he unmoored his boat and spread his canvas to the winds. At the motion of the winds, not only the meteors which glide through the high heaven drawing after them trains of diffused light as they fall, but also the stars which remain fixed in the summit of the sky, seemed to be shaken. A shudder of darkness blackened the ridges of the sea ; the angry deep boiled with a long swell, wave following wave ; and the swollen billows, uncertain of the coming storm, gave token that they were in travail with tempest. Then said the skipper of the restless boat : “ See what mighty mischief the cruel sea is brewing. I know not whether it threatens us with winds from West or South ; for the shifting current strikes the boat from every side. The South wind prevails in the clouds and in the sky ; but if we mark the moaning

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Consulimus, Cori veniet mare. Gurgite tanto
Nec ratis Hesperias tanget nec naufragus oras.
Desperare viam et vetitos convertere cursus
Sola salus. Liceat vexata litora puppe 575
Prendere, ne longe nimium sit proxima tellus."

Fisus cuncta sibi cessura pericula Caesar
"Sperne minas" inquit "pelagi ventoque furenti
Trade sinum. Italiam si caelo auctore recusas,
Me pete. Sola tibi causa est haec iusta timoris, 580
Vectorem non nosse tuum, quem numina numquam
Destituunt, de quo male tunc fortuna meretur,
Cum post vota venit. Medias perrumpe procellas
Tutela secure mea. Caeli iste fretique,
Non puppis nostrae, labor est: hanc Caesare pressam 585
A fluctu defendet onus. Nec longa furori
Ventorum saevo dabitur mora: proderit undis
Ista ratis. Ne flecte manum, fuge proxima velis
Litora: tum Calabro portu te crede potitum,
Cum iam non poterit puppi nostraeque saluti 590
Altera terra dari. Quid tanta strage paretur,
Ignoras: quaerit pelagi caelique tumultu,
Quod praestet Fortuna mihi." Non plura locuto
Avolsit laceros percussa puppe rudentes
Turbo rapax fragilemque super volitantia malum 595
Vela tulit; sonuit victis conpagibus alnus.

BOOK V

of the sea, a gale from the North-west will master the main. In such a flood neither ship nor shipwrecked sailor will ever reach the shore of Italy. Our one chance is to resign all hope of a passage and retrace our forbidden course. Suffer me to make the shore with my battered craft, or else the nearest land may prove too distant."

But Caesar was confident that all dangers would make way for him. "Despise the angry sea," he cried, "and spread your sail to the raging wind. If you refuse to make for Italy when Heaven forbids, then make for it when I command. One cause alone justifies your fear—that you know not whom you carry. He is a man whom the gods never desert, whom Fortune treats scurvily when she comes merely in answer to his prayer. Burst through the heart of the storm, relying on my protection. Yonder trouble concerns the sky and sea, but not our bark; for Caesar treads the deck, and her freight shall insure her against the waves. No long duration shall be permitted to the fierce fury of the winds: this bark shall be the salvation of the sea. Turn not your helm; use your sail to flee from the neighbouring shore; then you must believe that you have gained an Italian harbour, when it is no longer possible for any other land to shelter our boat and secure our safety. You know not the meaning of this wild confusion: by this hurly-burly of sea and sky Fortune is seeking a boon to confer on me." Ere he spoke another word, the raging whirlwind smote the vessel and tore away the tattered cordage, and bore off the sails that fluttered over the frail mast; the hull groaned as the seams gave way.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Inde ruunt toto concita pericula mundo.
 Primus ab oceano caput exeris Atlanteo,
 Core, movens aestus ; iam te tollente furebat
 Pontus et in scopulos totas erexerat undas : 600
 Occurrit gelidus Boreas pelagusque retundit,
 Et dubium pendet, vento cui concidat, aequor.
 Sed Scythici vicit rabies Aquilonis et undas
 Torsit et abstrusas penitus vada fecit harenas.
 Nec perfert pontum Boreas ad saxa suumque 605
 In fluctus Cori frangit mare, motaque possunt
 Aequora subductis etiam concurrere ventis.
 Non Euri cessasse minas, non imbribus atrum
 Aeolii iacuisse Notum sub carcere saxi
 Crediderim ; cunctos solita de parte ruentes 610
 Defendisse suas violento turbine terras,
 Sic pelagus mansisse loco. Nam priva¹ procellis
 Aequora rapta ferunt : Aegaeas transit in undas
 Tyrrhenum, sonat Ionio vagus Hadria ponto.
 A quotiens frustra pulsatos aequore montes 615
 Obruit illa dies ! quam celsa cacumina pessum
 Tellus victa dedit ! non ullo litore surgunt
 Tam validi fluctus, alioque ex orbe voluti
 A magno venere mari, mundumque coercens
 Monstriferos agit unda sinus. Sic rector Olympi 620
 Cuspide fraterna lassatum in saecula fulmen
 Adiuvit, regnoque accessit terra secundo,

¹ priva *Housman* : parva *MSS.*

¹ "The sea as a whole" is meant.

BOOK V

And now dangers, summoned from all the world, came rushing on. First the North-west wind raised his head above the Atlantic Ocean and stirred the tides; and soon the sea, roused by him, was raging and would have lifted up all its waves to cover the cliffs; but the cold North wind struck athwart and beat back the flood, till the sea hung doubtful before which wind it would fall. But the fury of the Scythian North wind prevailed: it lashed the waves in circles and changed to shallows the sands hidden far below. But it could not carry the sea right to the shore, but broke its tide against the waves raised by the North-west wind; and, even if the winds were hushed, the angry waters might carry on their strife. I cannot but believe that the fierce East wind was active then, and that the South wind, black with storm, was not idle in the prison of Aeolus' cave, and that all the winds, rushing from their accustomed quarters, protected their own regions with furious hurricane; and that therefore the sea¹ remained in its place. Separate seas were caught up by the storm and carried away by the winds: the Tyrrhene Sea migrated to the Aegean, and the Adriatic moved and roared in the Ionian basin. That day buried mountains which the waves had often before battered in vain; and the defeated earth sent lofty peaks to the bottom. No shore gave birth to these mighty waves: they came rolling from another region and from the outer sea, and the waters which encircle the world drove on these teeming billows. Thus, when his own thunderbolt was weary, the Ruler of Olympus called in his brother's trident to help in punishing mankind; and earth became an appanage of the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cum mare convolvit gentes, cum litora Tethys
 Noluit ulla pati caelo contenta teneri.
 Tum quoque tanta maris moles crevisset in astra, 625
 Ni superum rector pressisset nubibus undas.
 Non caeli nox illa fuit : latet obsitus aer
 Infernae pallore domus nimbisque gravatus
 Deprimitur, fluctusque in nubibus accipit imbrem.
 Lux etiam metuenda perit, nec fulgura currunt 630
 Clara, sed obscurum nimbosus dissilit aer.
 Tum superum convexa tremunt, atque arduus axis
 Intonuit, motaque poli conpage laborant.
 Extimuit natura chaos ; rupisse videntur
 Concordes elementa moras, rursusque redire 635
 Nox manes mixtura deis : spes una salutis,
 Quod tanta mundi nondum periere ruina.
 Quantum Leucadio placidus de vertice pontus
 Despicitur, tantum nautae videre trementes
 Fluctibus e summis praeceps mare ; cumque tumentes 640
 Rursus hiant undae, vix eminent aequore malus.
 Nubila tanguntur velis et terra carina.
 Nam pelagus, qua parte sedet, non celat harenas
 Exhaustum in cumulos, omnisque in fluctibus unda est.
 Artis opem vicere metus, nescitque magister, 645
 Quam frangat, cui cedat aquae. Discordia ponti
 Succurrit miseris, fluctusque evertere puppim
 Non valet in fluctum : victum latus unda repellens

¹ The sea : cf. iv. 110. The reference is to Deucalion's flood.

BOOK V

second kingdom,¹ when the Ocean swallowed up the human race and refused to endure any limits, content with no bound except the sky. Now once more the mighty mass of waters would have risen to the stars, had not the Ruler of the gods kept down the sea with clouds. The darkness was not the common darkness of night: the heavens were hidden and veiled with the dimness of the infernal regions, and weighed down by clouds; and in the midst of the clouds the rain poured into the sea. Light, even dreadful light, died; no bright lightnings darted, but the stormy sky gave dim flashes. Next, the dome of the gods quaked, the lofty sky thundered, and the heavens, with all their structure jarred, were troubled. Nature dreaded chaos: it seemed that the elements had burst their harmonious bonds, and that Night was returning, to blend the shades below with the gods above; the one hope of safety for the gods is this—that in the universal catastrophe they have not yet been destroyed. Far as the eye looks down from the Leucadian peak upon calm sea, so high a precipice of water was seen by trembling mariners on the top of the billows; and when once again the swollen waves open their jaws, the mast barely projects above the surface. The sails reach the clouds, the keel rests on the bottom. For the water, where it sinks down, does not cover the bottom: it all goes to form mounds and is used up in the waves. The danger was too great for the aid derived from skill: the steersman knows not when to face the current and when to evade it. The strife of the waters is helpful to the wretched sailors; for one wave is powerless against another to upset the vessel; when her side is struck,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Erigit, atque omni surgit ratis ardua vento.
 Non humilem Sasona vadis, non litora curvae 650
 Thessaliae saxosa pavent oraeque malignos
 Ambraciae portus, scopulosa Ceraunia nautae
 Summa timent. Credit iam digna pericula Caesar
 Fatis esse suis. "Quantusne evertere" dixit
 "Me superis labor est, parva quem puppe sedentem 655
 Tam magno petiere mari? si gloria leti
 Est pelago donata mei bellisque negamur,
 Intrepidus, quamcumque datis mihi, numina, mortem
 Accipiam. Licet ingentes abruperit actus
 Festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi. 660
 Arctoas domui gentes, inimica subegi
 Arma metu, vidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum,
 Iussa plebe tuli fascēs per bella negatos;
 Nulla meis aberit titulis Romana potestas,
 Nec sciet hoc quisquam, nisi tu, quae sola meorum 665
 Conscia votorum es, me, quamvis plenus honorum
 Et dictator eam Stygias et consul ad umbras,
 Privatum, Fortuna, mori. Mihi funere nullo
 Est opus, o superi; lacerum retinete cadaver
 Fluctibus in mediis, desint mihi busta rogosque, 670
 Dum metuar semper terraque expecter ab omni."
 Haec fatum decimus, dictu mirabile, fluctus
 Invalida cum puppe levat, nec rursus ab alto
 Aggere deiecit pelagi sed pertulit unda,
 Scruposisque angusta vacant ubi litora saxis, 675

¹ See n. to ii. 627.

² The meaning is, that Fortune alone would know Caesar's disappointment in dying uncrowned.

³ The ancients believed that every tenth wave was larger than the rest. Lowell has "The surge and thunder of the decuman."

BOOK V

another sea beats her back and rights her, and she rises erect because all the winds blow at once. It is not the shoals of low-lying Sason¹ that frighten the crews, nor yet the rocky shore of winding Thessaly, nor the scanty harbours of the Ambracian coast, but rather the tops of the Ceraunian mountains.—Caesar considers at last that the danger is on a scale to match his destiny. “What trouble the gods take,” he cried, “to work my ruin, assailing me on my little boat with such a mighty storm! If the glory of my death, denied to the battle-field, has been granted to the deep, I shall not shrink from meeting whatever end Heaven appoints for me. Although the date, hastened on by destiny, cuts short a great career, my achievements are sufficient: I have conquered the Northern peoples; by fear alone I have quelled the Roman forces opposed to me; Rome has seen me take precedence of Magnus; by appeal to the people I won the consulship denied to me by force of arms; no Roman office will be found missing from my record; and none other than Fortune, who shares with me the secret of my ambition, shall ever know that, though I go down to the Stygian shades loaded with honours, dictator as well as consul, nevertheless I am dying a private citizen.² I ask no burial of the gods: let them leave my mutilated corpse amid the waves; I can dispense with grave and funeral pyre, provided I am feared for ever and my appearance is dreaded by every land.” As he spoke thus, a tenth wave³—marvellous to tell—upbore him and his battered craft; nor did the billow hurl him back again from the high watery crest but bore him onwards till it laid him on the land, where a narrow strip of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Inposuit terrae. Pariter tot regna, tot urbes
Fortunamque suam tacta tellure recepit.

Sed non tam remeans Caesar iam luce propinqua
Quam tacita sua castra fuga comitesque fefellit.

Circumfusa duci flevit gemituque suorum 680

Et non ingratis incessit turba querellis.

“ Quo te, dure, tulit virtus temeraria, Caesar ?

Aut quae nos viles animas in fata relinquens

Invitis spargenda dabas tua membra procellis ?

Cum tot in hac anima populorum vita salusque 685

Pendeat et tantus caput hoc sibi fecerit orbis,

Saevitia est voluisse mori. Nullusne tuorum

Emeruit comitum fatis non posse superstes

Esse tuis ? Cum te raperet mare, corpora segnis

Nostra sopor tenuit. Pudet heu ! Tibi causa petendae

Haec fuit Hesperiae, visum est quod mittere quemquam

Tam saevo crudele mari. Sors ultima rerum 692

In dubios casus et prona pericula morti

Praecipitare solet : mundi iam summa tenentem

Permississe mari tantum ! quid numina lassas ? 695

Sufficit ad fatum belli favor iste laborque

Fortunae, quod te nostris inpegit harenis ?

Hinc usus placuere deum, non rector ut orbis

Nec dominus rerum, sed felix naufragus esses ? ”

Talia iactantes discussa nocte serenus 700

¹ Not the shore of Italy, as one might gather from Lucan ; he was driven back by the storm and failed to cross the sea.

² *I. e.* has saved you from drowning.

BOOK V

shore was clear of jagged rocks. He touched the land¹ and recovered in one moment realms and cities innumerable and his own lucky star.

But when Caesar returned next day to his army and his officers, they were not taken unawares by his return as they had been by his secret departure. Crowding round their leader, they shed tears and assailed him with lament and expostulations not unpleasing to his ear. "Hardhearted Caesar, to what lengths your rash courage has carried you! And at the mercy of what fate did you leave our worthless lives, when you gave your limbs to be torn in pieces by the reluctant winds? When the existence and safety of so many nations depend upon your single life, and so large a part of the world has chosen you for its head, it is cruel of you to court death. Did none of your comrades deserve the honour of being prevented from surviving your end? While the sea drove you along, our limbs were held by slothful sleep; you put us to the blush. You made for Italy yourself, because you deemed it heartless to bid any other cross such a stormy sea. In general it is utter despair that hurls men into jeopardy and danger that runs straight to death; but that you, who are now master of the world, should grant such licence to the sea! Why do you overtask the goodwill of Heaven? Fortune has hurled you here upon the shore;² for the issue of the war, are you content with that instance of her favour and assistance? Is this the use you prefer to make of Heaven, that you should be, not the ruler of the world or the master of mankind, but a shipwrecked wretch who escapes from drowning?" As thus they argued, darkness was dispelled and clear daylight

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Oppressit cum sole dies, fessumque tumentes
 Composuit pelagus ventis patientibus undas.
 Nec non Hesperii lassatum fluctibus aequor
 Ut videre duces, purumque insurgere caelo
 Fracturum pelagus Borean, solvere carinas ; 705
 Quas ventus doctaeque pari moderamine dextrae
 Permixtas habuere diu, latumque per aequor,
 Ut terrestre, coit consortis puppibus agmen.
 Sed nox saeva modum venti velique tenorem
 Eripuit nautis excussitque ordine puppes. 710
 Strymona sic gelidum bruma pellente relinquunt
 Poturae te, Nile, grues, primoque volatu
 Effingunt varias casu monstrante figuras ;
 Mox, ubi percussit tensas Notus altior alas,
 Confusos temere inmixtae glomerantur in orbes, 715
 Et turbata perit dispersis littera pinnis.
 Cum primum redeunte die violentior aer
 Puppibus incubuit Phoebeo concitus ortu,
 Praetereunt frustra temptati litora Lissi
 Nymphaeumque tenent ; nudas Aquilonibus undas 720
 Succedens Boreae iam portum fecerat Auster.
 Undique conlatis in robur Caesaris armis
 Summa videns duri Magnus discrimina Martis
 Iam castris instare suis seponere tutum
 Coniugii decrevit onus Lesboque remota . 725
 Te procul a saevi strepitu, Cornelia, belli
 Occulere. Heu quantum mentes dominatur in aequas

¹ Palamedes was said to have invented the alphabet by copying the figures formed by flocks of cranes in the sky.

BOOK V

came upon them together with the sun; and the weary sea, permitted by the winds, calmed its swollen billows.

The commanders in Italy also, when they saw that the sea was weary of waves, and that a clear North wind, rising in the sky, would soon break the force of the waters, cast loose their ships; and these were long kept close together by the wind and by skilled hands all steering the same course: like soldiers marching on land, the fleet sailed together over the broad sea, vessel keeping close to vessel. But night, proving unkind, robbed the sailors of steady wind, stopped the even progress of the sails, and threw the ships out of station. Thus, when cranes are driven by winter from the frozen Strymon to drink the water of the Nile, at the beginning of their flight they describe various chance-taught figures; but later, when a loftier wind beats on their outspread wings, they combine at random and form disordered packs, until the letter¹ is broken and disappears as the birds are scattered. As soon as day returned, and the brisker air roused by the dawn bore down on the ships, after trying in vain to land at Lissus, they sailed past to reach Nymphaeum, where the sea, unprotected on the North, had been turned into a harbour by the shift of wind from North to South.

When Caesar's forces were collected from every quarter to full strength, Magnus saw that his army must soon face the supreme crisis of stern war, and therefore decided to place in safety his wife, a precious charge, and to hide Cornelia in the retirement of Lesbos, far from the tumult of cruel warfare. Ah! how mighty is the power of wedded

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Iusta Venus! dubium trepidumque ad proelia, Magne,
 Te quoque fecit amor; quod nolles stare sub ictu
 Fortunae, quo mundus erat Romanaque fata, 730
 Coniunx sola fuit. Mentem iam verba paratam
 Destituunt, blandaeque iuvat ventura trahentem
 Indulgere morae et tempus subducere fatis.
 Nocte sub extrema pulso torpore quietis,
 Dum fovet amplexu gravidum Cornelia curis 735
 Pectus et aversi petit oscula grati mariti,
 Umentes mirata genas percussaque caeco
 Volnere non audet flentem deprendere Magnum.
 Ille gemens "Non nunc vita mihi dulcior," inquit,
 "Cum taedet vitae, laeto sed tempore, coniunx, 740
 Venit maesta dies et quam nimiumque parumque
 Distulimus; iam totus adest in proelia Caesar.
 Cedendum est bellis; quorum tibi tuta latebra
 Lesbos erit. Desiste preces temptare, negavi
 Iam mihi. Non longos a me pati re recessus; 745
 Praecipites aderunt casus; properante ruina
 Summa cadunt. Satis est audisse pericula Magni:
 Meque tuus decepit amor, civilia bella
 Si spectare potes. Nam me iam Marte parato
 Securos cepisse pudet cum coniuge somnos, 750
 Eque tuo, quatiunt miserum cum classica mundum,
 Surrexisse sinu. Vereor civilibus armis
 Pompeium nullo tristem committere damno.
 Tutior interea populis et tutior omni
 Rege late, positamque procul fortuna mariti 755

¹ He must propitiate ill-will by some personal sacrifice.

BOOK V

love over gentle hearts! Even Magnus was made anxious and afraid of battle by his love; one thing alone he wished to save from the stroke that overhung the world and the destiny of Rome; and that one thing was his wife. Though his mind was made up already, words failed him: he preferred to postpone what must come, to yield to the allurements of delay, and to steal a reprieve from destiny. Night was ending and the drowsiness of sleep was banished, when Cornelia clasped in her arms the care-laden breast of her husband and sought the dear lips of him who turned from her; wondering at his wet cheeks and smitten by a trouble she could not understand, she was abashed to discover Magnus in tears. Sighing, he said: "O my wife, dearer to me than life when life was sweet, not now when I am weary of it, the sad day which we have put off at once too long and not long enough has come at last: Caesar with all his forces is upon us now; war cannot be resisted, but Lesbos will hide you safe from war. Cease to urge me with entreaty; I have already said 'no' to myself. You will not long suffer separation from me: the decisive event will come speedily; the mightiest fall with rapid overthrow. It is enough for you to know by report the dangers that Magnus incurs; and you love me less than I imagined, if you can bear to look on at civil war. As for me, now that battle is at hand, I am ashamed to enjoy peaceful sleep at my wife's side, and to rise from her embrace when the war-note rouses the suffering world. I fear to trust myself to civil war, unless I am saddened by a loss of my own.¹ You meanwhile must lie hidden, safer than any nation or any king; and if you are far away, the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non tota te mole premat. Si numina nostras
 Inpulerint acies, maneat pars optima Magni,
 Sitque mihi, si fata prement victorque cruentus,
 Quo fugisse velim." Vix tantum infirma dolorem
 Cepit, et attonito cesserunt pectore sensus. 760
 Tandem vox maestas potuit proferre querellas :
 " Nil mihi de fati thalami superisque relictum est,
 Magne, queri : nostros non rumpit funus amores
 Nec diri fax summa rogi, sed sorte frequenti
 Plebeiaque nimis careo dimissa marito. 765
 Hostis ad adventum rumpamus foedera taedae,
 Placemus socerum ! Sic est tibi cognita, Magne,
 Nostra fides ? credisne aliquid mihi tutius esse
 Quam tibi ? non olim casu pendemus ab uno ?
 Fulminibus me, saeve, iubes tantaeque ruinae 770
 Absentem praestare caput ? securam videtur
 Sors tibi, cum facias etiam nunc vota, perisse ?
 Ut nolim servire malis sed morte parata
 Te sequar ad manes, feriat dum maesta remotas
 Fama procul terras, vivam tibi nempe superstes. 775
 Adde, quod adsuescis fati tantumque dolorem,
 Crudelis, me ferre doces. Ignosce fatenti,
 Posse pati timeo. Quod si sunt vota, deisque
 Audior, eventus rerum sciet ultima coniunx.
 Sollicitam rupes iam te victore tenebunt, 780

¹ By separation from her husband.

BOOK V

destiny of your husband need not crush you with its full weight. If Heaven hurls my armies to destruction, let the best part of me survive, and let me have a welcome hiding-place from the pursuit of Fortune and the conqueror's cruelty." Scarce could she in her weakness sustain so great a sorrow; her senses fled from her stricken breast. At last she was able to utter her sad remonstrances: "No power is left me, Magnus, to complain of our destiny in marriage or of the gods. For it is not death that divorces us, nor the final brand of the awful funeral pyre; no, by a lot all too common and familiar, I lose my husband, because he sends me from him. Because the enemy draws near, let us dissolve our marriage-bond and so appease the father of your former wife! Is this the opinion you have formed of my troth, Magnus? Do you believe that my safety can be different from your safety? Have we not for long been dependent upon the same hazard? Are you so cruel as to bid me, apart from you, expose my head to the thunder and the downfall of the world? Do you think it safety to have lost all¹ while still offering prayers for your sake? Suppose I refuse to be mastered by misfortune, and follow you to the nether world by a prompt death; yet, until the sad news falls on regions far away, I shall surely live on after you are dead. Besides, you are cruel in habituating me to my fate, and teaching me to bear so great a sorrow. Forgive the confession—but I fear that I may find life endurable. But if prayers avail and the gods hear mine, then your wife will be the last to learn the issue of events. After your victory, I shall haunt the cliffs of Lesbos in my anxiety; and I shall dread the ship that

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et puppem, quae fata feret tam laeta, timebo.
 Nec solvent audita metus mihi prospera belli,
 Cum vacuis proiecta locis a Caesare possim
 Vel fugiente capi. Notescent litora clari
 Nominis exilio, positaque ibi coniuge Magni 785
 Quis Mytilenaeas poterit nescire latebras?
 Hoc precor extremum: si nil tibi victa relinquent
 Tutius arma fuga, cum te commiseris undis,
 Quolibet infaustam potius deflecte carinam:
 Litoribus quaerere meis." Sic fata relictis 790
 Exiluit stratis amens tormenta que nulla
 Vult differre mora. Non maesti pectora Magni
 Sustinet amplexu dulci, non colla tenere,
 Extremusque perit tam longi fructus amoris,
 Praecipitantque suos luctus, neuterque recedens 795
 Sustinuit dixisse "vale"; vitamque per omnem
 Nulla fuit tam maesta dies; nam cetera damna
 Durata iam mente malis firmaque tulerunt.
 Labitur infelix manibusque excepta suorum
 Fertur ad aequoreas, ac se prosternit, harenas, 800
 Litora que ipsa tenet, tandemque inlata carinae est.
 Non sic infelix patriam portusque reliquit
 Hesperios, saevi premerent cum Caesaris arma.
 Fida comes Magni vadit duce sola relicto
 Pompeiumque fugit. Quae nox tibi proxima venit, 805
 Insomnis; viduo tum primum frigida lecto
 Atque insueta quies uni, nudumque marito

BOOK V

brings such news of battle won. The report of victory will not allay my fears, because in the deserted places whither I am cast out I may be taken prisoner by Caesar, even when he is a fugitive. The exile of one who bears a famous name will throw a light upon the shore of Lesbos; and who can remain ignorant of the asylum of Mitylene, when it harbours the wife of Magnus? This is my last prayer: if defeat makes flight your safest course and you entrust yourself to the sea, steer your ill-starred bark to any land but Lesbos; where I am, the foe will seek you." Having thus spoken, she sprang forth from the bed in frenzy, refusing to put off her agony for a moment. She cannot bear to clasp in her dear arms the breast or head of her sorrowing husband, and the last chance of enjoying their long and faithful love was thrown away. They hurry their grief to an end, and neither had the heart to say a parting farewell. Of their whole lives this was the saddest day. For all the losses that were to follow were borne with hearts already strengthened and steeled by misfortune.

The hapless lady swooned and fell, but was caught in the arms of her attendants and carried towards the sea-sands. There she fell down and clutched the very strand, till at last she was borne on ship-board. She had suffered less when she left her native land and the harbours of Italy, hard pressed by the armies of cruel Caesar. Once the faithful companion of Magnus, now she departs without him, leaving him behind in her flight. The next night she spent brought her no sleep: her bed was widowed for the first time; its coldness and silence were strange to her in her solitude; and her side

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non haerente latus. Somno quam saepe gravata
Deceptis vacuum manibus complexa cubile est
Atque oblita fugae quaesivit nocte maritum ! 810
Nam quamvis flamma tacitas urente medullas
Non iuvat in toto corpus iactare cubili :
Servatur pars illa tori. Caruisse timebat
Pompeio ; sed non superi tam laeta parabant :
Instabat miserae, Magnum quae redderet, hora. 815

BOOK V

was unprotected, with no husband near her. How often, weighed down by drowsiness, she clasped the empty couch with cheated arms! How often, forgetful of her flight, she sought her husband in the darkness! For, though her secret heart burned with love's fire, she would not toss her limbs over all the bed, but abstained from touching his side of it. She feared that she had lost Pompey for ever; but Heaven intended a worse fate than that. The hour was soon coming that was to restore Magnus to his unhappy wife.

BOOK VI

LIBER SEXTUS

POSTQUAM castra duces pugnae iam mente propinquis
Inposuere iugis admotaque comminus arma,
Parque suum videre dei, capere omnia Caesar
Moenia Graiorum spernit Martemque secundum
Iam nisi de genero fatis debere recusat. 5
Funestam mundo votis petit omnibus horam,
In casum quae cuncta ferat; placet alea fati
Alterutrum mersura caput. Ter collibus omnes
Explicuit turmas et signa minantia pugnam
Testatus numquam Latiae se desse ruinae. 10
Ut videt ad nullos exciri posse tumultus
In pugnam generum sed clauso fidere vallo,
Signa movet tectusque via dumosa per arva
Dyrrachii praeceps rapiendas tendit ad arces.
Hoc iter aequoreo praecepit limite Magnus, 15
Quemque vocat collem Taulantius incola Petram,
Insedit castris Ephyreaque moenia servat
Defendens tutam vel solis rupibus¹ urbem.
Non opus hanc veterum nec moles structa tuetur
Humanusque labor facilis, licet ardua tollat, 20
Cedere vel bellis vel cuncta moventibus annis,
Sed munimen habet nullo quassabile ferro
Naturam sedemque loci; nam clausa profundo

¹ rupibus *Dorville*: turribus *MSS.*

¹ Ephyra is the ancient name of Corinth. Dyrrachium (also called Epidamnus) was a Corinthian colony.

BOOK VI

THUS the leaders, with minds now made up for battle, had pitched their camps on neighbouring heights, the armies were brought face to face, and the gods saw their pair of combatants before them; and Caesar, too proud to take city after city of the Greeks, refused to accept from fate any further victory except over his kinsman. All his prayers were for that hour, fatal to the world, that should stake all on a cast of the die; he chose the hazard of destiny that must destroy one head or the other. Thrice he deployed upon the hills all his squadrons and warlike standards, and proved that he was never backward in the overthrow of Rome. But when he saw that Pompey, trusting to his ring of entrenchments, could not be drawn forth to battle by any demonstrations, he struck his camp and marched in haste to seize the fortress of Dyrrachium through a wooded country that concealed his movements. Pompey forestalled this march by following the coast-line; encamping on the hill which the Taulantians call Petra, he protected the Corinthian city¹—a city which its cliffs alone keep safe. No work of ancient times protects it, nor masonry piled by men's hands, which, though it raise its structures high, falls an easy prey to the besieger or all-destroying time; its natural position is a protection that no engine can shatter. On all

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Undique praecipiti scopulisque vomentibus aequor
 Exiguo debet, quod non est insula, colli. 25
 Terribiles ratibus sustentant moenia cautes,
 Ioniumque furens, rabido cum tollitur Austro,
 Tempa domosque quatit, spumatque in culmina pontus.
 Hic avidam belli rapuit spes improba mentem
 Caesaris, ut vastis diffusum collibus hostem 30
 Cingeret ignarum ducto procul aggere valli.
 Metatur terras oculis, nec caespite tantum
 Contentus fragili subitos attollere muros
 Ingentes cautes avolsaque saxa metallis
 Graiorumque domos direptaque moenia transfert. 35
 Extruitur, quod non aries impellere saevus,
 Quod non ulla queat violenti machina belli.
 Franguntur montes, planumque per ardua Caesar
 Ducit opus: pandit fossas turritaque summis
 Disponit castella iugis magnoque recessu 40
 Amplexus fines saltus nemorosaque tesqua
 Et silvas vastaque feras indagine claudit.
 Non desunt campi, non desunt pabula Magno,
 Castraque Caesareo circumdatus aggere mutat:
 Flumina tot cursus illic exorta fatigant, 45
 Illic mersa suos; operumque ut summa revisat,
 Defessus Caesar mediis intermanet agris.
 Nunc vetus Iliacos attollat fabula muros
 Ascibatque deis; fragili circumdata testa
 Moenia mirentur refugi Babylonia Parthi. 50

¹ The distances were so great that direct measurement of the ground was not practicable.

BOOK VI

sides it is surrounded by sea deep up to the shore, and by cliffs that spout forth the sea-water; and only a hill of moderate size prevents it from being an island. Precipices dreaded by ships support its walls; and the raging Ionian sea, when lifted up by Southern gales, shakes its temples and houses, and hurls the spray to its highest roofs.

Here Caesar's mind, eager for war, was caught by an extravagant design: though the enemy's forces were scattered over a wide extent of hills, he planned to draw a distant line of entrenchments and surround them without their knowing it. He used his eyes¹ to survey the ground; and, not content merely to rear hasty walls of crumbling turf, he carries for his use huge boulders and blocks torn from the quarries, whole houses of the natives and dismantled city-walls. A structure rose, that no fierce battering-ram nor any engine of forceful war could overthrow. The mountains were broken through, and Caesar carried his works of even height across the hills; he opens up trenches and builds turreted forts at intervals on the tops of ridges; with a wide concave line he takes in territories and upland lawns, wooded wastes and forests, and encloses the wild animals with far-flung snare. Magnus had plains and fodder in abundance, and shifted his camp within the circle of Caesar's lines; within that space many rivers take their rise and run their restless course down to the sea; and, when Caesar wishes to inspect his most distant works, he rests a while from his weariness when half-way round.

After this, let ancient legend praise the walls of Troy and ascribe the building to the gods; let Parthians, who fight retreating, marvel at the brick

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

En quantum Tigris, quantum celer ambit Orontes,
 Assyriis quantum populis telluris Eoae
 Sufficit in regnum, subitum bellique tumultu
 Raptum clausit opus. Tanti periere labores. 55
 Ingestoque solo Phrixium elidere pontum,
 Aut Pelopis latis Ephyren abrumpere regnis
 Et ratibus longae flexus donare Maleae,
 Aut aliquem mundi, quamvis natura negasset,
 In melius mutare locum. Coit area belli : 60
 Hic alitur sanguis terras fluxurus in omnes,
 Hic et Thessalicae clades Libycaeque tenentur ;
 Aestuat angusta rabies civilis harena.
 Prima quidem surgens operum structura fefellit
 Pompeium, veluti mediae qui tutus in arvis 65
 Sicaniae rabidum nescit latrare Pelorum,
 Aut, vaga cum Tethys Rutupinaque litora fervent,
 Unda Caledonios fallit turbata Britannos.
 Ut primum vasto saeptas videt aggere terras,
 Ipse quoque a tuta deducens agmina Petra 70
 Diversis spargit tumulis, ut Caesaris arma
 Laxet et effuso claudentem milite tendat ;
 Ac tantum saepti vallo sibi vindicat agri,
 Parva Mycenaeae quantum sacrata Dianae
 Distat ab excelsa nemoralis Aricia Roma, 75

¹ See n. to i. 10.

² The meaning is that the space enclosed by Caesar's lines is equal to the area of Mesopotamia or Syria.

³ *I.e.* it might have been better spent. ⁴ The Hellespont.

⁵ The battles of Pharsalia and Thapsus are meant.

⁶ *I.e.* the dogs of Scylla : cf. i. 548.

BOOK VI

walls round Babylon.¹ Behold! a space as great as is surrounded by the Tigris or swift Orontes²—a space large enough to form a kingdom for the Assyrian nations of the East—is here enclosed by works hastily thrown up in the stress of war. But all that labour was wasted.³ Such an army of busy hands might have joined Sestos to Abydos, piling up soil till the sea of Phrixus⁴ was forced from its place; they might have torn Corinth loose from the wide realm of Pelops, so as to save ships from the long circuit of Cape Malea; or they might, in defiance of Nature, have changed for the better some other region of earth. The field of war was now contracted; here is preserved the blood that will flow hereafter over every land; here the victims of Thessaly and the victims of Africa⁵ are penned up; the madness of civil war seethes within narrow lists.

The construction of these works passed unnoticed by Pompey when first they rose: so he who dwells safe in the centre of Sicily knows not that the mad dogs of Pelorus⁶ are barking; or when the tides of Ocean and the Rutupian shore are raging, the stormy waves are not heard by the Britons of the North. But as soon as he saw that his position was shut in by a wide entrenchment, he too led down his forces from the protection of Petra and scattered them upon different heights, hoping to relax the pressure of Caesar's army, and to put a strain upon him, as he carried on the blockade with scattered troops. For himself he claims a space surrounded by a palisade—a space equal to the distance that divides lofty Rome from little Aricia with its grove, sacred to Diana of Mycenae; and in the same distance Tiber

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quoque modo terrae praelapsus moenia Thybris
 In mare descendit, si nusquam torqueat annem.
 Classica nulla sonant iniussaue tela vagantur,
 Et fit saepe nefas iaculum temptante lacerto.
 Maior cura duces miscendis abstrahit armis : 80
 Pompeium exhaustae praebenda ad gramina terrae,
 Quae currens obtrivit eques, gradibusque citatis
 Ungula frondentem discussit cornea campum.
 Belliger attonsis sonipes defessus in arvis,
 Advectos cum plena ferant praesepia culmos, 85
 Ore novas poscens moribundus labitur herbas
 Et tremulo medios abrumpit poplite gyros.
 Corpora dum solvit tabes et digerit artus,
 Traxit iners caelum fluvidae contagia pestis
 Obscuram in nubem. Tali spiramine Nesis 90
 Emittit Stygium nebulosis aera saxis,
 Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.
 Inde labant populi, caeloque paratior unda
 Omne pati virus duravit viscera caeno.
 Iam riget arta cutis distentaque lumina rumpit, 95
 Igneaque in voltus et sacro fervida morbo
 Pestis abit, fessumque caput se ferre recusat.
 Iam magis atque magis praeceps agit omnia fatum,
 Nec medii dirimunt morbi vitamque necemque,
 Sed languor cum morte venit ; turbaque cadentum 100
 Aucta lues, dum mixta iacent incondita vivis
 Corpora ; nam miseros ultra tentoria cives
 Spargere funus erat. Tamen hos minuere labores

¹ A strangely indirect way of saying that Pompey's lines were about 15 miles long.

² Now Nisida, a small island in the Bay of Naples, which was once volcanic.

³ The eruptions of this and other volcanoes were attributed to the struggles of a Giant imprisoned under the mountain.

BOOK VI

that flows by the walls of Rome would reach the sea, if the stream made no bend at any point.¹ No war-note sounds; missiles fly to and fro unbidden, and many a murder is done when the arm is merely testing the javelin. A more pressing anxiety restrains the leaders from joining battle. Pompey was prevented by the failure of the district to provide fodder: the horsemen in their speed had trodden it down, when the horny hoofs galloped over the grassy plain and tore it up. The war-horse flagged on the close-cropped fields; and though the well-filled mangers offered him imported hay, he neighed for fresh grass as he fell down to die, and stopped short with quivering haunches in the act of wheeling. While their bodies rotted away and parted limb from limb, the stagnant air drew up the infection of that putrefying plague into a murky cloud. With such an exhalation Nesis² sends forth a deathly atmosphere from her misty rocks, while the caverns of Typhon³ breathe forth death and madness. The men were stricken next; and the water, ever readier than air to absorb poison, made hard their inward parts with its foulness. Now the skin grew tight and hard, causing the straining eyes to start out, and the fiery plague, inflamed with erysipelas, moved to the face; and the heavy head refused to carry its own weight. Swift death, ever more and more, swept all away; no interval of sickness divided death from life, but death kept pace with the ailment; and the pestilence was made worse by the crowd of victims, because unburied bodies lay in contact with the living. For to cast out the corpses of their hapless countrymen beyond the circle of tents was all the burial that men gave. Nevertheless, these

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

A tergo pelagus pulsusque Aquilonibus aer
 Litoraue et plenae peregrina messe carinae. 105
 At liber terrae spatiosis collibus hostis
 Aere non pigro nec inertibus angitur undis,
 Sed patitur saevam, veluti circumdatus arta
 Obsidione, famem. Nondum turgentibus altam
 In segetem culmis cernit miserabile volgus 110
 In pecudum cecidisse cibos et carpere dumos
 Et foliis spoliare nemus letumque minantes
 Vellere ab ignotis dubias radicibus herbas.
 Quae mollire queunt flamma, quae frangere morsu,
 Quaeque per abrasas utero demittere fauces, 115
 Plurimaque humanis ante hoc incognita mensis
 Diripiens miles saturum tamen obsidet hostem.
 Ut primum libuit ruptis evadere claustris
 Pompeio cunctasque sibi permittere terras,
 Non obscura petit latebrosae tempora noctis, 120
 Et raptum furto soceri cessantibus armis
 Dedignatur iter: latis exire ruinis
 Quaerit, et impulso turres confringere vallo,
 Perque omnes gladios et qua via caede paranda est.
 Opportuna tamen valli pars visa propinqui, 125
 Qua Minici castella vacant, et confraga densis
 Arboribus dumeta tegunt. Huc pulvere nullo
 Proditus agmen agit subitusque in moenia venit.
 Tot simul e campis Latiae fulsere volucres,
 Tot cecinere tubae. Ne quid victoria ferro 130

¹ He proceeds to explain why Caesar also was unable to fight a battle.

² The origin of the name is unknown.

BOOK VI

calamities were lessened by the sea at their backs and the air set in motion by the North wind, by the shore and the ships laden with foreign corn. Caesar's army,¹ on the other hand, encamped on spacious heights and free to range the earth, was not troubled by stifling air or stagnant waters; but they suffered from the pinch of hunger like men closely besieged. The corn-blades were not yet swelling to the height of harvest; and therefore Caesar saw his wretched men lying on the ground to eat the food of beasts, plucking the bushes, rifling the trees of their leaves, and culling from strange roots suspicious plants that threatened death. The men fought for food—whatever they could soften with fire, or break with their teeth, or swallow down with rasped gullets, and many things never tried before for human consumption; and yet they went on besieging a well-fed foe.

When Pompey first saw fit to burst his barriers and sally forth, and to allow himself the range of all the earth, he did not seek the darkness and cover of night, but scorned to steal a march while Caesar's army rested. He desired to pass out through a wide breach, overthrowing the ramparts and breaking down the towers; to face every armed foe and take a path that bloodshed must open up. Yet a section of the rampart that lay near seemed to suit his purpose; here the fortress of Minicius² afforded an open space, and the broken wooded ground screened him with a covering of trees. Hither he marched his men; no cloud of dust betrayed him and he reached the wall unexpected. Then all at once the Roman eagles glittered from the plain, and his trumpets all sounded. That his victory might owe

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Deberet, pavor attonitos confecerat hostes.
 Quod solum valuit virtus, iacuerere preempti
 Debuerant quo stare loco. Qui volnera ferrent,
 Iam derant, et nimbus agens tot tela peribat.
 Tum piceos volvunt inmissae lampades ignes, 135
 Tum quassae nutant turres lapsunque minantur.
 Roboris impacti crebros gemit agger ad ictus.
 Iam Pompeianae celsi super ardua valli
 Exierant aquilae, iam mundi iura patebant :
 Quem non mille simul turmis nec Caesare toto 140
 Auferret Fortuna locum, victoribus unus
 Eripuit vetuitque capi, seque arma tenente
 Ac nondum strato Magnum vicisse negavit.
 Scaeva viro nomen : castrorum in plebe merebat
 Ante feras Rhodani gentes ; ibi sanguine multo 145
 Promotus Latiam longo gerit ordine vitem,
 Pronus ad omne nefas et qui nesciret, in armis
 Quam magnum virtus crimen civilibus esset.
 Hic ubi quaerentes socios iam Marte relicto
 Tuta fugae cernit, “ Quo vos pavor,” inquit “ adegit 150
 Inpius et cunctis ignotus Caesaris armis ?
 Terga datis morti ? cumulo vos desse virorum
 Non pudet et bustis interque cadavera quaeri ?
 Non ira saltem, iuvenes, pietate remota 155
 Stabitis ? E cunctis, per quos erumperet hostis,
 Nos sumus electi. Non parvo sanguine Magni
 Iste dies ierit. Peterem felicior umbras

¹ The darts themselves form the tempest.

² *I.e.* before the war in Gaul.

³ This seems inconsistent with the statement of ll. 132 f. that all the defenders of this post had been killed.

BOOK VI

nothing to the sword, the alarm and surprise had already disposed of the enemy. All that valour could do they did: they lay dead at the post where duty bade them stand. There were no longer any men to be wounded, and the tempest¹ that bore those many darts was wasted. Then torches were hurled, rolling smoky fires; then the battered towers reeled and threatened to fall; and the mound echoed under the repeated blows of the timber hurled against it. Now Pompey's eagles had passed out over the top of the high rampart; now the freedom of the whole world was before them. But though Fortune with a thousand squadrons combined and all Caesar's might could not make good the post, one man snatched it from the conquerors and forbade its capture: "While I still wield my weapons and have not yet been laid low, Magnus has not yet been victorious," he cried. Scaeva was his name; he served in the ranks before the fierce tribes of the Rhone were heard of;² there he got promotion by shedding much of his blood and carried the Roman vine-staff in the long line of centurions. Ready for any wickedness, he knew not that valour in civil war is a heinous crime. When he saw his comrades³ drop their arms and seek safety in flight, "Whither," he cried, "has fear driven you—disloyal fear that no soldier of Caesar's has ever felt? Do you turn your backs on death? Are you not ashamed that you are not added to the heap of gallant dead, and that you are missing among the corpses? If duty be disregarded, will not rage at least make you stand your ground, ye soldiers? The enemy has chosen us out of all the army to sally forth through our ranks. This day shall cost Magnus not a little blood. I should

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Caesaris in voltu : testem hunc fortuna negavit :
 Pompeio laudante cadam. Confringite tela 160
 Pectoris impulsu iugulisque retundite ferrum.
 Iam longinqua petit pulvis sonitusque ruinae,
 Securasque fragor concussit Caesaris aures.
 Vincimus, o socii : veniet, qui vindicet arces,
 Dum morimur." Movit tantum vox illa furorem, 165
 Quantum non primo succendunt classica cantu,
 Mirantesque virum atque avidi spectare secuntur
 Scituri iuvenes, numero deprensa locoque
 An plus quam mortem virtus daret. Ille ruenti
 Aggere consistit, primumque cadavera plenis 170
 Turribus evolvit subeuntesque obruit hostes
 Corporibus ; totaeque viro dant tela ruinae,
 Roboraque et moles hosti seque ipse minatur.
 Nunc sude, nunc duro contraria pectora conto
 Detrudit muris, et valli summa tenentes 175
 Amputat ense manus ; caput obterit ossaque saxo
 Ac male defensum fragili conpage cerebrum
 Dissipat ; alterius flamma crinesque genasque
 Succendit ; strident oculis ardentibus ignes.
 Ut primum cumulo crescente cadavera murum 180
 Admovere solo, non segnior extulit illum
 Saltus et in medias iecit super arma catervas,
 Quam per summa rapit celerem venabula pardum.
 Tunc densos inter cuneos compressus et omni
 Vallatus bello vincit, quem respicit, hostem. 185

¹ *I. e.* victory.

² The skull.

³ He is now surrounded by enemies.

BOOK VI

die happier with Caesar watching; as chance has denied me his presence, Pompey shall praise me as I fall. Dash your breasts against their weapons till you break them; blunt the edge of their steel with your life-blood. Already the dust and noise of destruction are rolling far away, and the ear of Caesar, fearing no danger, has been smitten by the crashing sound. We are conquerors, my comrades: while we are dying, he will come to assert his right to the stronghold." His words roused greater fury than the war-note kindles with its first blast: marvelling at Scaeva and eager to watch him, the soldiers follow, to find out whether valour, outnumbered and entrapped, could give them aught more than death.¹ Taking his stand on the tottering mound, Scaeva first rolled out the corpses that filled the towers, and buried the assailants under dead bodies. All the falling fabric supplies him with weapons: he threatens the foe with wooden beams, blocks of stone, and his own body. Now with stakes, now with tough poles, he dislodges from the wall the breasts of the adversaries; his sword cuts off the hands that clutch the battlements; with a stone he crushes one man's head and skull, scattering the brains ill-protected by their brittle covering:² he sets fire to the hair and beard of another, and the flames crackle as the eyes burn.

The heap of dead rose till it made the ground level with the wall; at once he sprang off and hurled himself over their weapons into the centre of the foe, swift as a leopard springs over the points of the spears. Then wedged tight among the ranks and encompassed by a whole army, he slays a man whom he looks behind³ to see. No longer can his

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Iamque hebes et crasso non asper sanguine mucro Perdidit ensis opus, frangit sine vulnere membra.	188
Illum tota premit moles, illum omnia tela :	
Nulla fuit non certa manus, non lancea felix,	190
Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum Atque virum. Fortis crebris sonat ictibus umbo, Et galeae fragmenta cavae compressa perurunt Tempora, nec quidquam nudis vitalibus obstat Iam praeter stantes in summis ossibus hastas.	195
Quid nunc, vaesani, iaculis levibusve sagittis Perditis haesuros numquam vitalibus ictus ? Hunc aut tortilibus vibrata falarica nervis Obruat aut vasti muralia pondera saxi ; Hunc aries ferro ballistaque limine portae	200
Promoveat. Stat non fragilis pro Caesare murus Pompeiumque tenet. Iam pectora non tegit armis, Ac veritus credi clipeo laevaue vacasse Aut culpa vixisse sua, tot vulnere belli Solus obit densamque ferens in pectore silvam	205
Iam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, eligit hostem. Sic Libycus densis elephans oppressus ab armis Omne repercussum squalenti missile tergo Frangit et haerentes mota cute discutit hastas ; Viscera tuta latent penitus, citraque cruorem	210
Confixae stant tela ferae : tot facta sagittis, Tot iaculis, unam non explent vulnere mortem. Dictaea procul ecce manu Gortynis harundo Tenditur in Scaevam, quae voto certior omni	215

¹ Cretan : Gortyn was a city of Crete.

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sword-point do the duty of a sword: dulled and blunted by coagulated blood, it bruises but cannot wound. All the host and all the weapons make him their sole object; no hand missed its aim, no lance failed of its mark; and Fortune sees a new pair meet in combat—a man against an army. The stout boss of his shield rings with repeated blows; his hollow helmet, battered to pieces, galls the forehead which it covers; and nothing any longer protects his exposed vitals except the spears which stick fast when they reach his bones.

Fools! why waste your shots of light javelins and arrows? They can never reach the seat of life. To crush him, you must use either a missile sped by twisted cords, or the wall-battering weight of a huge boulder; to drive him from the threshold of the gate, an iron battering-ram and a catapult are needed. He stands fast, a stone wall in defence of Caesar, and keeps Pompey at bay. He ceases to guard his breast with his armour; and fearing to have it thought that his left hand and shield are idle, or that he is to blame for surviving, he meets single-handed all the wounds of war and carries in his breast a thick forest of spears, and chooses, with gait grown weary, an enemy to crush in his fall. So the African elephant, when attacked by a throng of assailants, breaks all their missiles rebounding from his horny hide, and twitches his skin to dislodge the spears sticking in his body; his vital parts are safe and hidden far below, and the weapons that pierce him and stick fast draw no blood from the animal; the wounds of countless arrows and countless javelins are too few to end one life. But see! a Gortynian¹ shaft, aimed from a distance at Scaeva by a Cretan

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In caput atque oculi laevom descendit in orbem.
 Ille moras ferri nervorum et vincula rumpit
 Adfixam vellens oculo pendente sagittam
 Intrepidus, telumque suo cum lumine calcatur. 220
 Pannonis haud aliter post ictum saevior ursa,
 Cum iaculum parva Libys ammentavit habena,
 Se rotat in volnus telumque irata receptum
 Inpetit et secum fugientem circumit hastam.
 Perdiderat voltum rabies, stetit imbre cruento
 Informis facies. Laetus fragor aethera pulsatur 225
 Victorum; maiora viris e sanguine parvo
 Gaudia non faceret conspectum in Caesare volnus.
 Ille tegens alta suppressum mente furorem
 Mitis et a voltu penitus virtute remota,
 "Parcite," ait "cives; procul hinc avertite ferrum. 230
 Conlatura meae nil sunt iam volnera morti:
 Non eget ingestis sed volsis pectore telis.
 Tollite et in Magni viventem ponite castris;
 Hoc vestro praestate duci; sit Scaeva relictus
 Caesaris exemplum potius quam mortis honestae." 235
 Credidit infelix simulatis vocibus Aulus
 Nec vidit recto gladium mucrone tenentem,
 Membraque captivi pariter laturus et arma
 Fulmineum mediis excepit faucibus ensem.
 Incaluit virtus, atque una caede reffectus 240
 "Solvat" ait "poenas, Scaevam quicumque subactum

¹ A scene in the Roman amphitheatre is described here.

² Aulus is a fictitious person, but Scaeva is historical, though Lucan absurdly exaggerates his exploits.

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archer, lights on his head and pierces the ball of his left eye—a surer shot than any archer could pray for. Together with the steel that hampers him, Scaeva breaks off the ligaments of the muscles; boldly he pulls out the clinging arrow with the eye hanging to it, and treads upon arrow and eye together. Even so, when the Libyan¹ has sped his javelin straight by means of a little thong, the Pannonian bear, infuriated by the wound, whirls round towards the injured part; in her rage she attacks the weapon that has struck her, and pursues in a circle the spear that flies along with her. Mad rage had destroyed his features; his mutilated face was one mass of streaming gore. A shout from his conquerors made the welkin ring; a wound seen upon Caesar's self would not have delighted them more, by reason of a little blood. Then Scaeva suppressed his rage and hid it deep in his heart; banishing martial ardour far from his features, he said with an air of mildness: "Spare me, fellow-citizens; take far away your steel. Wounds can no longer do aught to kill me; what is needed is not to hurl fresh weapons but to pluck forth from my breast what stick there already. Take me up and place me in the camp of Magnus before I die; do this service for your leader; let me set an example of desertion from Caesar, and not of glorious death." Ill-fated Aulus² was taken in by this guileful speech; he saw not that Scaeva was holding his sword with point ready to thrust; he was in act to lift the captive's body and his weapons together, when the sword, swift as lightning, struck him full in the throat. Scaeva's ardour rose: the slaughter of a foe was the sole remedy for his plight: "If any believed that Scaeva

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Speravit; pacem gladio si quaerit ab isto
 Magnus, adorato summittat Caesare signa.
 An similem vestri segnemque ad fata putatis?
 Pompei vobis minor est causaeque senatus 245
 Quam mihi mortis amor." Simul haec effatur, et altus
 Caesareas pulvis testatur adesse cohortes.

Dedecus hic belli Magno crimenque remisit,
 Ne solum totae fugerent te, Scaeva, catervae.
 Subducto qui Marte ruis; nam sanguine fuso 250
 Vires pugna dabat. Labentem turba suorum
 Excipit atque umeris defectum inponere gaudet;

Ac velut inclusum perfosso in pectore numen
 Et vivam magnae speciem Virtutis adorant.
 Telaque confixis certant evellere membris 255

Exornantque deos ac nudum pectore Martem
 Armis, Scaeva, tuis: felix hoc nomine famae,
 Si tibi durus Hiber aut si tibi terga dedisset
 Cantaber exiguis aut longis Teutonus armis.
 Non tu bellorum spoliis ornare Tonantis 260

Templa potes, non tu laetis ululare triumphis.
 Infelix, quanta dominum virtute parasti!

Nec magis hac Magnus castrorum parte repulsus
 Intra claustra piger dilato Marte quievit,
 Quam mare lassatur, cum se tollentibus Euris 265
 Frangentem fluctus scopulum ferit aut latus alti
 Montis adest seramque sibi parat unda ruinam.

¹ Mars was commonly represented as carrying spear and shield but without clothing.

² *armis* seems to mean 'defensive armour.'

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was conquered, let him pay the penalty," he cried; "if Magnus wants peace from my sword, first let him bow his head and sink his standards before Caesar. Think you that I am like yourselves and unwilling to die? Death is dearer to me than Pompey and the Senate's cause are to you." Even as he spoke these words, a pillar of dust showed that cohorts of Caesar's were near; and it saved Magnus from shameful defeat and from the reproach of having his whole force routed by Scaeva singlehanded. When the enemy withdrew, Scaeva collapsed; for his blood was all spent, and only fighting gave him strength. Friends, crowding round, caught him as he fell and joyfully raised his fainting body on their shoulders; they worshipped the deity that seemed to dwell in that mutilated breast, and the living semblance of the great goddess, Valour. They vie with one another in plucking the weapons forth from his pierced limbs, and they use his armour to deck the statues of the gods and of Mars with naked breast.¹ Happy had he been in this title to fame, had he routed hardy Iberians or Cantabrians with their targets or Teutons with their long shields.² But Scaeva can never deck the Thunderer's temple with his trophies nor shout for joy in the triumph. Unhappy wretch, how bravely you fought that a tyrant might rule over you!

But though he was beaten back at this point of the lines, Magnus did not postpone war or stay idle within his enclosure, any more than the sea grows weary, when it is driven by rising winds against a cliff that breaks the tide, or when its waves gnaw the side of a high mountain and so prepare an avalanche for themselves in time to come. He turned

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Hinc vicina petens placido castella profundo
Incursu gemini Martis rapit, armaque late
Spargit et effuso laxat tentoria campo, 270
Mutandaeque iuvat permissa licentia terrae.
Sic pleno Padus ore tumens super aggere tutas
Excurrit ripas et totos concutit agros ;
Succubuit si qua tellus cumuloque furentem
Undarum non passa ruit, tum flumine toto 275
Transit et ignotos operit sibi gurgite campos :
Illos terra fugit dominos, his rura colonis
Accedunt donante Pado. Vix proelia Caesar
Senserat, elatus specula quae prodidit ignis :
Invenit impulsos presso iam pulvere muros, 280
Frigidaque, ut veteris, deprennit signa ruinae.
Accendit pax ipsa loci, movitque furorem
Pompeiana quies et victo Caesare somnus.
Ire vel in clades properat, dum gaudia turbet.
Torquato ruit inde minax, qui Caesaris arma 285
Segnius haud vidit, quam malo nauta tremente
Omnia subducit Circaeae vela procellae ;
Agminaque interius muro brevior receptit,
Densius ut parva disponderet arma corona.
Transierat primi Caesar munimina valli, 290
Cum super e totis immisit collibus arma
Effuditque acies obsaeptum Magnus in hostem.
Non sic Hennaëis habitans in vallibus horret
Enceladum spirante Noto, cum tota cavernas

his arms against the forts that lay near the calm sea, attacking them on both elements at once; he scattered his forces far and wide, enlarging his bivouac on the broad plain, and taking advantage of the opportunity to shift his ground. Thus the river Po, swollen with brimming estuary, overflows its banks though defended by dykes, and oversets whole districts; if the earth anywhere gives way and collapses, unable to withstand the stream raging with its crest of waters, the whole river passes over and drowns plains which it never knew before; some owners their land deserts, while others gain new acres by the river's gift. Caesar had hardly been aware of the fighting; the news of it was conveyed to him by a fire-signal from a lofty tower. He found the walls overthrown and the dust already laid; the signs of destruction that met him were cold, as if it had happened long ago. His rage was kindled and stirred by the very peacefulness of the scene, by the fact that the Pompeians were idle and took their rest after defeating Caesar! He rushed on even into disaster, provided he could disturb their rejoicing. He flew on to threaten Torquatus; but Torquatus bestirred himself at sight of Caesar's troops, as briskly as the sailor furls every sail on his quivering mast before the gale that blows off Circeii; so Torquatus led back his men behind an inner wall, that he might marshal them in closer ranks and a narrower ring. Caesar had already passed the defences of his outmost palisade, when Magnus launched his army against him from all the heights and poured out his forces upon a foe entrapped. When the South wind blows and Etna discharges all her caverns and runs as a river of fire

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Egerit et torrens in campos defluit Aetna, 295
 Caesaris ut miles glomerato pulvere victus
 Ante aciem caeci trepidus sub nube timoris
 Hostibus occurrit fugiens inque ipsa pavendo
 Fata ruit. Totus mitti civilibus armis
 Usque vel in pacem potuit cruor : ipse furentes 300
 Dux tenuit gladios. Felix ac libera regum,
 Roma, fores iurisque tui, vicisset in illo
 Si tibi Sulla loco. Dolet heu semperque dolebit,
 Quod scelerum, Caesar, prodest tibi summa tuorum,
 Cum genero pugnassee pio. Pro tristia fata! 305
 Non Uticae Libye clades, Hispania Mundae
 Flesset et infando pollutus sanguine Nilus
 Nobilius Phario gestasset rege cadaver,
 Nec Iuba Marmaricas nudus pressisset harenas
 Poenorumque umbras placasset sanguine fuso 310
 Scipio, nec sancto caruisset vita Catone.
 Ultimus esse dies potuit tibi, Roma, malorum,
 Exire e mediis potuit Pharsalia fatis.
 Deserit averso possessam numine sedem
 Caesar et Emathias lacero petit agmine terras. 315
 Arma secuturum soceri, quacumque fugasset,
 Temptavere suo comites devertere Magnum
 Hortatu, patrias sedes atque hoste carentem
 Ausoniam peteret. " Numquam me Caesaris," inquit
 " Exemplo reddam patriae, numquamque videbit 320
 Me nisi dimisso redeuntem milite Roma.

¹ See n. to l. 92.

² The corpse of Pompey.

³ Metellus Scipio, Pompey's present father-in-law: he was descended from the conqueror of Carthage.

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over the plains, the dwellers in the vale of Henna dread Enceladus;¹ but direr dread was felt then by Caesar's soldiers, conquered before the battle by the rolling dust, and quaking under a cloud of blind terror; flight brings them face to face with the foe, and they rush straight on death by retreating. Civil war might then have shed its last drop of blood, and peace might even have followed; but Pompey himself kept back his furious soldiers. Rome might have been saved, free from tyrants and mistress of her own actions, if a Sulla had won that victory for her. Grievous alas! is it, and ever will be, that Caesar profited by his worst crime—his fighting against a kinsman who had scruples. Out upon cruel destiny! Libya and Spain would not have lamented the disasters at Utica and Munda; the Nile, defiled by horrid bloodshed, would not have borne a corpse² nobler than the King of Egypt; the naked body of Juba would never have fallen on African sands; Scipio³ would not have bled to appease the Carthaginian dead, nor would the land of the living have lost the stainless Cato—that day might have ended Rome's agony, and Pharsalia might have been blotted out from the central scroll of destiny.

Caesar abandoned a position he had occupied against the will of Heaven, and made for the land of Thessaly with his battered forces. Magnus intended to pursue Caesar's army along the line of their flight, whatever it might be; and when his officers tried to turn him from his purpose and urged him to return to his native land of Italy, now that no foe was there, "Never," he replied, "shall I go back to my country in Caesar's fashion; never shall Rome see me return before I have disbanded my soldiers. When the

Hesperiam potui motu surgente tenere,
 Si vellem patriis aciem committere templis
 Ac medio pugnare foro. Dum bella relegem,
 Extremum Scythici transcendam frigoris orbem 325
 Ardentesque plagas. Victor tibi, Roma, quietem
 Eripiam, qui, ne premerent te proelia, fugi?
 A potius, ne quid bello patiaris in isto,
 Te Caesar putet esse suam." Sic fatus in ortus
 Phoebæos condixit iter, terræque secutus 330
 Devia, qua vastos aperit Candavia saltus,
 Contigit Emathiam, bello quam fata parabant.
 Thessaliam, qua parte diem brumalibus horis
 Attollit Titan, rupes Ossaëa coerçet ;
 Cum per summa poli Phoebum trahit altior aestas, 335
 Pelion opponit radiis nascentibus umbras ;
 At medios ignes caeli rapideque Leonis
 Solstitiale caput nemorosus summovet Othrys.
 Excipit adversos Zephyros et Iapyga Pindus
 Et maturato præcidit vespere lucem ; 340
 Nec metuens imi Borean habitator Olympi
 Lucentem totis ignorat noctibus Arcton.
 Hos inter montes, media qui valle premuntur,
 Perpetuis quondam latuere paludibus agri,
 Flumina dum campi retinent nec pervia Tempe 345
 Dant aditus pelagi, stagnumque inplentibus unum
 Crescere cursus erat. Postquam discessit Olympo
 Herculea gravis Ossa manu subitæque ruinam
 Sensit aquæ Nereus, melius mansura sub undis
 Emathis æquorei regnum Pharsalos Achillis 350

¹ Lucan reverses the true position of these mountains: Ossa is on the N.E. of Thessaly, Pelion on the S.E.

² Thetis, the mother of Achilles, was a sea goddess.

troubles began, I might have held Italy, had I been willing to join battle in the Roman temples and fight in the centre of the Forum. To keep war far away, I would go beyond the uttermost region of Scythian cold, beyond the torrid zone. Shall I, who fled from Rome to save her from war's horrors, rob her of peace now that I am victorious? Nay, to spare her from suffering in this contest, rather let Caesar reckon her as his own." Thus Pompey spoke, and gave orders for marching eastwards; and following a devious route, where Candavia opens out its huge defiles, he reached Thessaly—the land which destiny was preparing for the war.

Thessaly is bounded by the peak of Ossa in the quarter where the sun rises in winter; and when advancing summer makes the sun move through the zenith, Pelion confronts the rising beams with its shade.¹ But wooded Othrys repels the southern fires of the sky and the head of the parching Lion at midsummer; and Pindus faces and meets the West and North-west winds, and shortens day by hastening on evening; the dweller at the foot of Olympus never dreads the North wind, and knows nothing of the Bear, though it shine all night. The land which lies low in the depression between these mountains was once covered over with continuous swamps; for the plains detained the rivers, nor did the outlet of Tempe suffer them to reach the sea; they filled a single basin, and their only way of running was to rise. But when the weight of Ossa was severed from Olympus by the hand of Hercules, and the sea first felt a sudden avalanche of waters, then Thessalian Pharsalos, the realm of sea-born² Achilles, rose above the surface—better had it re-

Eminet et, prima Rhoeteia litora pinu
 Quae tetigit, Phylace Pteleosque et Dorion ira
 Flebile Pieridum; Trachin pretioque nefandae
 Lampados Herculeis fortis Meliboea pharetris
 Atque olim Larisa potens; ubi nobile quondam 355
 Nunc super Argos arant, veteres ubi fabula Thebas
 Monstrat Echionias, ubi quondam Pentheos exul
 Colla caputque ferens supremo tradidit igni
 Questa, quod hoc solum nato rapuisset, Agave.
 Ergo abrupta palus multos discessit in amnes. 360
 Purus in occasus, parvi sed gurgitis, Aeus
 Ionio fluit inde mari, nec fortior undis
 Labitur avectae pater Isidis, et tuus, Oeneu,
 Paene gener crassis oblimat Echinadas undis,
 Et Meleagream maculatus sanguine Nessi 365
 Euhenos Calydonia secat. Ferit amne citato
 Maliacas Spercheos aquas, et flumine puro
 Inrigat Amphrysos famulantis pascua Phoebi. 368
 Accipit Asopos cursus Phoenixque Melasque, 374
 Quique nec umentes nebulas nec rore madentem 369
 Aera nec tenues ventos suspirat Anauros,
 Et quisquis pelago per se non cognitus amnis
 Peneo donavit aquas: it gurgite raptò
 Apidanos numquamque celer, nisi mixtus, Enipeus; 373
 Solus, in alterius nomen cum venerit undae, 375
 Defendit Titaresos aquas lapsusque superne

374 was transposed by Housman.

¹ The birthplace of Thamyris whom the Muses blinded.

² Philoctetes, a native of Meliboea, received the arrows of Hercules as a reward for kindling the hero's funeral pyre.

³ Distinct from the more famous Argos in Peloponnesus.

⁴ The Inachus and the Achelous are the two rivers thus described.

mained drowned for ever! And other cities rose: Phylace, whose bark was first to land on the shores of Troy; Pteleos, and Dorion¹ that laments the wrath of the Muses; Trachis, and Meliboea, strong with the quiver of Hercules that paid for the funeral torch;² Larisa, powerful in ancient times; and the place where the plough now passes over what once was famous Argos,³ where legend points out the older Thebes of Echion, and where Agave, then an exile, once bore the head and neck of Pentheus and gave them up to the funeral fire, lamenting that she had carried off no more from her son's body.—In this way the swamp was parted and broken up into many rivers. From there the Aeas, clear but of little volume, flows westward to the Ionian sea; with no stronger stream glides the father of ravished Isis; and he who came near to marrying the daughter of Oeneus and silts up with his muddy waves the Echinad islands;⁴ and there the Euhenos, stained with the blood of Nessus, runs through Meleager's Calydon. There the swift stream of the Spercheos strikes the waves of the Maliac gulf, and the pure waters of the Amphrysos irrigate the pastures where Apollo herded cattle. Here the Asopos starts its course, the Phoenix, and the Black river; and the Anauros, which breathes out neither moist vapours nor dew-drenched air nor light breezes. Then there are the rivers which the sea knows not in their own shape, and which give their waters to the Peneus: the Apidanus, robbed of its stream; the Enipeus, which never hastens until it mingles with the Peneus; and the Titaresos, which alone, after taking the name of the other river, guards its waters: gliding on the surface, it treats the flood of the

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Gurgite Penei pro siccis utitur arvis.
 Hunc fama est Stygiis manare paludibus amnem
 Et capitis memorem fluvii contagia vilis
 Nolle pati superumque sibi servare timorem. 380
 Ut primum emissis patuerunt amnibus arva,
 Pinguis Bebrycio discessit vomere sulcus ;
 Mox Lelegum dextra pressum descendit aratrum ;
 Aeolidae Dolopesque solum fregere coloni
 Et Magnetes equis, Minyae gens cognita remis. 385
 Illic semiferos Ixionidas Centauros
 Feta Pelethroniis nubes effudit in antris :
 Aspera te Pholoes frangentem, Momyche, saxa,
 Teque sub Oetaeo torquentem vertice volsas,
 Rhoece ferox, quas vix Boreas inverteret, ornos, 390
 Hospes et Alcidae magni Phole, teque, per amnem
 Inprobe Lernaes vector passure sagittas,
 Teque, senex Chiron, gelido qui sidere fulgens
 Inpetis Haemonio maiorem Scorpion arcu.
 Hac tellure feri micuerunt semina Martis. 395
 Primus ab aequorea percussis cuspide saxis
 Thessalicus sonipes, bellis feralibus omen,
 Exiluit, primus chalybem frenosque momordit
 Spumavitque novis Lapithae domitoris habenis.
 Prima fretum scindens Pagasaeano litore pinus 400
 Terrenum ignotas hominem proiecit in undas.
 Primus Thessalicae rector telluris Ionos
 In formam calidae percussit pondera massae,
 Fudit et argentum flammis aurumque moneta

¹ The gods swore by the water of the Styx and considered the oath as binding: cf. l. 749.

² Sagittarius, the 11th sign of the Zodiac, is represented as a Centaur; Scorpio is the 10th sign.

³ The Argo.

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Peneus as if it were dry land. For legend tells that this river flows from the Stygian pool, and, mindful of its source, spurns admixture with a common stream, and retains the awe that the gods feel for it.¹

As soon as the rivers flowed off and the land was revealed, the fertile furrows were cleft by the plough-shares of the Bebryces; and next the hands of the Leleges drove the plough deep. The soil was broken by Aeolidae and Dolopians, by Magnesians famous for horses and Minyae famous for ships. There the cloud, pregnant by Ixion, brought forth in the caves of Pelethronium the Centaurs, half men and half beasts—Monychus who broke with his hoofs the hard rocks of Pholoe; bold Rhoecus who uprooted ash-trees for missiles beneath Oeta's crest, ash-trees that the North wind could hardly overset; Pholus, who entertained great Alcides; presumptuous Nessus, who ferried passengers across the river and was doomed to feel the arrows of Hercules; and old Chiron, whose star shines in the winter sky and aims his Thessalian bow at the Scorpion,² larger than himself.

In this land the seeds of cruel war first sprang to life. From her rocks, smitten by the trident of the sea, leaped forth first the Thessalian charger, to portend dreadful warfare; here he first champed the steel bit, and the bridle of his Lapith tamer, unfelt before, brought the foam to his mouth. The shore of Pagasae launched the ship³ that first cleft the sea and flung forth man, a creature of the land, upon the untried waves. Ionos, a king of Thessaly, was the first to hammer into shape ingots of molten metal; he melted silver in the fire, and broke up

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Fregit et immensis coxit fornacibus aera. 405
 Illic, quod populos scelerata inpegit in arma,
 Divitias numerare datum est. Hinc maxima serpens
 Descendit Python Cirrhaeaeque fluxit in arva,
 Unde et Thessalicae veniunt ad Pythia laurus.
 Inpius hinc prolem superis inmisit Aloeus, 410
 Inseruit celsis prope se cum Pelion astris
 Sideribusque vias incurrens abstulit Ossa.
 Hac ubi damnata fatis tellure locarunt
 Castra duces, cunctos belli praesaga futuri
 Mens agitat, summique gravem discriminis horam 415
 Adventare palam est, propius iam fata moveri.
 Degeneres trepidant animi peioraque versant ;
 Ad dubios pauci praesumpto robore casus
 Spemque metumque ferunt. Turbae sed mixtus inertis
 Sextus erat, Magno proles indigna parente, 420
 Cui¹ mox Scyllaeis exul grassatus in undis
 Polluit aequoreos Siculus pirata triumphos.
 Qui stimulante metu fati praenosceret cursus,
 Inpatiensque morae venturisque omnibus aeger,
 Non tripodas Deli, non Pythia consulit antra, 425
 Nec quaesisse libet, primis quid frugibus altrix
 Aere Iovis Dodona sonet, quis noscere fibra
 Fata queat, quis prodat aves, quis fulgura caeli
 Servet et Assyria scrutetur sidera cura,
 Aut si quid tacitum sed fas erat. Ille supernis 430

¹ Cui *Heinsius*: Qui *MSS.*

¹ *I.e.* Delphi.

² The Giants piled the mountains on one another in order to storm the heavens.

³ By suppressing the pirates.

⁴ Dodona, the seat of an oracle, was famous for its oaks; and acorns took the place of corn in primitive times.

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gold and stamped it, and smelted copper in vast furnaces; there it became possible to count wealth, and this drove mankind into the wickedness of war. From Thessaly the Python, hugest of serpents, came down and glided on to the land of Cirrha;¹ for which reason also the laurels for the Pythian games are brought from Thessaly. From here the rebel Aloeus launched his sons against Heaven, when Pelion raised its head almost to the height of the stars, and Ossa, encroaching upon the planets, stopped their courses.²

When the rivals had pitched their camps in this accursed country, every heart was disturbed by presentiments of war; it was plain that the stern hour of final decision was at hand, and that doom was drawing nearer and nearer. Base minds quaked and dwelt upon the worst; a few, fortifying themselves beforehand for the uncertain issue, felt hope as well as fear. Among the helpless throng was Sextus, the unworthy son of Magnus, he who later as an exile infested the waters of Scylla, and stained by piracy in Sicily the glory his father had gained from the sea.³ Fear urged him on to learn beforehand the course of destiny; he was impatient of delay and distracted by all that was to come. But he sought not the tripods of Delos nor the caverns of Delphi: he cared not to inquire what sound Dodona makes with the cauldron of Jupiter—Dodona that grew the food of primitive man;⁴ he asked not who could read the future by means of entrails, or interpret birds, or watch the lightnings of heaven and investigate the stars with Assyrian lore—he sought no knowledge which, though secret, is permissible. To him were known the mysteries of

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Detestanda deis saevorum arcana magorum
 Noverat et tristes sacris feralibus aras,
 Umbrarum Ditisque fidem, miseroque liquebat
 Scire parum superos. Vanum saevumque furorem
 Adiuvat ipse locus vicinaque moenia castris 435
 Haemonidum, ficti quas nulla licentia monstri
 Transierit, quarum, quidquid non creditur, ars est.
 Thessala quin etiam tellus herbasque nocentes
 Rupibus ingenuit sensuraque saxa canentes
 Arcanum ferale magos. Ibi plurima surgunt 440
 Vim factura deis, et terris hospita Colchis
 Legit in Haemoniis quas non advexerat herbas.
 Inpia tot populis, tot surdas gentibus aures
 Caecicolum dirae convertunt carmina gentis.
 Una per aetherios exit vox illa recessus 445
 Verbaque ad invitum perfert cogentia numen,
 Quod non cura poli caelique volubilis umquam
 Avocat. Infandum tetigit cum sidera murmur,
 Tum, Babylon Persea licet secretaque Memphis
 Omne vetustorum solvat penetrabile magorum, 450
 Abducet superos alienis Thessalis aris.
 Carmine Thessalidum dura in praecordia fluxit
 Non fatis adductus amor, flammisque severi
 Inlicitis arsere senes. Nec noxia tantum
 Pocula proficiunt aut cum turgentia suco 455
 Frontis amaturae subducunt pignora fetae :
 Mens hausti nulla sanie polluta veneni,
 Excantata perit. Quos non concordia mixti

¹ Medea.

² An excrescence upon the forehead of a new-born foal, which the mare ate and which made her love the foal; it was stolen to be used for love-philtres.

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cruel witchcraft which the gods above abominate, and grim altars with funeral rites; he knew the veracity of Pluto and the shades below; and the wretch was convinced that the gods of heaven are ignorant. The place itself fed his false and cruel delusion: the camp was near the habitation of those Thessalian witches, whom no boldness of imaginary horror can outdo, and who practise all that is deemed impossible. Moreover, the land produces baneful herbs on her heights, and her rocks yield to the deadly spell chanted by her wizards. Full many a plant grows there that can put constraint upon the gods; and the Colchian stranger¹ gathered on Thessalian soil herbs she had not brought with her across the sea. The profane spells of that ill-omened race compel the attention of the gods, who turn a deaf ear to so many peoples and nations. Their voice alone speeds through the remote parts of heaven, and conveys the words that bind the reluctant deity, whom no care for the sky and revolving firmament ever distracts from listening. When her hideous hum has reached the stars, then, even though Persian Babylon and weird Memphis unlock every shrine of their ancient magicians, the Thessalian witch will call the gods away from all altars but her own. By their spells love steals into insensible hearts against the decree of destiny, and austere old age burns with forbidden passion. And not only their baleful philtres have power, or their act when they steal from the mare the sign² that she will love her foal—the sign that grows, swollen with juice, upon its forehead; but even when defiled by no horrid draught of poison, men's minds are destroyed by incantations. Those whom no bond of wedlock and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Alligat ulla tori blandaque potentia formae,
 Traxerunt torti magica vertigine fili. 460
 Cessavere vices rerum, dilataque longa
 Haesit nocte dies ; legi non paruit aether,
 Torpuit et praeceps audito carmine mundus,
 Axibus et rapidis impulsos Iuppiter urguens
 Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia conplent 465
 Imbribus et calido praeducunt nubila Phoebō,
 Et tonat ignaro caelum Iove ; vocibus isdem
 Umentes late nebulas nimbosque solutis
 Excussere comis. Ventis cessantibus aequor
 Intumuit ; rursus vetitum sentire procellas 470
 Conticuit turbante Noto, puppemque ferentes
 In ventum tumuere sinus. De rupe pependit
 Abscisa fixus torrens, amnisque cucurrit,
 Non qua pronus erat. Nilum non extulit aestas,
 Maeander derexit aquas, Rhodanumque morantem 475
 Praecipitavit Arar. Summisso vertice montes
 Explicuere iugum ; nubes suspexit Olympus,
 Solibus et nullis Scythicae, cum bruma rigeret,
 Dimaduere nives. Impulsam sidere Tethyn
 Reppulit Haemonium defenso litore carmen. 480
 Terra quoque inmoti concussit ponderis axes,
 Et medium vergens titubavit nisus in orbem.
 Tantaē molis onus percussum voce recessit
 Perspectumque dedit circumlabentis Olympi.
 Omne potens animal leti genitumque nocere 485
 Et pavet Haemonias et mortibus instruit artes.

¹ A tunnel is driven through the earth by witchcraft, and shows the stars revolving beneath it.

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no attraction of alluring beauty can bind together are compelled by the mystic twirling of the twisted thread. The natural changes cease to operate: daylight lingers and is delayed by the length of night; the ether is disobedient to its law; listening to their spells, the swift firmament is arrested, and Jupiter, while driving on the heavens that speed on their swift axles, marvels that they stand still. At one time they drench the world with rain and veil the hot sun with clouds, and the heavens thunder while Jupiter knows nothing of it; and also by spells they disperse the canopy of watery vapour and the dishevelled tresses of the storm-clouds. Though the winds are still, the sea rises high; or again it is forbidden to be affected by storms, and is silent while the South wind blusters, and the sails that speed a vessel belly out against the breeze. The waterfall is arrested on the steep face of the cliff; and the running river forsakes its downward channel. The Nile fails to rise in summer; the Maeander straightens its course; the Arar hurries on the sluggish Rhone; the mountains lower their tops and level their ridges; Mount Olympus sees the clouds above it; and the Scythian snows thaw without any sun in winter's cold. When the tide is driven on by the moon, the spells of Thessalian witches drive it back and defend the shore. The earth too throws the poles of her stable mass out of gear, and the pressure that tends to the centre of the sphere becomes unsteady. Smitten by a spell, that mighty weight parts asunder and reveals to sight the stars revolving around it.¹ Every creature that has power to kill and was born to do mischief dreads the Thessalian witches and provides their skill with the means of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Has avidae tigres et nobilis ira leonum
 Ore fovent blando ; gelidos his explicat orbés
 Inque pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo ;
 Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi, 490
 Humanoque cadit serpens adflata veneno.
 Quis labor hic superis cantus herbasque sequendi
 Spernendique timor ? cuius commercia pacti
 Obstrictos habuere deos ? parere necesse est
 An iuvat ? ignota tantum pietate merentur, 495
 An tacitis valuere minis ? hoc iuris in omnes
 Est illis superos, an habent haec carmina certum
 Imperiosa deum, qui mundum cogere, quidquid
 Cogitur ipse, potest ? Illis et sidera primum
 Praecipiti deducta polo, Phoebeque serena 500
 Non aliter diris verborum obsessa venenis
 Palluit et nigris terrenisque ignibus arsit,
 Quam si fraterna prohiberet imagine tellus
 Insereretque suas flammis caelestibus umbras,
 Et patitur tantos cantu depressa labores 505
 Donec suppositas propior despumet in herbas.
 Hos scelerum ritus, haec dirae crimina gentis
 Efferat damnarat nimiae pietatis Erictho
 Inque novos ritus pollutam duxerat artem.
 Illi namque nefas urbis summittere tecto 510
 Aut laribus ferale caput, desertaque busta
 Incolit et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris
 Grata deis Erebi. Coetus audire silentum,
 Nosse domos Stygias arcanaque Ditis operti

BOOK VI

death. The fierce tiger and the angry lion, king of beasts, lick their hands and fawn upon them; for them the snake unfolds his chilly coils and stretches at full length on the frosty ground; knotted vipers split apart and unite again; and the serpent dies, blasted by human poison.—Why do the gods trouble to heed these spells and herbs, and fear to despise them? What mutual bond puts constraint upon them? Must they obey, or do they take pleasure in obedience? Is this subservience the reward of some piety unknown to us, or is it extorted by unuttered threats? Has witchcraft power over all the gods, or are these tyrannical spells addressed to one special deity who can inflict upon the world all the compulsion that he suffers himself?—By these witches the stars were first brought down from the swiftly-moving sky; and the clear moon, beset by dread incantations, grew dim and burned with a dark and earthy light, just as if the earth cut her off from her brother's reflection and thrust its shadow athwart the fires of heaven. Lowered by magic, she suffers all that pain, until from close quarters she drops foam upon the plants below.

These criminal rites and malpractices of an accursed race fierce Erictho had scouted as not wicked enough, and had turned her loathsome skill to rites before unknown. To her it was a crime to shelter her ill-omened head in a city or under a roof: dear to the deities of Erebus, she inhabited deserted tombs, and haunted graves from which the ghosts had been driven. Neither the gods of Heaven, nor the fact that she was still living, prevented her from hearing the speechless converse of the dead, or from knowing the abodes of Hell and the mysteries of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non superi, non vita vetat. Tenet ora profanae 515
 Foeda situ macies, caeloque ignota sereno
 Terribilis Stygio facies pallore gravatur
 Inpexis onerata comis: si nimbus et atrae
 Sidera subducunt nubes, tunc Thessala nudis
 Egreditur bustis nocturnaue fulmina captat. 520
 Semina fecundae segetis calcata perussit
 Et non letiferas spirando perdidit auras.
 Nec superos orat nec cantu supplice numen
 Auxiliare vocat nec fibras illa litantes
 Novit: funereas aris inponere flammās 525
 Gaudet et accenso rapuit quae tura sepulchro,
 Omne nefas superi prima iam voce precantis
 Concedunt carmenque timent audire secundum.
 Viventes animas et adhuc sua membra regentes
 Infodit busto, fatis debentibus annos 530
 Mors invita subit; perversa funera pompa
 Rettulit a tumulis, fugere cadavera letum.
 Fumantes iuvenum cineres ardentiaque ossa
 E mediis rapit illa rogis ipsamque, parentes
 Quam tenuere, facem nigroque volantia fumo 535
 Feralis fragmenta tori vestesque fluentes
 Colligit in cineres et olentes membra favillas.
 Ast, ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus umor
 Ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullae
 Corpora, tunc omnes avidae desaevit in artus 540
 Inmergitque manus oculis gaudetque gelatos
 Effodisse orbes et siccae pallida rodit
 Excrementa manus. Laqueum nodosque nocentes

¹ He refers to a sarcophagus, which, as the name shews, was supposed to dry up the corpse and consume it.

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subterranean Pluto. Haggard and loathly with age is the face of the witch; her awful countenance, overcast with a hellish pallor and weighed down by uncombed locks, is never seen by the clear sky; but if storm and black clouds take away the stars, then she issues forth from rifled tombs and tries to catch the nocturnal lightnings. Her tread blights the seeds of the fertile cornfield, and her breath poisons air that before was harmless. She addresses no prayer to Heaven, invokes no divine aid with suppliant hymn, and knows nothing of the organs of victims offered in sacrifice; she rejoices to lay on the altar funeral fires and incense snatched from the kindled pyre. At the first sound of her petition the gods grant every horror, dreading to hear a second spell. She buries in the grave the living whose souls still direct their bodies: while years are still due to them from destiny, death comes upon them unwillingly; or she brings back the funeral from the tomb with procession reversed, and the dead escape from death. The smoking ashes and burning bones of the young she snatches from the centre of the pyre, and the very torch from the hands of the parents; she gathers up the pieces of the bier, fluttering in the black smoke, and the grave-clothes as they crumble into ashes, and the cinders that reek of the corpse. But, when the dead are confined in stone,¹ which drains off the internal moisture, absorbs the corruption of the marrow, and makes the corpse rigid, then the witch eagerly vents her rage on all the limbs, thrusting her fingers into the eyes, scooping out gleefully the stiffened eyeballs, and gnawing the yellow nails on the withered hand. She breaks with her teeth the fatal noose, and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ore suo rumpit, pendentia corpora carpsit
 Abrasitque cruces percussaque viscera nimbis 545
 Volsit et incoctas admisso sole medullas.
 Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus
 Stillantis tabi saniem virusque coactum
 Sustulit, et nervo morsus retinente pependit.
 Et, quodcumque iacet nuda tellure cadaver, 550
 Ante feras volucresque sedet; nec carpere membra
 Volt ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum
 Expectat siccis raptura e faucibus artus.
 Nec cessant a caede manus, si sanguine vivo
 Est opus, erumpat iugulo qui primus aperto, 555
 Extaque funerae poscunt trepidantia mensae.
 Volnere sic ventris, non qua natura vocabat,
 Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;
 Et quotiens saevis opus est ac fortibus umbris,
 Ipsa facit manes. Hominum mors omnis in usu est. 560
 Illa genae florem primaevo corpore volsit,
 Illa comam laeva morienti abscidit ephebo.
 Saepe etiam caris cognato in funere dira
 Thessalis incubuit membris atque oscula figens
 Truncavitque caput compressaque dentibus ora 565
 Laxavit siccoque haerentem gutture linguam
 Praemordens gelidis infudit murmura labris
 Arcanumque nefas Stygias mandavit ad umbras.
 Hanc ut fama loci Pompeio prodidit, alta
 Nocte poli, Titan medium quo tempore ducit 570

BOOK VI

mangles the carcass that dangles on the gallows, and scrapes the cross of the criminal; she tears away the rain-beaten flesh and the bones calcined by exposure to the sun. She purloins the nails that pierced the hands, the clotted filth, and the black humour of corruption that oozes over all the limbs; and when a muscle resists her teeth, she hangs her weight upon it. Whenever any corpse lies exposed on the ground, she sits by it before beast or bird can come; but she will not mangle the limbs with the knife or her bare hands; she waits for the wolves to tear it, and means to snatch the prey from their unwetted throats. Nor is she slow to take life, if such warm blood is needed as gushes forth at once when the throat is slit, and if her ghoulish feast demands still palpitating flesh. In the same way she pierces the pregnant womb and delivers the child by an unnatural birth, in order to place it on the fiery altar; and whenever she requires the service of a bold, bad spirit, she takes life with her own hand. Every death of man serves her turn. She tears off the bloom of the face on the young man's body, and her left hand severs the lock of hair on the head of the dying lad. Often too, when a kinsman is buried, the dreadful witch hangs over the loved body: while kissing it, she mutilates the head and opens the closed mouth with her teeth; then, biting the tip of the tongue that lies motionless in the dry throat, she pours inarticulate sound into the cold lips, and sends a message of mysterious horror down to the shades of Hell.

The rumour of the country told Pompeius of Erictho, and he took his way through deserted fields when night was high in heaven—at the hour when

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sub nostra tellure diem, deserta per arva
Carpit iter. Fidi scelerum suetique ministri
Effractos circum tumulos ac busta vagati
Conspexere procul praerupta in caute sedentem,
Qua iuga devexus Pharsalica porrigit Haemus. 575

Illa magis magicisque deis incognita verba
Temptabat carmenque novos fingebat in usus.
Namque timens, ne Mars alium vagus iret in orbem
Emathis et tellus tam multa caede careret,
Pollutos cantu dirisque venefica sucis 580

Conspectos vetuit transmittere bella Philippos,
Tot mortes habitura suas usuraque mundi
Sanguine; caesorum truncare cadavera regum
Sperat et Hesperiae cineres avertere gentis
Ossaque nobilium tantosque adquirere manes. 585
Hic ardor solusque labor, quid corpore Magni
Proiecto rapiat, quos Caesaris involet artus.

Quam prior adfatur Pompei ignava propago:
“O decus Haemonidum, populis quae pandere fata
Quaeque suo ventura potes devertere cursu, 590
Te precor, ut certum liceat mihi noscere finem
Quem belli fortuna paret. Non ultima turbae
Pars ego Romanae, Magni clarissima proles,
Vel dominus rerum vel tanti funeris heres.
Mens dubiis perculsa pavet rursusque parata est 595
Certos ferre metus: hoc casibus eripe iuris,

¹ *I.e.* Pharsalia,

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the sun ushers in the noonday beneath our earth. Men who were wont to act as the trusted instruments of her wickedness went to and fro about the rifled graves and the tombs, till they sighted her far away sitting on a steep rock, where the Balkan slopes down and extends its range to Pharsalia. She was framing a spell unknown to wizards and the gods of wizardry, and inventing an incantation for a special purpose. She feared that the war might stray away to some other region, and that the land of Thessaly might miss so great a carnage; and therefore the witch forbade Philippi,¹ defiled by her spells and sprinkled with her noxious drugs, to allow the warfare to change its place. Then all those dead would be hers, and the blood of the whole world would be at her disposal. She hopes to mutilate the corpses of slaughtered kings, to plunder the ashes of the Roman nation and the bones of nobles, and to master the ghosts of the mighty. One passion only and one anxiety she feels—what part may she snatch from the exposed body of Magnus, and on what limbs of Caesar may she pounce?

The unworthy son of Pompey spoke first and addressed her. “Famous among Thessalian women, you who have power to reveal the future to mankind and to turn aside the course of events, I pray you that I may be allowed certain knowledge of the issue which the hazard of war is preparing. Not the meanest among Romans am I, but the renowned offspring of Magnus, and I shall be either lord of the world or inheritor of an awful doom. My heart quakes and is overcome by uncertainty, but is ready on the other hand to endure definite dangers. Take away from calamity the power of swooping down suddenly

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ne subiti caecique ruant. Vel numina torque
 Vel tu parce deis et manibus exprime verum.
 Elysias resera sedes ipsamque vocatam, 600
 Quos petat e nobis, Mortem mihi coge fateri.
 Non humilis labor est: dignum, quod quaerere cures
 Vel tibi, quo tanti praeponderet alea fati.”
 Inpia laetatur vulgato nomine famae
 Thessalis, et contra: “ Si fata minora moveres, 605
 Pronum erat, o iuvenis, quos velles ” inquit “ in actus,
 Invitos praebere deos. Conceditur arti,
 Unam cum radiis presserunt sidera mortem,
 Inseruisse moras; et, quamvis fecerit omnis
 Stella senem, medios herbis abrumpimus annos. 610
 At, simul a prima descendit origine mundi
 Causarum series, atque omnia fata laborant
 Si quicquam mutare velis, unoque sub ictu
 Stat genus humanum, tum—Thessala turba fatemur—
 Plus Fortuna potest. Sed si praenosceret casus 615
 Contentus, facilesque aditus multique patebunt
 Ad verum: tellus nobis aetherque chaosque
 Aequoraque et campi Rhodopaeaque saxa loquentur.
 Sed pronum, cum tanta novae sit copia mortis,
 Emathiis unum campis attollere corpus, 620
 Ut modo defuncti tepidique cadaveris ora
 Plena voce sonent nec membris sole perustis
 Auribus incertum feralis strideat umbra.”
 Dixerat, et noctis geminatis arte tenebris

¹ Lucan seems to have forgotten that there had been no fighting as yet in Thessaly.

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and unforeseen. Either put the gods to the question, or leave them alone and extort the truth from the dead. Unbar the gates of Elysium, summon Death himself, and force him to reveal to me which among us must be his prey. It is no mean service that I ask of you; even in your own interest, it is worth your pains to enquire, which way the hazard of so great an issue inclines." Proud of her wide-spread fame, the wicked witch thus replied: "If you sought to alter a lesser decree of fate, it would have been easy, young man, to force the gods to any course of action at your desire. When the planets by their shining bear down a single soul to death, witchcraft has power to interpose a respite; and, though all the stars promise a man old age, we cut short his life half-way by our magic herbs. But in some cases the chain of causes comes down from the creation of the world, and all destinies suffer if it is sought to make a single change, and the same blow affects the whole of mankind; and there Fortune has more power than all the witches of Thessaly, and we admit it. If, however, it is enough for you to learn calamity before it comes, the ways of approaching the truth are many and will prove easy of access: earth and sky and the abyss, the seas and the plains and the cliffs of Rhodope, will find a tongue for us. But, since there is such abundance of recent slaughter,¹ the simplest plan is to lift one dead man from the Thessalian fields; then the mouth of a corpse still warm and freshly slain will speak with substantial utterance, and no dismal ghost, whose limbs are dried up by the sun, will gibber sounds unintelligible to our ears."

Thus she spoke and made dark night twice as

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Maestum tecta caput squalenti nube pererrat 625
Corpora caesorum tumulis proiecta negatis.
Continuo fugere lupi, fugere revolsis
Unguibus inpastae volucres, dum Thessala vatem
Eligit et gelidas leto scrutata medullas
Pulmonis rigidi stantes sine volnere fibras 630
Invenit et vocem defuncto in corpore quaerit.
Fata peremptorum pendent iam multa virorum,
Quem superis revocasse velit. Si tollere totas
Temptasset campis acies et reddere bello,
Cessissent leges Erebi, monstroque potenti 635
Extractus Stygio populus pugnasset Averno.
Electum tandem traiecto gutture corpus
Ducit, et inserto laqueis feralibus unco
Per scopulos miserum trahitur, per saxa, cadaver
Victurum, montisque cavi, quem tristis Erictho 640
Damnarat sacris, alta sub rupe locatur.

Haud procul a Ditis caecis depressa cavernis
In praeceps subsedit humus, quam pallida pronis
Urguet silva comis et nullo vertice caelum
Suspiciens Phoebo non pervia taxus opacat. 645
Marcentes intus tenebrae pallensque sub antris
Longa nocte situs numquam nisi carmine factum
Lumen habet. Non Taenariis sic faucibus aer
Sedit iners, maestum mundi confine latentis

BOOK VI

dark by her magic. Then, with her gruesome head veiled in a hideous mist, she moved here and there among the bodies of the slain that were thrown out and denied burial. At once the wolves took flight, the vultures sheathed their talons and flew away ungorge; meanwhile the witch picks out her prophet, prying into the inmost parts cold in death, till she finds the substance of the stiffened lungs unwounded and still firm, and seeking the power of utterance in a corpse. The destiny of many victims of battle is hanging now in the balance—which of them will she decide to restore to the upper world? Had she tried to raise up the whole army on the plain and make them fight again, the laws of Erebus would have yielded to her, and a multitude, brought up from Stygian Avernus by the power of the fiend, would have taken the field. At last she chose a corpse and drew it along with the neck noosed, and in the dead man's noose she inserted a hook. The hapless body was dragged over rocks and stones, to live a second time, and was laid beneath a high rock of the hollow mountain which cruel Erictho had condemned to witness her rites.

There the ground fell in a sheer descent, sinking almost to the depth of the invisible caverns of Pluto. A dim wood with forward-bending trees borders it, and yew-trees shade it—yew-trees that the sun cannot penetrate, and that turn no tops towards the sky. In the caves within dank darkness reigns, and the colourless mould caused by unbroken night; the only light there is due to magic. Even in the gorge of Taenarus the air is less dead and stagnant; it is the gloomy boundary between the unseen world and ours; and the Rulers of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ac nostri, quo non metuant admittere manes 650
 Tartarei reges. Nam, quamvis Thessala vates
 Vim faciat fatis, dubium est, quod traxerit illuc
 Aspiciat Stygias an quod descenderit umbras.
 Discolor et vario furialis cultus amictu
 Induitur, voltusque aperitur crine remoto, 655
 Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.
 Ut pavidos iuvenis comites ipsumque trementem
 Conspicit exanimi defixum lumina voltu,
 " Ponite ". ait " trepida conceptos mente timores :
 Iam nova, iam vera reddetur vita figura, 660
 Ut quamvis pavidi possint audire loquentem.
 Si vero Stygiosque lacus ripamque sonantem
 Ignibus ostendam, si me praebente¹ videri
 Eumenides possint villosaque colla colubris
 Cerberus excutiens et vincti terga gigantes, 665
 Quis timor, ignavi, metuentes cernere manes ? "

Pectora tunc primum ferventi sanguine supplet
 Volneribus laxata novis taboque medullas
 Abluit et virus large lunare ministrat.
 Huc quidquid fetu genuit natura sinistro 670
 Miscetur. Non spuma canum quibus unda timori est,
 Viscera non lyncis, non dirae nodus hyaenae
 Defuit et cervi pastae serpente medullae,
 Non puppim retinens Euro tendente rudentes
 In mediis echenais aquis oculique draconum 675
 Quaeque sonant feta tepefacta sub alite saxa ;

¹ praebente *Madvig* : praesente *MSS.*

¹ The ἐχευρίς, 'ship-stopper' (Latin *remora*) was a fabulous marine animal; the stones in an eagle's nest are equally fabulous.

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Tartarus would not fear to let the dead travel thus far. For, though the Thessalian witch tyrannises over destiny, it is doubtful whether she sees the lost souls because she has haled them to her cave, or because she has gone down to Hell herself. She put on motley raiment, whose parti-coloured woof was fit for a fiend to wear; she threw back her hair and revealed her face; and she looped up her bristling locks with festoons of vipers. When she saw that the companions of Pompeius were afraid, and that he himself trembled, with staring eyes and lifeless features, "Lay aside," she said, "the fears which your fluttering hearts have framed. A new life shall soon be restored to him—life in its familiar aspect, so that even those who fear can hear him speaking. Even if I were to display the pools of Styx and the bank that crackles with fire—if my consent should bring before your eyes the Furies, and Cerberus shaking his mane of snakes, and the chained bodies of the Giants, why dread, ye cowards, to behold the dead who fear me?"

Then she began by piercing the breast of the corpse with fresh wounds, which she filled with hot blood; she washed the inward parts clean of clotted gore; she poured in lavishly the poison that the moon supplies. With this was blended all that Nature inauspiciously conceives and brings forth. The froth of dogs that dread water was not wanting, nor the inwards of a lynx, nor the hump of a foul hyena, nor the marrow of a stag that had fed on snakes; the *echenais*¹ was there, which keeps a ship motionless in mid-ocean, though the wind is stretching her cordage; eyes of dragons were there, and stones that rattle when warmed under a breeding

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non Arabum volucer serpens innataque rubris
 Aequoribus custos pretiosae vipera conchae
 Aut viventis adhuc Libyci membrana cerastae
 Aut cinis Eoa positi phoenicis in ara. 680
 Quo postquam viles et habentes nomina pestes
 Contulit, infando saturatas carmine frondes
 Et, quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas
 Addidit et quidquid mundo dedit ipsa veneni.
 Tum vox Lethaeos cunctis pollentior herbis 685
 Excantare deos confundit murmura primum
 Dissona et humanae multum discordia linguae.
 Latratus habet illa canum gemitusque luporum,
 Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
 Quod strident ululantque ferae, quod sibilat anguis ; 690
 Exprimit et planctus inlisae cautibus undae
 Silvarumque sonum fractaeque tonitrua nubis :
 Tot rerum vox una fuit. Mox cetera cantu
 Explicat Haemonio penetratque in Tartara lingua ;
 “ Eumenides Stygiumque nefas Poenaeque nocentum 695
 Et Chaos innumeros avidum confundere mundos
 Et rector terrae, quem longa in saecula torquet
 Mors dilata deum ; Styx et quos nulla meretur
 Thessalis Elysios ; caelum matremque perosa
 Persephone nostraeque Hecates pars ultima, per quam
 Manibus et mihi sunt tacitae commercia linguae, 701
 Ianitor et sedis laxae, qui viscera saevo
 Spargis nostra cani, repetitaque fila sorores

¹ Persephone prefers the nether world.

² Hecate had three forms—Luna, Diana, and Hecate ; and she bore the last form in the nether world.

³ Not Cerberus, who is fed by the custodian, but a mysterious personage who occurs elsewhere.

BOOK VI

eagle; the flying serpent of Arabia, and the viper that is born by the Red Sea and guards the precious pearl-shell; the skin which the horned snake of Libya casts off in its lifetime, and ashes of the Phoenix which lays its body on the Eastern altar. These ordinary banes that bear names she added to her brew; and next she put in leaves steeped with magic unutterable, and herbs which her own dread mouth had spat upon at their birth, and all the poison that she herself gave to the world; and lastly her voice, more powerful than any drug to bewitch the powers of Lethe, first uttered indistinct sounds, sounds untunable and far different from human speech. The dog's bark and the wolf's howl were in that voice; it resembled the complaint of the restless owl and the night-flying screech-owl, the shrieking and roaring of wild beasts, the serpent's hiss, the beat of waves dashing against rocks, the sound of forests, and the thunder that issues from a rift in the cloud: in that one voice all these things were heard. Then she went on to speak plainly in a Thessalian spell, with accents that went down to Tartarus: "I invoke the Furies, the horror of Hell, the punishments of the guilty, and Chaos, eager to blend countless worlds in ruins; I cry to the Ruler of the world below, who suffers age-long pain because gods are so slow to die; to Styx, and Elysium where no Thessalian witch may enter; to Persephone who shuns her mother in heaven,¹ and to her, the third incarnation² of our patron, Hecate, who permits the dead and me to converse together without speech; I call on the custodian³ of the spacious dwelling, who casts the flesh of men to the ravening hound; on the Sisters, who must spin a second

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tracturae tuque o flagrantis portitor undae,
 Iam lassate senex ad me redeuntibus umbris : 705
 Exaudite preces. Si vos satis ore nefando
 Pollutoque voco, si numquam haec carmina fibris
 Humanis ieiuna cano, si pectora plena
 Saepe deo lavi calido prosecta cerebro,
 Si quisquis vestris caput extaque lancibus infans 710
 Inposuit victurus erat, parete precanti.
 Non in Tartareo latitantem poscimus antro
 Adsuetamque diu tenebris, modo luce fugata
 Descendentem animam ; primo pallentis hiatu
 Haeret adhuc Orci, licet has exaudiat herbas, 715
 Ad manes ventura semel. Ducis omnia nato
 Pompeiana canat nostri modo militis umbra,
 Si bene de vobis civilia bella merentur.”
 Haec ubi fata caput spumantiaque ora levavit,
 Aspicit astantem proiecti corporis umbram, 720
 Exanimes artus invisaque claustra timentem
 Carceris antiqui. Pavet ire in pectus apertum
 Visceraque et ruptas letali volnere fibras.
 A miser, extremum cui mortis munus inique
 Eripitur, non posse mori. Miratur Erictho, 725
 Has fatis licuisse moras, irataque morti
 Verberat inmotum vivo serpente cadaver,
 Perque cavas terrae, quas egit carmine, rimas
 Manibus inlatrat regnique silentia rumpit :
 “ Tisiphone vocisque meae secura Megaera, 730

¹ Charon.

² All human breasts are inhabited by the divinity.

³ Lit. “ who lately belonged to us.”

BOOK VI

thread of life; and on the ancient ferryman¹ of the fiery river, whose arms are weary of rowing the dead back to me—hear ye my prayer. If these lips that address you have enough of horror and pollution; if I never chant these spells when fasting from human flesh; if I have often chopped up bosoms inhabited by the divinity,² and washed them with warm brains; if any infant was entering on life, when his head and inner organs were laid upon your platters—then comply with my petition. I ask not for one who lurks in the depths of Tartarus and has long been accustomed to the darkness, but for some soul that is just going down and leaving the light behind him; he still lingers at the entrance of the chasm that leads to gloomy Orcus, and, though he obey my spells now, he will go down but once to the shades. Let the ghost of a Pompeian, who but lately was alive,³ foretell all the future to Pompey's son, if ye owe gratitude to the civil war.”

When she had spoken thus, she raised her head and foaming mouth, and saw beside her the ghost of the unburied corpse. It feared the lifeless frame and the hateful confinement of its former prison; it shrank from entering the gaping bosom, the vital parts, and the flesh divided by a mortal wound. Hapless wretch! unjustly robbed of death's last gift—the inability to die a second time. Erictho marvelled that fate had power to linger thus. Enraged with death, she lashed the passive corpse with a live serpent; and through the chinks into which the earth was split by her spells she barked like a dog at the shades and burst the silence of their kingdom: “'Tisiphone, and Megaera heedless

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non agitis saevis Erebi per inane flagellis
 Infelicem animam ? iam vos ego nomine vero
 Eliciam Stygiasque canes in luce superna
 Destituam ; per busta sequar, per funera, custos ;
 Expellam tumulis, abigam vos omnibus urnis. 735
 Teque deis, ad quos alio procedere voltu
 Ficta soles, Hecate pallenti tabida forma,
 Ostendam faciemque Erebi mutare vetabo.
 Eloquar, inmenso terrae sub pondere quae te
 Contineant, Hennaëa, dapes, quo foedere maestum 740
 Regem noctis ames, quae te contagia passam
 Noluerit revocare Ceres. Tibi, pessime mundi
 Arbiter, inmittam ruptis Titana cavernis,
 Et subito feriere die. Paretis ? an ille
 Compellendus erit, quo numquam terra vocato 745
 Non concussa tremit, qui Gorgona cernit apertam
 Verberibusque suis trepidam castigat Erinyn,
 Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, cuius
 Vos estis superi, Stygias qui peierat undas ?”
 Protinus astrictus caluit cruor atraque fovit 750
 Volnera et in venas extremaque membra cucurrit.
 Percussae gelido trepidant sub pectore fibrae,
 Et nova desuetis subrepens vita medullis
 Miscetur morti. Tunc omnes palpitat artus,

¹ The soul (*anima*) is clearly distinct from the ghost (*umbra*) of l. 720.

² Secret names, known only to Erictho.

³ She is called *Hennaëa*, because she was carried off from Henna by Pluto. Erictho here professes to know of some unlawful food eaten by Proserpina, and of some unlawful bond between her and her husband ; but all this may be invented by Lucan. It is impossible that he can refer here to the story of the pomegranate, which was universally known.

⁴ The order of the world's rulers is : (1) Jupiter ; (2) Neptune ; (3) Pluto.

BOOK VI

of my voice, will you not drive with your cruel scourges that wretched soul¹ through the waste of Erebus? Soon will I summon you forth by your real names,² and leave you, hounds of Hell, helpless in the light of the upper world; through graves and burials I shall follow you and mark you; I shall drive you from tombs, and banish you from all urns of the dead. And you, Hecate, wasted and pale of aspect, who are wont to make up your face before you visit the gods above, I shall show you to them as you are and prevent you from putting off the hue of Hell. I shall tell the world the nature of that food which confines Proserpina³ beneath the huge weight of earth, the bond of love that unites her to the gloomy king of night, and the defilement she suffered, such that her mother would not call her back. And on you, worst of the world's Rulers,⁴ I shall launch the sun's light, bursting open your den; and the sudden light shall blast you. Do ye obey me? Or must I appeal to Him,⁵ at the sound of whose name the earth ever quakes and trembles. He looks on the Gorgon's head unveiled; He lashes the cowering Fury with her own scourge; He dwells in a Tartarus beneath your view; to Him ye are the gods above; He swears by the Styx, and breaks his oath."—Instantly the clotted blood grew warm; it warmed the livid wounds, coursing into the veins and the extremities of the limbs. Struck by it, the vital organs thrilled within the cold breast; and a new life, stealing into the inward parts that had lost it, wrestled with death. Next, the dead

⁵ The mysterious deity known as Demiurgus is apparently used to threaten the infernal powers with.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tenduntur nervi ; nec se tellure cadaver 755
 Paulatim per membra levat, terraque repulsum est
 Erectumque semel. Distento lumina rictu
 Nudantur. Nondum facies viventis in illo,
 Iam morientis erat ; remanet pallorque rigorque,
 Et stupet inlatus mundo. Sed murmure nullo 760
 Ora astricta sonant : vox illi linguaque tantum
 Responsura datur. " Dic " inquit Thessala " magna,
 Quod iubeo, mercede mihi ; nam vera locutum
 Inmunem toto mundi praestabimus aevo
 Artibus Haemoniis ; tali tua membra sepulchro, 765
 Talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine silvis,
 Ut nullos cantata magos exaudiat umbra.
 Sit tanti vixisse iterum : nec verba nec herbae
 Audebunt longae somnum tibi solvere Lethes
 A me morte data. Tripodas vatesque deorum 770
 Sors obscura decet : certus discedat, ab umbris
 Quisquis vera petit duraeque oracula mortis
 Fortis adit. Ne parce, precor : da nomina rebus,
 Da loca ; da vocem, qua mecum fata loquantur."
 Addidit et carmen, quo, quidquid consulit, umbram 775
 Scire dedit. Maestum fletu manante cadaver
 " Tristia non equidem Parcarum stamina " dixit
 " Aspexi tacitae revocatus ab aggere ripae ;
 Quod tamen e cunctis mihi noscere contigit umbris,
 Effera Romanos agitat discordia manes, 780
 Inpiaque infernam ruperunt arma quietem ;

¹ He had passed from the state of death to that of dying, on his way to become alive.

BOOK VI

man quivered in every limb; the sinews were strained, and he rose, not slowly or limb by limb, but rebounding from the earth and standing erect at once. His mouth gaped wide and his eyes were open; he looked as if he were not yet alive but already like a man dying.¹ The pallor and stiffness remained; and he was dazed by his restoration to this world. The mouth was fettered and gave forth no sound: voice and utterance were given him but only for the purpose of reply. "Speak at my command," said the witch, "and great shall be your reward; for if you speak truth, I shall make you safe from witchcraft throughout all time. On such a pyre and with such fuel shall I burn your body, chanting a Stygian spell the while, that your ghost shall remain deaf to the incantation of all sorcerers. Consider a second life a price worth paying for this: neither herbs nor spells will dare to break your long sleep of oblivion, once you receive death from me. A riddling answer befits the oracles and prophets of the gods; but if any man seeks to know the truth from the dead and has courage to approach the oracles of stern death, let him depart assured. Be not grudging, I pray: give events their names, their places; and provide a voice by which Fate may communicate with me." Then she added a spell, which enabled the ghost to know all that she asked. The dead man spoke in sorrow, and his tears flowed fast: "Brought back from the high bank of the silent river, I saw not the cruel Fates at their spinning; but this I was able to learn from all the shades—that furious strife prevails among the Roman dead, and that civil war has shattered the peace of the infernal world. From

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Elysias Latii¹ sedes ac Tartara maesta
 Diversi liquere duces. Quid fata pararent,
 Hi fecere palam. Tristis felicibus umbris
 Voltus erat : vidi Decios, natumque patremque 785
 Lustrales bellis animas, flentemque Camillum
 Et Curios, Sullam de te, Fortuna, querentem.
 Deplorat Libycis perituram Scipio terris
 Infaustam subolem ; maior Carthaginis hostis
 Non servituri maeret Cato fata nepotis. 790
 Solum te, consul depulsis prime tyrannis
 Brute, pias inter gaudentem vidimus umbras.
 Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
 Exultat Mariique truces nudique Cethegi ;
 Vidi ego laetantes, popularia nomina, Drusos 795
 Legibus inmodicos ausosque ingentia Gracchos.
 Aeternis chalybis nodis et carcere Ditis
 Constrictae plausere manus, camposque piorum
 Poscit turba nocens. Regni possessor inertis
 Pallentes aperit sedes, abruptaque saxa 800
 Asperat et durum vinclis adamanta, paratque
 Poenam victori. Refer haec solacia tecum,
 O iuvenis, placido manes patremque domumque
 Expectare sinu regnique in parte serena
 Pompeis servare locum. Nec gloria parvae 805
 Sollicitet vitae : veniet quae misceat omnes
 Hora duces. Properate mori magnoque superbi
 Quamvis e parvis animo descendite bustis
 Et Romanorum manes calcate deorum.
 Quem tumulum Nili, quem Thybridis adluat unda, 810

¹ Latii *Housman* : alti or alii *MSS.*

¹ The Censor who repeated the saying, *delenda est Karthago*.

² He foresaw that his descendant would kill Caesar.

³ See note to ii. 543.

⁴ These are the emperors deified after death.

BOOK VI

opposite quarters the mightiest Romans have left Elysium and gloomy Tartarus; and they have made clear what fate has in store. For the blessed dead wore a sorrowful aspect: I saw the Decii, the father and son who devoted their lives to the gods in battle, and Camillus, and Curius; they all wept, and Sulla railed against Fortune. Scipio was grieved that the unhappy scion of his race should fall on Libyan soil; and Cato,¹ a still fiercer foe of Carthage, lamented the death which his descendant prefers to slavery. Only one of the blest I saw rejoicing—it was Brutus,² the first consul after the kings were thrown down. But formidable Catiline had snapped and broken his fetters, and was exulting, together with fierce Marius and Cethegus of the naked arm;³ I saw the delight of Drusus, the demagogue and rash legislator, and of the Gracchi, whose boldness knew no limit. Their hands, fettered by everlasting links of steel and by Pluto's prison-house, clapped for joy; and the wicked claimed the plains of the blessed. The lord of that stagnant realm throws wide his dim abode; he sharpens his steep rocks and the hard steel for fetters, preparing punishment for the victorious rival. Take back this consolation with you, Pompeius,—that the dead look to welcome your father and his family in a peaceful retreat, and are keeping a place for him and his in the bright portion of their kingdom. Let not short-lived glory trouble you: the hour will soon come that makes all the leaders equal. Make haste to die; proud of your high hearts, go down from graves however humble, and trample on the ghosts of the gods of Rome.⁴ By whose grave shall flow the Nile, and by whose the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quaeritur, et ducibus tantum de funere pugna est.
 Tu fatum ne quaere tuum : cognoscere Parcae
 Me reticente dabunt ; tibi certior omnia vates
 Ipse canet Siculis genitor Pompeius in arvis,
 Ille quoque incertus, quo te vocet, unde repellat,
 Quas iubeat vitare plagas, quae sidera mundi. 815
 Europam, miseri, Libyamque Asiamque timete :
 Distribuit tumulos vestris fortuna triumphis.
 O miseranda domus, toto nil orbe videbis
 'Tutius Emathia." Sic postquam fata peregit, 820
 Stat voltu maestus tacito mortemque reposit.
 Carminibus magicis opus est herbisque, cadaver
 Ut cadat, et nequeunt animam sibi reddere fata
 Consumpto iam iure semel. Tunc robore multo
 Extruit illa rogam ; venit defunctus ad ignes. 825
 Accensa iuvenem positum strue liquit Erictho
 Tandem passa mori, Sextoque ad castra parentis
 It comes, et caelo lucis ducente colorem,
 Dum ferrent tutos intra tentoria gressus,
 Iussa tenere diem densas nox praestitit umbras. 830

¹ It appears that Lucan intended to bring in Pompey's ghost later ; but that part of the poem was never written.

² Pompey himself was murdered in Egypt ; his elder son, Gnaeus, fell in Spain ; and Sextus himself was killed at Miletus in Asia. Pompey had triumphed over Numidia, Spain, and Asia

BOOK VI

Tiber—that is the question ; and the battle of the rivals settles nothing but their place of burial. For yourself, enquire not concerning your destiny ; the Fates will enlighten you, with no words from me ; for your father himself, a surer prophet, will tell you all in the land of Sicily ;¹ and even he knows not whither to summon you and whence to warn you away, what region or clime he must bid you avoid. Ill-fated house ! you must fear Europe and Africa and Asia ; Fortune divides your graves among the lands you have triumphed over ;² you shall find no place in all the world less dangerous than Pharsalia.’—When he had ended thus his prophecy, he stood still in silence and sorrow, demanding to die once more. Spells and drugs were needed before the corpse could die ; and death, having exerted all its power already, could not claim the life again. Then the witch built up a great pyre of wood ; the dead man walked to the fire ; and Erictho left him stretched upon the lighted pile, and suffered him at last to die. Together with Sextus she went to his father’s camp. The sky was now taking on the hue of dawn ; but, at her bidding, night held back day and gave them thick darkness until they should set foot in safety within the encampment.

BOOK VII

LIBER SEPTIMUS

SEGNIOR, Oceano quam lex aeterna vocabat,
Luctificus Titan numquam magis aethera contra
Egit equos cursumque polo rapiente retorsit,
Defectusque pati voluit raptaeque labores
Lucis, et attraxit nubes, non pabula flammis, 5
Sed ne Thessalico purus luceret in orbe.

At nox felicitis Magno pars ultima vitae
Sollicitos vana decepit imagine somnos.
Nam Pompeiani visus sibi sede theatri
Innumeram effigiem Romanae cernere plebis 10
Attollique suum laetis ad sidera nomen
Vocibus et plausu cuneos certare sonantes ;
Qualis erat populi facies clamorque faventis
Olim, cum iuvenis primique aetate triumphi
Post domitas gentes, quas torrens ambit Hiberus, 15
Et quaecumque fugax Sertorius inpulit arma,
Vespere pacato, pura venerabilis aequae
Quam currus ornante toga, plaudente senatu,
Sedit adhuc Romanus eques : seu fine bonorum

¹ The ancients believed that the sun's own motion across the sky was from West to East, but that the sky itself revolved from East to West at a greater rate and so carried the sun with it.

² Lucan is mistaken: Pompey triumphed three times: (1) over Numidia in 81 B.C.; (2) over Spain in 71; (3) over Asia

BOOK VII

UNPUNCTUAL to the summons of eternal law, the sorrowing Sun rose from Ocean, driving his steeds harder than ever against the revolution of the sky, and urging his course backwards, though the heavens whirled him on ;¹ fain would he have suffered eclipse and the pain of losing his light ; and he drew clouds towards him, not to feed his flames, but to prevent him from shining unsullied in the region of Thessaly.

That night, the end of happiness in the life of Magnus, beguiled his troubled sleep with a hollow semblance. He dreamed that he was sitting in his own theatre and saw in a vision the countless multitudes of Rome ; and that his name was lifted to the sky in their shouts of joy, while all the tiers vied in proclaiming his praise. Such was the aspect of the people, such was their loud applause, in his distant youth, at the time of his first² triumph : he had conquered the clans surrounded by the swift Hiberus, and defeated every force that Sertorius had hurled against him in guerilla warfare ; he had given peace to the West, and now he sat and was cheered by senators, himself no more as yet than a Roman knight, but no less worshipped in his

in 61. In 71 he was still an *eques*, but he began his first consulship on January 1st, 70.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Anxia venturis ad tempora laeta refugit, 20
 Sive per ambages solitas contraria visis
 Vaticinata quies magni tulit omina planctus,
 Seu vetito patrias ultra tibi cernere sedes
 Sic Romam Fortuna dedit. Ne rumpite somnos,
 Castrorum vigiles, nullas tuba verberet aures. 25
 Crastina dira quies et imagine maesta diurna
 Undique funestas acies feret, undique bellum.
 Unde pares somnos populis noctemque beatam?
 O felix, si te vel sic tua Roma videret!
 Donassent utinam superi patriaeque tibi que 30
 Unum, Magne, diem, quo fati certus uterque
 Extremum tanti fructum raperetis amoris.
 Tu velut Ausonia vadis moriturus in urbe,
 Illa rati semper de te sibi conscia voti
 Hoc scelus haud umquam fatis haerere putavit, 35
 Sic se dilecti tumulum quoque perdere Magni.
 Te mixto flessset luctu iuvenisque senexque
 Iniussusque puer; lacerasset crine soluto
 Pectora femineum, ceu Bruti funere, volgus.
 Nunc quoque, tela licet paveant victoris iniqui, 40
 Nuntiet ipse licet Caesar tua funera, flebunt,
 Sed dum tura ferunt, dum laurea sarta Tonanti.

¹ *populi* here must stand for the Roman people or the Italians: comp. i. 511. *pares* is adjective, not a verb.

BOOK VII

plain robe of white than in that which adorns the triumphal car. Perhaps his dreams took refuge in happier days because they feared the future and because prosperity was ended; perhaps sleep indirectly, as her custom is, presaged the opposite of his dream and foretold a great lamentation; or else Fortune brought Rome before him thus, because it was ordained that he should never see his home again. Break not his sleep, watchmen of the camp; let no trumpet beat upon his ear. To-morrow his sleep will be haunted: saddened by visions of the day, it will present nothing but the fatal field, nothing but war. Would that the Romans¹ could have had a night of happiness and such a sleep as his! Fortunate had been the Rome he loved, if she had seen him even in a dream. One day at least the gods should have granted to him and to his country, on which each, with full knowledge of the future, might have snatched the last enjoyment of their great love for one another. He goes forth, believing that he is destined to die at Rome; and Rome, knowing that her prayers for him had always been answered, refused to believe that this horror was written in the book of destiny—that she should thus lose even the grave of her beloved Magnus. Young and old, blending their grief, would have mourned for him, and even children uncompelled; the crowd of women would have let down their hair and torn their breasts, as when Brutus was buried. Even as it is, though men dread the arms of the tyrannous conqueror, though Caesar himself announce the death, weep they will, even while offering incense and laurel wreaths to the Thunderer. Unhappy Romans! whose groans

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

O miseri, quorum gemitus edere dolorem,
 Qui te non pleno pariter planxere theatro.

45

Vicerat astra iubar, cum mixto murmure turba
 Castrorum fremuit fatisque trahentibus orbem
 Signa petit pugnae. Miseri pars maxima volgi
 Non totum visura diem tentoria circum
 Ipsa ducis queritur magnoque accensa tumultu
 Mortis vicinae properantes admovet horas.

50

Dira subit rabies ; sua quisque ac publica fata
 Praecipitare cupit ; segnis pavidusque vocatur
 Ac nimium patiens soceri Pompeius, et orbis
 Indulgens regno, qui tot simul undique gentes
 Iuris habere sui vellet pacemque timeret.

55

Nec non et reges populique queruntur Eoi
 Bella trahi patriaque procul tellure teneri.
 Hoc placet, o superi, cum vobis vertere cuncta
 Propositum, nostris erroribus addere crimen ?
 Cladibus inruimus nocituraque poscimus arma ;

60

In Pompeianis votum est Pharsalia castris.
 Cunctorum voces Romani maximus auctor
 Tullius eloquii, cuius sub iure togaque
 Pacificas saevus tremuit Catilina secures,
 Pertulit iratus bellis, cum rostra forumque

65

Optaret, passus tam longa silentia miles.
 Addidit invalidae robur facundia causae.

“ Hoc pro tot meritis solum te, Magne, precatur
 Uti se Fortuna velis, proceresque tuorum

¹ Cicero was not really present at Pharsalia : we have Livy's authority for this.

BOOK VII

swallowed down their grief, and who could not all together make lamentation for Pompey in the crowded theatre.

Sunshine had conquered the stars when the soldiery raged with confused muttering and demanded the signal for battle; Fortune was haling the world to destruction. Most of that hapless throng were fated not to see the day out; but they crowded close to the leader's tent and murmured; in heat and great disorder they brought nearer the hasting hour of imminent death. A dreadful frenzy comes over them; each is eager to hurry on his own fate and the fate of his country. They call Pompey slow and cowardly and too indulgent to his kinsman; he is seduced, say they, by the sovereignty of the world; he wishes to keep under his own sway so many nations from every quarter; and he dreads a peace. The kings and peoples of the East also complain that the campaign drags on too long, and that they are detained far from their own countries. Ye gods, when it is your set purpose to ruin all things, does it please you to add guilt on our part to mere mistakes? We rush upon disaster, and clamour for battle that will destroy us; and in Pompey's camp men pray for Pharsalia. The protests of the multitude were conveyed by Cicero, the chief model of Roman eloquence, Cicero,¹ beneath whose civilian authority fierce Catiline dreaded the axes of peace. Longing for the rostrum and the Forum, and muzzled so long by military service, he detested war. His eloquence gave force to an unsound argument.

“Magnus, in return for all her favours Fortune makes one request of you—that you will deign to

Castrorum regesque tui cum supplice mundo 70
 Adfusi, vinci socerum patiare rogamus.
 Humani generis tam longo tempore bellum
 Caesar erit? merito Pompeium vincere lente
 Gentibus indignum est a transcurrente subactis.
 Quo tibi fervor abit aut quo fiducia fati? 75
 De superis, ingrante, times causamque senatus
 Credere dis dubitas? ipsae tua signa revellent
 Prosilientque acies: pudeat vicisse coactum.
 Si duce te iusso, si nobis bella geruntur,
 Sit iuris, quocumque velint, concurrere campo. 80
 Quid mundi gladios a sanguine Caesaris arces?
 Vibrant tela manus, vix signa morantia quisquam
 Expectat: propera, te ne tua classica linquant.
 Scire senatus avet, miles te, Magne, sequatur
 An comes." Ingemuit rector sensitque deorum 85
 Esse dolos et fata suae contraria menti.
 "Si placet hoc" inquit "cunctis, si milite Magno,
 Non duce tempus eget, nil ultra fata morabor:
 Involvat populos una fortuna ruina,
 Sitque hominum magnae lux ista novissima parti. 90
 Testor, Roma, tamen Magnum, quo cuncta perirent,
 Accepisse diem. Potuit tibi volnere nullo

BOOK VII

make use of her; and we, the chief men of your army, and the kings you made, together with the whole world upon its knees, now prostrate ourselves at your feet and ask that you will consent to the conquest of your father-in-law. Shall Caesar remain for ever the cause of war to mankind? Nations whom Pompey subdued while he hurried past them have a right to resent his slowness to conquer now. What has become of your eager haste, or of your confidence in your star? Are you ungrateful enough to doubt Heaven's favour? Do you hesitate to trust the cause of the Senate to the gods? The soldiery, of their own accord, will wrench up your standards and rush forward; you should blush to have victory forced upon you. If we have appointed you to lead us, and if the war is waged for our benefit, then let the men have leave to fight on whatever field they will. Why do you keep away the swords of all mankind from Caesar's throat? Arms are brandished, and scarce can any man bear to wait for the lagging signal; make haste, or else your own trumpets will leave you behind. The senators would fain know this, Magnus, whether they follow you in order to fight or merely to escort you where you go." The leader groaned: he perceived that the gods were playing him false, and that destiny was thwarting his purpose. "If this," said he, "is the desire of all, and if the crisis needs me, not as a commander but as a soldier, I will keep doom at bay no longer. Let Fortune whelm the nations in a single overthrow, and let yonder light be the last for half mankind. At least I call Rome to witness that the day of universal destruction has been forced upon me. The toil of war

Stare labor belli; potui sine caede subactum
 Captivumque ducem violatae tradere paci.
 Quis furor, o caeci, scelerum? Civilia bella 95
 Gesturi metuunt, ne non cum sanguine vincant.
 Abstulimus terras, exclusimus aequore toto,
 Ad praematuras segetum ieiuna rapinas
 Agmina conpulimus, votumque effecimus hosti,
 Ut mallet sterni gladiis mortemque suorum 100
 Permiscere meis. Belli pars magna peracta est
 His, quibus effectum est, ne pugnam tiro paveret,
 Si modo virtutis stimulis iraeque calore
 Signa petunt. Multos in summa pericula misit
 Venturi timor ipse mali. Fortissimus ille est, 105
 Qui promptus metuenda pati, si comminus instent,
 Et differre potest. Placet haec tam prospera rerum
 Tradere fortunae, gladio permittere mundi
 Discrimen; pugnare ducem, quam vincere, malunt.
 Res mihi Romanas dederas, Fortuna, regendas: 110
 Accipe maiores et caeco in Marte tuere.
 Pompei nec crimen erit nec gloria bellum.
 Vincis apud superos votis me, Caesar, iniquis:
 Pugnatur. Quantum scelerum quantumque malorum
 In populos lux ista feret! quot regna iacebunt! 115
 Sanguine Romano quam turbidus ibit Enipeus!
 Prima velim caput hoc funesti lancea belli,
 Si sine momento rerum partisque ruina

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might have cost Rome no bloodshed ; I might have won a bloodless victory over Caesar and handed him over, a captive, to the peace he has outraged. What guilty madness, what blindness is this ! Men about to wage civil war are actually afraid of winning a bloodless victory. We have wrenched the land from the enemy, and expelled him utterly from the sea ; we have forced his starving ranks to snatch the corn ere it was ripe ; we have made him pray to fall rather by the sword and to mingle the corpses of his soldiers with the corpses of mine. By the strategy, thanks to which my recruits have no fear of battle, the campaign is half won already, if indeed the spur of valour and the heat of pugnacity make them demand the signal for action. But many are driven to utmost peril by the mere dread of coming danger. He is truly brave, who is both quick to endure the ordeal, if it be close and pressing, and willing also to let it wait. It is resolved to hand over our present prosperous condition to chance, and to let the sword decide the doom of the world ; men had rather see their leader fight than conquer. Fortune gave me the Roman State to rule ; I give it back now greater than I received it, and I call upon her to guard it in the hurly-burly of war. The act of fighting will never bring either reproach or glory to me. In the court of Heaven Caesar's prayers for evil prevail over me ; and battle there is to be. How much crime and how much suffering this day will bring to the nations ! How many thrones will be upset ! How dark the Enipeus will flow with Roman blood ! The first missile hurled in this fatal war is welcome to find its billet in my head, if that head could fall

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Casurum est, feriat ; neque enim victoria Magno
 Laetior. Aut populis invisum hac clade peracta 120
 Aut hodie Pompeius erit miserabile nomen :
 Omne malum victi, quod sors feret ultima rerum,
 Omne nefas victoris erit." Sic fatur et arma
 Permittit populis frenosque furentibus ira
 Laxat et ut victus violento navita Coro 125
 Dat regimen ventis ignavumque arte relicta
 Puppis onus trahitur. Trepido confusa tumultu
 Castra fremunt, animique truces sua pectora pulsant
 Ictibus incertis. Multorum pallor in ore
 Mortis venturae faciesque simillima fato. 130
 Advenisse diem, qui fatum rebus in aevum
 Conderet humanis, et quaeri, Roma quid esset,
 Illo Marte palam est. Sua quisque pericula nescit
 Attonitus maiore metu. Quis litora ponto
 Obruta, quis summis cernens in montibus aequor 135
 Aetheraque in terras deiecto sole cadentem,
 Tot rerum finem, timeat sibi ? non vacat ullos
 Pro se ferre metus : urbi Magnoque timetur.
 Nec gladiis habuere fidem, nisi cautibus asper
 Exarsit mucro ; tunc omnis lancea saxo 140
 Erigitur, tendunt nervis melioribus arcus,
 Cura fuit lectis pharetras implere sagittis.
 Auget eques stimulos frenorumque artat habenas.

¹ The conqueror, whether Pompey or Caesar, must inevitably inflict cruelties on the defeated army, and will therefore be hated.

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without influence on the issue and without the destruction of our cause ; for to me victory is no more welcome than defeat. When to-day's carnage is complete, the name of Pompey will be one for the world either to hate or to pity : every woe that utter ruin brings will the vanquished suffer, and every horror will the conqueror commit." ¹ With these words he suffers the nations to arm, and gave a loose to their frenzied passion ; so the sailor, when mastered by the fury of the gale, makes no use of his skill, but leaves the steering to the winds, and is swept along, an ignominious burden of his vessel. The camp hums with the confusion of haste and disorder, and fierce hearts beat with irregular throbbing against the breasts that contain them. The pale flag of coming death appeared on many faces ; and their aspect was the very picture of doom. It was clear to all that a day had come which must settle the destiny of mankind for ages, and that this battle must decide what Rome was to be. Each man ignores his personal danger, appalled by a mightier fear. Who that saw the shore covered by the sea and the waves reaching the mountain-tops, the sky falling down upon the earth and the sun dashed from his place, could regard with selfish fear such wide destruction ? Men's minds are not at leisure to fear for themselves : they tremble for Rome and for Magnus. The soldiers put no trust in their swords, unless the whetted points struck fire from the grindstone ; every lance too was sharpened against the stone, bows were strung with better cords, and care was taken to fill the quivers with picked arrows. The horseman enlarged his spurs and tightened the straps of his bridle. Even

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Si liceat superis hominum conferre labores,
 Non aliter Phlegra rabidos tollente gigantas 145
 Martius incaluit Siculis incudibus ensis,
 Et rubuit flammis iterum Neptunia cuspis,
 Spiculaque extenso Paeon Pythone recoxit,
 Pallas Gorgoneos diffudit in aegida crines,
 Pallene Iovi mutavit fulmina Cyclops. 150

Non tamen abstinuit venturos prodere casus
 Per varias Fortuna notas. Nam, Thessala rura
 Cum peterent, totus venientibus obstitit aether
 Adversasque faces immensoque igne columnas 155
 Et trabibus mixtis avidos typhonas aquarum
 Detulit atque oculos ingesto fulgure clausit;
 Excussit cristas galeis capulosque solutis
 Perfudit gladiis ereptaque pila liquavit,
 Aetherioque nocens fumavit sulphure ferrum; 160
 Vixque revolsa solo maiori pondere pressum
 Signiferi mersere caput rorantia fletu
 Usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa.
 Admotus superis discussa fugit ab ara 165
 Taurus et Emathios praeceps se iecit in agros,
 Nullaque funestis inventa est victima sacris.
 (At tu, quos scelerum superos, quas rite vocasti
 Eumenidas, Caesar? Stygii quae numina regni
 Infernumque nefas et mersos nocte furores 170
 Inpia tam saeve gesturus bella litasti?)
 Iam (dubium, monstrisne deum nimione pavori

¹ Pallene is used as a synonym for Phlegra.

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so, if it is permissible to compare the activity of men to that of gods—even so, when Phlegra up-reared the furious Giants, the sword of Mars was heated on the anvils of Etna; the trident of Neptune glowed in the flame a second time; Apollo smelted again the arrows which had unwound the coils of Python; Pallas scattered the Gorgon tresses over all her aegis; and the Cyclopes made for Jupiter new thunderbolts for use at Pallene.¹

Fortune, however, did not forbear from revealing the future by means of divers signs. When the army made for Thessaly, the whole sky set itself against their march: it hurled down meteors in their faces, and huge columns of fire, and whirlwinds that suck up water, together with fireballs; it dashed lightning at them and so closed their eyes; it knocked the crests off their helmets, it flooded the scabbards with the molten blades, it tore the javelins from their grasp and fused them; and the guilty sword smoked with the sulphur of the sky. The standards could scarce be plucked out of the ground; their increased weight bowed down the head of the standard-bearer; and they shed tears—down to the time of Pharsalia they belonged to Rome and to the State. A bull, when brought forward for sacrifice, upset the altar and fled, rushing headlong into the fields of Thessaly; and no victim was forthcoming for the ill-omened rite. (But Caesar—what powers of darkness, what fiends did he invoke without let or hindrance? what deities of the Stygian realm, what Horror of Hell, and Madness shrouded in gloom? Though he was soon to fight an infamous battle with such cruelty, his prayer was heard.) Whether men were convinced by divine portents or

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Crediderint) multis concurrere visus Olympo
 Pindus et abruptis mergi convallibus Haemus,
 Edere nocturnas belli Pharsalia voces, 175
 Ire per Ossaeam rapidus Boebeida sanguis ;
 Inque vicem voltus tenebris mirantur opertos
 Et pallere diem galeisque incumbere noctem
 Defunctosque patres et iuncti¹ sanguinis umbras
 Ante oculos volitare suos. Sed mentibus unum 180
 Hoc solamen erat, quod voti turba nefandi
 Conscia, quae patrum iugulos, quae pectora fratrum
 Sperabat, gaudet monstris mentisque tumultum
 Atque omen scelerum subitos putat esse furores.
 Quid mirum, populos, quos lux extrema manebat, 185
 Lymphato trepidasse metu, praesaga malorum
 Si data mens homini est? Tyriis qui Gadibus hospes
 Adiacet Armeniumque bibit Romanus Araxen,
 Sub quocumque die, quocumque est sidere mundi,
 Maeret et ignorat causas animumque dolentem 190
 Corripit, Emathiis quid perdat nescius arvis.
 Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, augur
 Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit
 Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi,
 " Venit summa dies, geritur res maxima," dixit 195
 " Inpia concurrunt Pompei et Caesaris arma,"
 Seu tonitrus ac tela Iovis praesaga notavit,
 Aethera seu totum discordi obsistere caelo

¹ iuncti *Heinsius* : cuncti (-is, -as) *MSS.*

¹ Gaius Cornelius was the augur, and the place was Patavium (Padua). This case of telepathy was vouched for by Livy, himself a native of Patavium ; see Plutarch, *Caesar*, c. 47.

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their own excessive terror, who can tell? But many also believed that they saw Pindus collide with Olympus, and the Balkan subside in precipitous hollows, while Pharsalia sent forth the din of battle by night, and a torrent of blood spread over lake Boebeis beside Ossa. Men gaze with wonder at each other's faces veiled with darkness, at the dimness of the light, at the blackness that brooded over the helmets, at the ghosts that moved to and fro before their sight—ghosts of parents dead and of kindred. But their souls had this one solace: the host, conscious of their own horrible desire, and hoping to pierce a father's throat or a brother's bosom, took pleasure in the portents, believing that the ferment of their minds and their sudden madness boded success to their crimes.

If the power to presage misfortune has been granted to mankind, what wonder that those whose last day was at hand quaked with panic fear? Whether he be a sojourner by Tyrian Gades or drink of the Araxes in Armenia, whatever his clime and whatever the star of heaven beneath which he lives—every Roman grieves and knows not why and chides himself for his sadness; for he knows not what loss he is suffering now in the land of Thessaly. If those who tell the tale may be believed, an augur¹ sat that day on the Euganean hills, where the smoking spring of Aponus issues from the ground and the Timavus, river of Antenor, splits into channels; and he cried: "The decisive day has come; the great battle is being fought; the armies of Pompey and Caesar meet in unnatural conflict." Either he observed the thunder and the warning bolts of Jupiter; or he saw that all the firmament

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Perspexitque polos, seu numen in aethere maestum
 Solis in obscuro pugnam pallore notavit. 200
 Dissimilem certe cunctis quos explicat egit
 Thessalicum natura diem : si cuncta perito
 Augure mens hominum caeli nova signa notasset,
 Spectari toto potuit Pharsalia mundo.
 O summos hominum, quorum fortuna per orbem 205
 Signa dedit, quorum fatis caelum omne vacavit !
 Haec et apud seras gentes populosque nepotum,
 Sive sua tantum venient in saecula fama,
 Sive aliquid magnis nostri quoque cura laboris
 Nominibus prodesse potest, cum bella legentur, 210
 Spesque metusque simul perituraque vota movebunt,
 Attonitique omnes veluti venientia fata,
 Non transmissa, legent et adhuc tibi, Magne, favebunt.
 Miles, ut adverso Phoebi radiatus ab ictu
 Descendens totos perfudit lumine colles, 215
 Non temere inmissus campis : stetit ordine certo
 Infelix acies. Cornus tibi cura sinistri,
 Lentule, cum prima, quae tum fuit optima bello,
 Et quarta legione datur. Tibi, numine pugnax
 Adverso Domiti, dextri frons tradita Martis. 220
 At medii robur belli fortissima densant
 Agmina, quae Cilicum terris deducta tenebat
 Scipio, miles in hoc, Libyco dux primus in orbe.
 At iuxta fluvios et stagna undantis Enipei
 Cappadocum montana cohors et largus habenae 225

¹ After Pompey's death.

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and the poles were at strife with the warring sky ; or else the sorrowing deity in heaven signified the battle by the dimness and obscurity of the sun. At least it is certain that Nature made the day of Pharsalia pass unlike all other days which she reveals ; if human intelligence, by means of skilled augurs, had observed all the strange signs in heaven, then the battle might have been watched all the world over. How great were these men, whose fortunes were advertised over the whole world, and to whose destiny all heaven was attentive ! Even in later ages and among posterity, these events, whether their own fame alone immortalises them or I too, by my pains and study, can do some service to famous men, will excite hope and fear together and useless prayers, when the story of battle is read ; and all men will be spell-bound as they read the tragedy, as if it were still to come and not past ; and all will still take sides with Magnus.

When the soldiers came down, lighted up by the sunbeams facing them, the glitter of their arms flooded all the hills. They were not launched at random upon the plain : the doomed army was stationed according to a definite plan. Lentulus had charge of the left wing with two legions—the first, which was then the most fit for war, and the fourth ; the right wing of the host was entrusted to Domitius, that brave but ill-starred warrior. The main strength of the centre was in the close ranks of brave men whom Scipio, their general, had brought from Cilicia ; here he was but a combatant but was yet to hold the chief command in Africa.¹ Then by the channel of the Enipeus and the pools of its overflow rode the horsemen of the Cappadocian

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Ponticus ibat eques. Sicci sed plurima campi
 Tetrarchae regesque tenent magnique tyranni
 Atque omnis Latio quae servit purpura ferro.
 Illuc et Libye Numidas et Creta Cydonas
 Misit, Ityraeis cursus fuit inde sagittis, 230
 Inde, truces Galli, solitum prodistis in hostem,
 Illic pugnaces commovit Hiberia caetras.
 Eripe victori gentes et sanguine mundi
 Fuso, Magne, semel totos consume triumphos.
 Illo forte die Caesar statione relicta 235
 Ad segetum raptus moturus signa repente
 Conspicit in planos hostem descendere campos,
 Oblatumque videt votis sibi mille petitem
 Tempus, in extremos quo mitteret omnia casus.
 Aeger quippe morae flagransque cupidine regni 240
 Coeperat exiguo tractu civilia bella
 Ut lentum damnare nefas. Discrimina postquam
 Adventare ducum supremaque proelia vidit,
 Casuram et fatis sensit nutare ruinam,
 Illa quoque in ferrum rabies promptissima paulum 245
 Languit, et casus audax spondere secundos
 Mens stetit in dubio, quam nec sua fata timere
 Nec Magni sperare sinunt. Formidine mersa
 Prosilit hortando melior fiducia volgo.
 "O domitor mundi, rerum fortuna mearum, 250
 Miles, adest totiens optatae copia pugnae.

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hills and the riders of Pontus with loose reins. Of the dry ground most was occupied by the tetrarchs and kings and mighty potentates, and all wearers of the purple who bow before the Roman steel. Thither Libya sent Numidians, and Crete her Cydonians; from there the arrows of the Ituraeans took their flight; from there the fierce Gauls went forth against their familiar foe; and there the Spaniards brandished their shields for battle. Let Magnus rob the conqueror of the subject peoples and use up on one day all the means of future triumphs by shedding the blood of all mankind!

It happened on that day that Caesar had left his position, and was about to march his men to plunder the cornfields, when suddenly he saw his enemy come down to the level plains. Before him lay the opportunity he had prayed for a thousand times—the opportunity of staking all his fortunes on a final cast. For sick of delay and burning with desire for a regal throne, he had begun to loathe the short space of the civil war as a crime which took too long in the doing. But when he saw that the ordeal of the rivals and the decisive battle was drawing near, and when he perceived that the crash which fate must bring was nodding to its fall, even that wild desire for instant slaughter waxed faint for a time; his heart, ever ready to vouch for victory, hesitated now: how was fear possible, when he viewed his own career? how was hope, when he thought of Pompey's? Fear sank down, and boldness sprang forth—a better means for inspiring his men: "Soldiers, who have conquered the world, and on whom my destiny depends, behold the chance of battle you have so often prayed for. Prayer is

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nil opus est votis, iam fatum accersite ferro.
In manibus vestris, quantus sit Caesar, habetis.
Haec est illa dies, mihi quam Rubiconis ad undas
Promissam memini, cuius spe movimus arma, 255
In quam distulimus vetitos remeare triumphos,
Haec, fato quae teste probet, quis iustius arma
Sumpserit; haec acies victum factura nocentem est. 260
Si pro me patriam ferro flammisque petistis,
Nunc pugnate truces gladioque exsolve culpam:
Nulla manus, belli mutato iudice, pura est.
Non mihi res agitur, sed, vos ut libera sitis
Turba, precor gentes ut ius habeatis in omnes. 265
Ipse ego privatae cupidus me reddere vitae
Plebeiaque toga modicum componere civem,
Omnia dum vobis liceant, nihil esse recuso.
Invidia regnate mea. Nec sanguine multo
Spem mundi petitis: Grais delecta iuventus 270
Gymnasiis aderit studioque ignava palaestrae
Et vix arma ferens, aut mixtae dissona turbae
Barbaries, non illa tubas, non agmine moto
Clamorem latura suum. Civilia paucae
Bella manus facient; pugnae pars magna levabit 275
His orbem populis Romanumque obteret hostem.
Ite per ignavas gentes famosaque regna
Et primo ferri motu prosternite mundum,

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no longer needed ; with your swords you must now summon fate. The greatness of Caesar is yours to determine. That day has come, which, as I remember, you promised me by the waters of the Rubicon, the day which encouraged us to take up arms, the day to which we postponed the triumphant return denied us ; and this day must decide, on the evidence of destiny, which of the two combatants had justice on his side : this battle will pronounce the guilt of him who loses it. If in defence of me you have attacked your native land with fire and sword, fight fiercely to-day and use your swords to clear your guilt. Not one of you has guiltless hands, if I be no longer the judge of war. It is not my fortunes that are at stake : my prayer is for you—that you, for your freedom's sake, may bear rule over all nations. My own desire is to return to private life, to wear the people's dress, and to play the part of an ordinary citizen ; but provided you are all-powerful, I am willing to accept any position ; yours be the kingly power, mine the discredit ! Nor will the world you hope to win cost you much bloodshed : you will meet an army enlisted from the training-schools of Greece, enfeebled by the practice of the wrestling-ground, and scarce able to carry the weight of their arms ; or else barbarians with disordered ranks and discordant tongues, who will not endure the sound of the trumpet or even the noise of their own march. Few of you will lift their hands against Romans : most of the fighting will rid the world of inferior races and crush under-foot the enemies of Rome. Make your way through these cowardly nations and kingdoms of evil fame ; lay a whole world low with the first stroke of the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sitque palam, quas tot duxit Pompeius in urbem
 Curribus, unius gentes non esse triumphii. 280
 Armeniosne movet, Romana potentia cuius
 Sit ducis? aut emptum minimo volt sanguine quisquam
 Barbarus Hesperii Magnum praeponere rebus?
 Romanos odere omnes, dominosque gravantur,
 Quos novere, magis. Sed me fortuna meorum 285
 Commisit manibus, quarum me Gallia testem
 Tot fecit bellis. Cuius non militis ensem
 Agnoscam? caelumque tremens cum lancea transit,
 Dicere non fallar, quo sit vibrata lacerto.
 Quod si, signa ducem numquam fallentia vestrum, 290
 Conspicio faciesque truces oculosque minaces,
 Vicistis. Videor fluvios spectare cruoris
 Calcatosque simul reges sparsumque senatus
 Corpus et inmensa populos in caede natantes.
 Sed mea fata moror, qui vos in tela furentes 295
 Vocibus his teneo. Veniam date bella trahenti:
 Spe trepido; haud umquam vidi tam magna daturos
 Tam prope me superos; camporum limite parvo
 Absumus a votis. Ego sum, cui Marte peracto,
 Quae populi regesque tenent, donare licebit. 300
 Quone poli motu, quo caeli sidere verso
 Thessalicae tantum, superi, permittitis orae?
 Aut merces hodie bellorum aut poena parata.
 Caesareas spectate cruces, spectate catenas
 Et caput hoc positum rostris effusaque membra 305

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steel; reveal to all that the peoples who so often followed Pompey's triumphal car to Rome are not material enough for even a single triumph. Do the Armenians care which among rivals has power at Rome? Or would any barbarian give a drop of his blood in order to set Magnus over Italy? They hate all Romans and resent their domination; but they hate most the Romans they know. But me Fortune has entrusted to the hands of my own soldiers; and full many a war in Gaul made me the witness of their prowess. I shall know again the sword of every fighter; and when the lance flies quivering through the sky, I shall make no mistake in naming the arm that hurled it. But if I see those tokens that never play your leader false—fierce countenances and threatening eyes—then victory is yours. Methinks I see rivers of blood, kings trodden under foot together, mangled bodies of senators, and whole nations weltering in unlimited carnage. But I delay the course of my destiny, when these words of mine detain you—you who are frantic for the fray. Pardon me for putting off the battle; my hopes unsettle me; never have I seen the gods so near me and ready to give so much; only a little strip of land divides us from all we pray for. I am the man, who, when the fighting is over, will have power to give away all that now belongs to nations and kings. What shift has taken place in the sky, what star in heaven has suffered change, that the gods grant such a privilege to Thessaly? To-day either the reward or the penalty of war is before us. Picture to yourselves the cross and the chains in store for Caesar, my head stuck upon the Rostrum and my limbs unburied; think of the crime of the

Saeptorumque nefas et clausi proelia Campi.
 Cum duce Sullano gerimus civilia bella.
 Vestri cura movet; nam me secura manebit
 Sors quaesita manu: fodientem viscera cernet
 Me mea, qui nondum victo respexerit hoste. 310
 Di, quorum curas abduxit ab aethere tellus
 Romanusque labor, vincat, quicumque necesse
 Non putat in victos saevum destringere ferrum
 Quique suos cives, quod signa adversa tulerunt,
 Non credit fecisse nefas. Pompeius in arto 315
 Agmina vestra loco vetita virtute moveri
 Cum tenuit, quanto satiavit sanguine ferrum!
 Vos tamen hoc oro, iuvenes, ne caedere quisquam
 Hostis terga velit: civis, qui fugerit, esto.
 Sed dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago 320
 Ulla nec adversa conspecti fronte parentes
 Commoveant; voltus gladio turbate verendos.
 Sive quis infesto cognata in pectora ferro
 Ibit, seu nullum violarit volnere pignus,
 Ignoti iugulum tamquam scelus inputet hostis. 325
 Sternite iam vallum fossasque inplete ruina,
 Exeat ut plenis acies non sparsa manipulis.
 Parcite ne castris: vallo tendetis in illo,
 Unde acies peritura venit." Vix cuncta locuto
 Caesare quemque suum munus trahit, armaque raptim 330
 Sumpta Ceresque viris. Capiunt praesagia belli
 Calcatisque ruunt castris; stant ordine nullo,

¹ The *Saepta* (enclosure), called *Ovilia* (sheepfold) in ii. 197. was in the Campus Martius; and there Sulla butchered 6000 prisoners whom he had promised to spare.

² He refers to the battle described in vi. 290 foll.

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Saepta and the battle fought in the enclosed Campus: ¹ the general, against whom we carry on civil war, is Sulla's pupil. My anxiety is for you; I shall win safety for myself by suicide; if any man looks back before the foe is beaten, he will see me stabbing my own vitals. Ye gods, whose attention has been drawn away from heaven by the agony of Rome on earth, give victory to him who does not feel bound to draw the ruthless sword against beaten men, and does not believe that his fellow-citizens committed a crime by fighting against him. When Pompey held fast your ranks in a narrow space where your valour had no power to move, he glutted his sword with rivers of blood. ² But this is my prayer to you, soldiers: none of you must smite a foe in the back, and every fugitive must pass for a countryman. But while their weapons glitter, no thought of natural affection, no sight of your sires in the front rank of the foe, must weaken your purpose; mangle with the sword the faces that demand reverence. If any man smite the breast of a kinsman with ruthless steel, let him claim credit for his crime; or, if his blow does violence to no tie of kinship, still let him claim credit for the death of an unknown foe, as if it were a crime. Level the rampart without delay and fill up the trench with the wreckage, that the army may pass out with full ranks and in solid formation. Be not careful of your camp; you will find quarters behind the rampart from which the doomed army is coming." Almost before Caesar had ceased to speak, each went to his appointed task; in haste they armed and took food. Accepting the omen of victory, they tread down the fortifications and rush on,

Arte ducis nulla permittuntque omnia fatis.
 Si totidem Magni soceros totidemque petentes
 Urbis regna suae funesto in Marte locasses,¹ 335
 Non tam praecipiti ruerent in proelia cursu.
 Vidit ut hostiles in rectum exire catervas
 Pompeius nullasque moras permittere bello,
 Sed superis placuisse diem, stat corde gelato
 Attonitus ; tantoque duci sic arma timere 340
 Omen erat. Premit inde metus totumque per agmen
 Sublimi praevectus equo, “ Quem flagitat ” inquit
 “ Vestra diem virtus, finis civilibus armis,
 Quem quaesistis, adest. Totas effundite vires ;
 Extremum ferri superest opus, unaque gentes 345
 Hora trahit. Quisquis patriam carosque penates,
 Qui subolem ac thalamos desertaque pignora quaerit,
 Ense petat : medio posuit deus omnia campo.
 Causa iubet melior superos sperare secundos :
 Ipsi tela regent per viscera Caesaris, ipsi 350
 Romanas sancire volunt hoc sanguine leges.
 Si socero dare regna meo mundumque parent,
 Praecipitare meam fatis potuere senectam :
 Non iratorum populis urbiq̄ue deorum est,
 Pompeium servare ducem. Quae vincere possent, 355
 Omnia contulimus. Subiere pericula clari
 Sponte viri sacraque antiquus imagine miles.
 Si Curios his fata darent reducesque Camillos

¹ locasses *Grotius* : locasset *MSS.*

¹ When such men as Curius fought in the ranks.

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with no ordered ranks, no tactics on their leader's part; they leave all to destiny. Had each man drawn up on the fatal field been the kinsman of Magnus, and each been ambitious to reign over his country, they could not have rushed with such headlong speed to the fray.

When Pompey saw the hostile army sally forth directly opposite him, to force on a battle without delay, and realised that this was the day fixed by Heaven, he stood appalled with frozen blood; and to so great a general it was an evil omen that he should thus dread a conflict. But soon he suppressed his fears and rode all along the line on his tall war-horse. "Behold the day," he said, "which your courage demands; behold the welcome end of the civil war. Put forth your whole strength; there remains but one last effort of arms; a single hour is dragging all nations into conflict. If any man yearns for his country and loved home, for wife and children and dear ones left behind, he must strike to gain them: Heaven has set all the prizes in the open field. Our better cause bids us expect the favour of the gods: they themselves will guide our weapons through Caesar's heart, they themselves will wish to ratify the Roman constitution by his blood. If they intended to give my kinsman rule over the world, it was in their power to hurry this grey head into the grave; and, since they have preserved my life to command the army, surely they are not wrath with the nations and with Rome. We have brought together all that could make victory secure. Famous men have volunteered to face the danger; and our army has the august aspect of past times.¹ A Curius and a Camillus, and

Temporibus Deciosque caput fatale voventes,
 Hinc starent. Primo gentes oriente coactae 360
 Innumeraeque urbes, quantas in proelia numquam,
 Excivere manus. Toto simul utimur orbe.
 Quidquid signiferi comprehensum limite caeli
 Sub Noton et Borean hominum sumus, arma movemus.
 Nonne superfusus collectum cornibus hostem 365
 In medium dabimus? paucas victoria dextras
 Exigit; at plures tantum clamore catervae
 Bella gerent: Caesar nostris non sufficit armis.
 Credite pendentis e summis moenibus urbis
 Crinibus effusis hortari in proelia matres; 370
 Credite grandaevum vetitumque aetate senatum
 Arma sequi sacros pedibus prosternere canos,
 Atque ipsam domini metuentem occurrere Romam;
 Credite, qui nunc est populus populumque futurum
 Permixtas adferre preces: haec libera nasci, 375
 Haec volt turba mori. Si quis post pignora tanta
 Pompeio locus est, cum prole et coniuge supplex,
 Imperii salva si maiestate liceret,
 Volverer ante pedes. Magnus, nisi vincitis, exul,
 Ludibrium soceri, vester pudor, ultima fata 380
 Deprecor ac turpes extremi cardinis annos,
 Ne discam servire senex." Tam maesta locuti
 Voce ducis flagrant animi, Romanaque virtus
 Erigitur, placuitque mori, si vera timeret.

¹ The inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, from the tropic of Cancer to the Arctic circle, are meant by this description: see Housman p. 329.

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the Decii who devoted their lives to death, if destiny restored them to our age and brought them back to earth, would stand on our side. The nations of the far East and countless cities have gathered together, and summoned to battle such hordes as were never seen before; the whole world is at our disposal at one time. Our force includes every man, up to the verge of South and North, who lives enclosed within the bound of the Zodiac.¹ Shall we not shut in the whole hostile army, outflanking them with our wings? Victory requires but a handful of combatants: shouting is the only service that most of our squadrons will perform: Caesar's force is too small for ours to deal with. Imagine that the matrons of Rome are hanging over the topmost walls of the city with dishevelled hair, and urging you to battle; imagine that aged senators, whose years prevent them from following the camp, lay at your feet their venerable grey hairs, and that Rome herself, in her fear of a master, comes to meet you. Imagine that both generations, the present and the future, address their joint entreaties to you: the one would fain be born, and the other die, in freedom. If after such solemn appeals there is room for my own name, then, together with my wife and sons, on my knees I would grovel at your feet, if I could do it without sullyng the dignity of my command. Unless you conquer, I, Magnus, am an exile, scorned by my kinsman and a disgrace to you, and I pray to escape that utmost misery—shame in the closing years of life, and learning in old age to bear the yoke." Thus mournful was his speech; and his voice kindled their courage till Roman valour rose high; and they resolved to die, if his fears proved true.

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Ergo utrimque pari procurrunt agmina motu	385
Irarum; metus hos regni, spes excitat illos.	
Hae facient dextrae, quidquid nona ¹ explicat aetas,	
Ut vacet a ferro. Gentes Mars iste futuras	
Obruet et populos aevi venientis in orbem	390
Erepto natale feret. Tunc omne Latinum	
Fabula nomen erit; Gabios Veiosque Coramque	
Pulvere vix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae	
Albanosque lares Laurentinosque penates,	
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta	395
Invitus questusque Numam iussisse senator.	
Non aetas haec carpsit edax monumentaque rerum	
Patria destituit: crimen civile videmus	
Tot vacuas urbes. Generis quo turba redacta est	
Humani! toto populi qui nascimur orbe	400
Nec muros implere viris nec possumus agros;	
Urbs nos una capit. Vincto fossore coluntur	
Hesperiae segetes, stat tectis putris avitis	
In nullos ruitura domus, nulloque frequentem	
Cive suo Romam sed mundi faece repletam	405
Cladis eo dedimus, ne tanto in corpore bellum	
Iam possit civile geri. Pharsalia tanti	
Causa mali. Cedant, feralia nomina, Cannae	
Et damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.	
Tempora signavit leviorum Roma malorum,	410
Hunc voluit nescire diem. Pro tristia fata!	
Aera pestiferum tractu morbosque fluentes	

¹ nona *Housman*: non *MSS.*

¹ Lucan lived in the ninth century from the foundation of Rome. The lack of men in that age was due, he says, to the slaughter of Pharsalia.

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Therefore the armies rushed forward, each inspired with the same passionate ardour, the one eager to escape a tyranny, the other to gain it. These hands will bring it to pass that, whatever the ninth century¹ unfolds, it shall be free from warfare. This battle will destroy nations yet unborn; it will deprive of their birthtime and sweep away the men of the generation coming into the world. Then all the Latin race will be a legend; dust-covered ruins will scarce be able to indicate the site of Gabii and Veii and Cora, the houses of Alba and the dwellings of Laurentum—a depopulated country, where no man dwells except the senators who are forced to spend one night there by Numa's law which they resent.² It is not the tooth of time that has wrought this destruction and consigned to decay the memorials of the past: in all these uninhabited cities we see the guilt of civil war. How far reduced are the numbers of the human race! All the people born on earth cannot supply inhabitants for town or country; a single city contains us all. The corn-fields of Italy are tilled by chained labourers; the ancient roof-tree is rotten and ready to fall, but none dwell beneath it; Rome is not peopled by her own citizens but swarms with the refuse of mankind, and we have sunk her so low, that civil war, for all her many inmates, is no longer possible. Pharsalia is the cause of so great a mischief. The fatal names of Cannae and of Allia, cursed long ago by the Roman Calendar, must give place to Pharsalia. Rome has marked the date of lighter calamities, but has decided to ignore this day. O cruel destiny! Air fatal to inhale, and

² The Roman consuls had to be present at Alba for the celebration of the Latin Festival.

Insanamque famem permissasque ignibus urbes
 Moeniaque in praeceps laturos plena tremores
 Hi possent explere viri, quos undique traxit 415
 In miseram Fortuna necem, dum munera longi
 Explicat eripiens aevi, populosque ducesque
 Constituit campis, per quos tibi, Roma, ruenti
 Ostendat, quam magna cadas. Quae latius orbem
 Possedit, citius per prospera fata cucurrit? 420
 Omne tibi bellum gentes dedit, omnibus annis
 Te geminum Titan procedere vidit in axem;
 Haud multum terrae spatium restabat Eoae,
 Ut tibi nox, tibi tota dies, tibi curreret aether,
 Omniaque errantes stellae Romana viderent. 425
 Sed retro tua fata tulit par omnibus annis
 Emathiae funesta dies. Hac luce cruenta
 Effectum, ut Latios non horreat India fasces,
 Nec vetitos errare Dahae in moenia ducat
 Sarmaticumque premat succinctus consul aratrum, 430
 Quod semper saevas debet tibi Parthia poenas,
 Quod fugiens civile nefas redituraque numquam
 Libertas ultra Tigrim Rhenumque recessit
 Ac, totiens nobis iugulo quaesita, vagatur,
 Germanum Scythicumque bonum, nec respicit ultra 435
 Ausoniam, vellem, populis incognita nostris.
 Volturis ut primum laevo fundata volatu
 Romulus infami conplevit moenia luco,
 Usque ad Thessalicas servisses, Roma, ruinas.
 De Brutis, Fortuna, queror. Quid tempora legum 440

¹ In ancient times it was the business of the consul to trace out with the plough the limits of a colony planted in a conquered country. The Dahae were nomads who wandered over the plains to the E. of the Caspian.

² He refers to the Brutus who expelled the Tarquins.

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epidemic disease ; maddening famine, cities consigned to the flames, and earthquakes that could bring to ruin populous cities—all these might be glutted by the men whom Fortune drew from every quarter to premature death, snatching away the gifts of long ages even while she displayed them, and arraying nations and chiefs upon the battle-field ; by them she wished to show to collapsing Rome, what greatness fell with her. What city ever possessed a wider empire, or ran more quickly from success to success ? Each war added nations to Rome ; each year the sun saw her move forward towards either pole ; a small part of the East excepted, night, and day from beginning to end, and all the sky revolved for Rome, and the stars in their courses saw nothing that was not hers. But the fatal day of Pharsalia reversed her destiny and undid the work of all the past. Thanks to that bloody field, India dreads not the Roman rods, no Roman consul arrests the nomad Dahae and makes them dwell in cities, or leans on the plough¹ in Sarmatia with his robe looped up ; it is owing to Pharsalia that Parthia still owes us stern retribution, and that Freedom, banished by civil war, has retreated beyond the Tigris and the Rhine, never to return ; often as we have wooed her with our life-blood, she wanders afar, a blessing enjoyed by Germans and Scythians, and never turns an eye on Italy : would that our nation had never known her ! Ever since Romulus founded his city by the flight of a vulture on the left, and peopled it with the criminals of the Asylum, down to the catastrophe of Pharsalia, Rome ought to have remained in slavery. I have a grudge against Fortune on the score of the Bruti.² Why did we

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Egimus aut annos a consule nomen habentes?
 Felices Arabes Medique Eoaque tellus,
 Quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis.
 Ex populis qui regna ferunt sors ultima nostra est,
 Quos servire pudet. Sunt nobis nulla profecto 445
 Numina: cum caeco rapiantur saecula casu,
 Mentimur regnare Iovem. Spectabit ab alto
 Aethere Thessalicas, teneat cum fulmina, caedes?
 Scilicet ipse petet Pholoen, petet ignibus Oeten
 Inmeritaeque nemus Rhodopes pinusque Mimantis, 450
 Cassius hoc potius feriet caput? Astra Thyestae
 Intulit et subitis damnavit noctibus Argos:
 Tot similes fratrum gladios patrumque gerenti
 Thessaliae dabit ille diem? mortalia nulli
 Sunt curata deo. Cladis tamen huius habemus 455
 Vindictam, quantam terris dare numina fas est:
 Bella pares superis facient civilia divos;
 Fulminibus manes radiisque ornabit et astris
 Inque deum templis iurabit Roma per umbras.
 Ut rapido cursu fati suprema morantem 460
 Consumpsere locum, parva tellure dirempti,
 Quo sua pila cadant aut quam sibi fata minentur
 Inde manum, spectant. Vultus, quo noscere possent
 Facturi quae monstra forent, videre parentum¹
 Frontibus adversis fraternaue comminus arma, 465
 Nec libuit mutare locum. Tamen omnia torpor

¹ parentum *Housman*: parentes *MSS.*

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enjoy a period of lawful government, or years named after the consuls? Fortunate are the Arabs and Medes and Eastern nations, whom destiny has kept continuously under tyrants. Of all the nations that endure tyranny our lot is the worst, because we blush for our slavery. In very truth there are no gods who govern mankind: though we say falsely that Jupiter reigns, blind chance sweeps the world along. Shall Jupiter, though he grasps the thunderbolt, look on idly from high heaven at the slaughter of Pharsalia? Shall he forsooth aim his fires at Pholoe and Oeta, at the pines of Mimas and the innocent forest of Rhodope, and shall Cassius, rather than he, strike Caesar down? He brought night upon Thyestes and doomed Argos to premature darkness: will he then grant daylight to Pharsalia that sees the guilt as great, of so many swords wielded by brothers and fathers? Man's destiny has never been watched over by any god. Yet for this disaster we have revenge, so far as gods may give satisfaction to mortals: civil war shall make dead Caesars the peers of gods above; and Rome shall deck out dead men with thunderbolts and haloes and constellations, and in the temples of the gods shall swear by ghosts.

When they had traversed at speed the ground that delayed the fiat of destiny, and were parted only by a little space, each looked to see where his own javelin would light, or whose hand on the other side destiny threatened to use against him. That they might learn what horrors they were about to commit, they saw their fathers' faces over against them and their brothers' weapons close beside them; but they cared not to shift their ground. Never-

Pectora constrinxit, gelidusque in viscera sanguis
 Percussa pietate coit, totaeque cohortes
 Pila parata diu tensis tenuere lacertis.
 Di tibi non mortem, quae cunctis poena paratur, 470
 Sed sensum post fata tuae dent, Crastine, morti,
 Cuius torta manu commisit lancea bellum
 Primaque Thessaliam Romano sanguine tinxit.
 O praeceps rabies ! cum Caesar tela teneret,
 Inventa est prior ulla manus ? Tum stridulus aer 475
 Elisus lituis conceptaque classica cornu,
 Tunc ausae dare signa tubae, tunc aethera tendit
 Extremique fragor convexa inrumpit Olympi,
 Unde procul nubes, quo nulla tonitrua durant.
 Excepit resonis clamorem vallibus Haemus 480
 Peliacisque dedit rursus geminare cavernis ;
 Pindus agit fremitus, Pangaeaue saxa resultant,
 Oetaeaeque gemunt rupes, vocesque furoris
 Expavere sui tota tellure relatas.
 Spargitur innumerum diversis missile votis : 485
 Volnera pars optat, pars terrae figere tela
 Ac puras servare manus. Rapit omnia casus,
 Atque incerta facit quos volt fortuna nocentes. 488
 Tunc et Ityraei Medique Arabesque soluti, 514
 Arcu turba minax, nusquam rexere sagittas,
 Sed petitur solus qui campis imminet aer.
 Inde cadunt mortes. Sceleris sed crimine nullo
 Externum maculant chalybem ; stetit omne coactum
 Circa pila nefas. Ferro subtexitur aether,

¹ Crastinus is a historical person ; he fell in the battle.

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theless, a numbness froze each bosom and the blood gathered cold at each heart, from the shock to natural affection; and whole companies long held their javelins in rest with rigid muscles. Heaven punish Crastinus!¹ and not with death alone, for that is a punishment in store for all mankind alike; but may his body after death keep the power to feel, because a lance that his hand brandished began the battle and first stained Pharsalia with Roman blood. What headlong frenzy! When Caesar grasped weapons, was any hand found to anticipate his? Then a strident blast broke from the trumpets, and the war-note was sounded by the horn; then the clarions dared to give the signal; then the uproar mounted skyward and assailed the dome of furthest Olympus—Olympus, from which the clouds keep far away, and whither no thunders reach. The Balkan took up the noise in its echoing valleys and gave it to the caves of Pelium to repeat; Pindus roared, the Pangaeian rocks echoed, and the cliffs of Oeta bellowed, till the armies were terrified by the sound of their own madness repeated from all the earth. Countless javelins were hurled, but with different desires: some pray to deal wounds, and others to bury their points in the ground and keep their hands unstained; but chance and haste are supreme, and random Fortune makes whom she will guilty. Next, the Ituraeans and Medes and free Arabs, formidable archers, shot their arrows at no mark, aiming only at the sky overhead; and from the sky death came down; but the archers stained their foreign steel with no guilt—all the weight of wickedness was confined to the Roman javelins. The air was veiled with steel, and

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Noxque super campos telis conserta pependit.	520
Sed quota pars cladis iaculis ferroque volanti	489
Exacta est ! odiis solus civilibus ensis	490
Sufficit, et dextras Romana in viscera ducit.	
Pompei densis acies stipata catervis	
Iunxerat in seriem nexis umbonibus arma,	
Vixque habitura locum dextras ac tela movendi	
Constiterat gladiosque suos compressa timebat.	495
Praecipiti cursu vaesanum Caesaris agmen	
In densos agitur cuneos, perque arma, per hostem	
Quaerit iter. Qua torta graves lorica catenas	
Opponit tutoque latet sub tegmine pectus,	
Hac quoque perventum est ad viscera, totque per arma	500
Extremum est, quod quisque ferit. Civilia bella	
Una acies patitur, gerit altera ; frigidus inde	
Stat gladius, calet omne nocens a Caesare ferrum.	
Nec Fortuna diu rerum tot pondera vertens	
Abstulit ingentes fato torrente ruinas.	505
Ut primum toto diduxit cornua campo	
Pompeianus eques bellique per ultima fudit,	
Sparsa per extremos levis armatura maniplos	
Insequitur saevasque manus inmittit in hostem :	
Illic quaeque suo miscet gens proelia telo ;	510
Romanus cunctis petitur cruor ; inde sagittae,	
Inde faces et saxa volant spatique solutae	
Aeris et calido liquefactae pondere glandes ;	513
Cum Caesar, metuens ne frons sibi prima labaret	521

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darkness made by interlacing missiles hung over the plain. But not much of the slaughter was wrought by the flying steel of the javelins : the sword alone can gratify the hate of civil war, and leads the hand to the hearts of Romans. Pompey's soldiers, closely packed in serried ranks, had joined their shields, boss against boss, to form an unbroken line ; they scarce had room, as they stood, to ply their hands and weapons, and their close order made their swords a danger to themselves. With headlong speed and fury Caesar's men charged the close-packed columns, forcing a way through shields and through soldiers. Where the plaited breastplate presents its heavy rings and the breast is concealed under the protection of the cuirass, even there the heart was reached, and what lies beneath all the armour is the mark of every thrust. One army endures, and the other inflicts, civil warfare : on Pompey's side the swords are cold and idle, but every guilty blade on Caesar's side is hot. And Fortune, taking little time to work such a mighty reversal, swept away the vast wreck with the flood of doom.

When Pompey's cavalry drew their wings apart over the whole plain and extended them beyond the flanks of the fighters, at once his light-armed troops in loose order pressed on through the outmost ranks and launched fierce hordes against Caesar's troops. There each people engaged with its native weapon, but all alike sought Roman blood ; they discharge volleys of arrows, firebrands and stones, and bullets, melted by passing through the air and fused by their heated weight. But Caesar, fearing that his front line might be shaken by their attack,

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Incursu, tenet obliquas post signa cohortes
 Inque latus belli, qua se vagus hostis agebat,
 Emittit subitum non motis cornibus agmen. 525
 Inmemores pugnae nulloque pudore timendi
 Praecipites fecere palam, civilia bella
 Non bene barbaricis umquam commissa catervis.
 Ut primus sonipes transfixus pectora ferro
 In caput effusi calcavit membra regentis,
 Omnis eques cessit campis, glomerataque nubes 530
 In sua conversis praeceps ruit agmina frenis.
 Perdidit inde modum caedes, ac nulla secuta est
 Pugna, sed hinc iugulis, hinc ferro bella geruntur ;
 Nec valet haec acies tantum prosternere, quantum
 Inde perire potest. Utinam, Pharsalia, campis 535
 Sufficiat cruor iste tuis, quem barbara fundunt
 Pectora, non alio mutantur sanguine fontes ;
 Hic numerus totos tibi vestiatur ossibus agros.
 Aut si Romano conpleri sanguine mavis,
 Istis parce, precor ; vivant Galataeque Syrique, 540
 Cappadoces Gallique extremique orbis Hiberi,
 Armenii, Cilices ; nam post civilia bella
 Hic populus Romanus erit. Semel ortus in omnes
 It timor, et fatis datus est pro Caesare cursus.
 Ventum erat ad robur Magni mediasque catervas. 545
 Quod totos errore vago perfuderat agros,
 Constitit hic bellum fortunaque Caesaris haesit.
 Non illic regum auxiliis collecta iuventus
 Bella gerit, ferrumque manus movere rogatae :
 Ille locus fratres habuit, locus ille parentes. 550

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moved the cohorts which he kept at an angle to his front behind the standards, and suddenly sent them forward, while the wings stood still, to that part of the field where the enemy was fighting in disorder. Forgetful of battle, unashamed of cowardice, the cavalry fled headlong, proving that it is never safe to trust civil warfare to barbaric hordes. When the first charger, stabbed in the chest, threw his rider headlong and trampled on his body, all the horsemen fled from the field: turning their horses round, they rushed furiously in a dense cloud against their own ranks. Unlimited slaughter followed: there was no battle, but only steel on one side and throats to pierce on the other. The one army cannot lay low all of the other that can be slain. Would that the blood shed by foreign breasts could content the plain of Pharsalia, that her springs could be dyed with no gore but theirs, that their numbers could clothe all her fields with skeletons! Or, if she prefers to be glutted with Roman blood, then let her spare the lives of these—Galatians and Syrians, Cappadocians and Gauls and remotest Iberians, Armenians and Cilicians; for after the civil war these will be the Roman people. Panic, when once it began, spread to all; and free course was given to destiny in Caesar's favour.

It was now the turn of Pompey's centre, where his main strength lay. The fight which had ranged at random all over the field was concentrated here, and Caesar's fortune received a check. The men who fought here and plied their weapons were not brought from many quarters or borrowed by aid of the kings: here stood the brothers and fathers of the slayers. This place comprised the rage and

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Hic furor, hic rabies, hic sunt tua crimina, Caesar.
 Hanc fuge, mens, partem belli tenebrisque relinque,
 Nullaque tantorum discat me vate malorum,
 Quam multum bellis liceat civilibus, aetas.
 A potius pereant lacrimae pereantque querellae : 555
 Quidquid in hac acie gessisti, Roma, tacebo.
 Hic Caesar, rabies populis stimulusque furorum,
 Ne qua parte sui pereat scelus, agmina circum
 It vagus atque ignes animis flagrantibus addit.
 Inspicit et gladios, qui toti sanguine manent, 560
 Qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,
 Quae presso tremat ense manus, quis languida tela,
 Quis contenta ferat, quis praestet bella iubenti,
 Quem pugnare iuvet, quis voltum cive perempto
 Mutet ; obit latis proiecta cadavera campis ; 565
 Volnera multorum totum fusura cruorem
 Opposita premit ipse manu. Quaecumque vagatur,
 Sanguineum veluti quatiens Bellona flagellum,
 Bistonas aut Mavors agitans, si verberare saevo
 Palladia stimulet turbatos aegide currus, 570
 Nox ingens scelerum est ; caedes oriuntur, et instar
 Immensae vocis gemitus, et pondere lapsi
 Pectoris arma sonant confractique ensibus enses.
 Ipse manu subicit gladios ac tela ministrat
 Adversosque iubet ferro confundere voltus. 575
 Promovet ipse acies, inpellit terga suorum,
 Verberare conversae cessantes excitat hastae,
 In plebem vetat ire manus monstratque senatum ;

¹ Lucan makes this promise and then proceeds to break it.

² Mars is supposed to be urging on his Thracians against some tribe, whom Pallas, armed with her shield (the *aegis*), is assisting.

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madness and wickedness of Caesar. Let my pen turn away from this phase of the war and leave it to darkness; I refuse to tell such horrors, and no age shall learn from me the full licence of civil war. Rather let our tears be shed in vain, and our complaints be uttered in vain: of the part that Rome played in this battle I shall say nothing.¹ Here Caesar, maddening the men and stirring up their frenzy, moved to and fro round the ranks and added fuel to the fire of their passion, in order that wickedness might not anywhere be wrought in vain: his eye marks whether their blades stream with blood from point to hilt, or glitter still with only the points reddened; whose hand trembles as it grasps the sword; whose arm is slack and whose braced; who merely obeys the order to fight, and who delights in it; and who changes countenance when he has slain a countryman. He visits the corpses that sprawl on the wide plain; with his own hand he staunches the wound that would otherwise pour out all the blood of many a man. Wherever he moves, like Bellona brandishing her bloody scourge, or like Mars urging on the Bistones, when with fierce blows he lashes on his steeds terrified by the aegis of Pallas,² a mighty darkness of crime and slaughter arises, and a groaning like one great cry, and a rattle of the breastplate when a man falls heavily, and a snapping of blade against blade. His hand supplies fresh swords and provides missiles; his voice bids them hack with the steel the faces of the foe. In person he advances the fighting line and urges on his rearguard; he rouses the laggards with blows from the butt-end of his spear. Bidding them spare those of low degree, he points out the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Scit, cruor imperii qui sit, quae viscera rerum,
 Unde petat Romam, libertas ultima mundi 580
 Quo steterit ferienda loco. Permixta secundo
 Ordine nobilitas venerandaque corpora ferro
 Urgentur; caedunt Lepidos caeduntque Metellos
 Corvinosque simul Torquataque nomina, rerum
 Saepe duces summosque hominum te, Magne, remoto. 585
 Illic plebeia contectus casside voltus
 Ignotusque hosti, quod ferrum, Brute, tenebas!
 O decus imperii, spes o suprema senatus,
 Extremum tanti generis per saecula nomen,
 Ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hostes, 590
 Nec tibi fatales admoveris ante Philippos,
 Thessalia periture tua. Nil proficis istic
 Caesaris intentus iugulo: nondum attigit arcem,
 Iuris et humani columen, quo cuncta premuntur,
 Egressus meruit fatis tam nobile letum. 595
 Vivat et, ut Bruti procumbat victima, regnet.
 Hic patriae perit omne decus: iacet aggere magno
 Patricium campis non mixta plebe cadaver.
 Mors tamen eminuit clarorum in strage virorum
 Pugnacis Domiti, quem clades fata per omnes 600
 Ducebant: nusquam Magni fortuna sine illo
 Succubuit. Victus totiens a Caesare salva
 Libertate perit; tunc mille in volnera laetus
 Labitur ac venia gaudet caruisse secunda.
 Viderat in crasso versantem sanguine membra 605

¹ Brutus fought in the battle, and we are told by Plutarch that Caesar, on learning that he had survived, was relieved from great anxiety; but this story, that Brutus disguised himself as a common soldier in order to stab Caesar on the field, is a mere invention of Lucan's.

² For the identification of Pharsalia and Philippi, see n. to i. 680.

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senators. For he knows where the blood of the empire runs, the pulse of the machine ; he knows in what quarter Rome must be struck, and the vulnerable points of Liberty now making her last stand on earth. Senators mixed with knights are borne down by the steel, and noble corpses lie low ; they slay Lepidi and Metelli, they slay Corvini together with the stock of Torquatus—often leaders of the State, and raised above all men, Magnus alone excepted. But what did Brutus¹ there, sword in hand and hiding his face from the foe in the disguise of a common soldier's helmet ? O glory of Rome, last hope of the Senate and last scion of a house famous throughout our history, rush not too rashly through the midst of the enemy, nor seek to anticipate the doom of Philippi : death will come to you in a Pharsalia² of your own. Your design against Caesar's life is bootless here : not yet has he attained the tyrant's stronghold ; not yet has he risen beyond the lawful summit of human greatness that dwarfs all other things ; and therefore he has not earned from destiny so glorious a death. Let him live to reign ; and then let him fall a victim to the dagger of Brutus.

All the glory of our country fell there : the corpses of the patricians lay in a great heap upon the field, with no plebeians among them. Yet one death was most noticeable in that carnage of famous men—the death of that stubborn warrior, Domitius. Fate led him from defeat to defeat ; never was he absent when Pompey's cause was worsted. Though conquered so often by Caesar, he died without losing his freedom. Now he fell gladly under a thousand wounds, and rejoiced not to be pardoned a second time. Caesar saw him weltering in a pool of blood

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Caesar, et increpitans " Iam Magni deseris arma,
 Successor Domiti; sine te iam bella geruntur "
 Dixerat. Ast illi suffecit pectora pulsans
 Spiritus in vocem morientiaque ora resolvit :
 " Non te funesta scelerum mercede potitum, 610
 Sed dubium fati, Caesar, generoque minorem
 Aspiciens Stygias Magno duce liber ad umbras
 Et securus eo; te saevo Marte subactum
 Pompeioque graves poenas nobisque daturum,
 Cum moriar, sperare licet." Non plura locutum 615
 Vita fugit, densaeque oculos pressere tenebrae.

Inpendisse pudet lacrimas in funere mundi
 Mortibus innumeris, ac singula fata sequentem
 Quaerere, letiferum per cuius viscera volnus
 Exierit, quis fusa solo vitalia calcet, 620
 Ore quis adverso demissum faucibus ensem
 Expulerit moriens anima, quis corruat ictus,
 Quis steterit, dum membra cadunt, qui pectore tela
 Transmittant, aut quos campis adfixerit hasta,
 Quis cruor emissis perruperit aera venis 625
 Inque hostis cadat arma sui, quis pectora fratris
 Caedat et, ut notum possit spoliare cadaver,
 Abscisum longe mittat caput, ora parentis
 Quis laceret nimiaque probet spectantibus ira,
 Quem iugulat, non esse patrem. Mors nulla querella 630
 Digna sua est, nullosque hominum lugere vacamus.
 Non istas habuit pugnae Pharsalia partes,

¹ Domitius had been chosen by the Senate to succeed Caesar in Gaul.

BOOK VII

and taunted him thus: "Domitius, inheritor of my province,¹ you are now deserting Pompey's cause; you have no part henceforward in the war." Thus he spoke; and the breath that heaved the other's breast was enough for speech, and he opened his dying lips: "Caesar, you have not grasped the fatal reward of your guilt: your fate remains uncertain and you are inferior to your son-in-law; and seeing your plight, I go free and untroubled to the Stygian shades, and Pompey is still my leader. Though I die, I still can hope that you, borne down in fierce battle, will pay a heavy reckoning to Pompey and to me." Before he could say more, life left him and thick darkness closed his eyes.

Where a whole world died, it were shame to spend tears upon any of a myriad deaths, or to follow the fate of individuals and ask, through whose vitals the death-dealing sword passed, who trod upon his own entrails poured out upon the ground, who faced the foe and dying drove out with his last gasp the blade buried in his throat. Some fell to earth when stricken; others stood upright while their arms were lopped off; the weapon passed right through the breasts of some, while others were pinned to the ground by the spear; the blood of some, pouring from the veins, spouted through the air and fell on the armour of their foes; one man pierced a brother's breast, and then cut off the head and hurled it to a distance, that he might be able to rob the kindred corpse, while another mangled his father's face and tried by excess of fury to convince the eye-witnesses that his victim was not his father. But no death deserves a lament to itself, and we have no leisure to mourn any individual. Pharsalia played a different part in

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quas aliae clades : illic per fata virorum,
Per populos hic Roma perit ; quod militis illic,
Mors hic gentis erat ; sanguis ibi fluxit Achaeus, 635
Ponticus, Assyrius ; cunctos haerere cruores
Romanus campisque vetat consistere torrens.
Maius ab hac acie quam quod sua saecula ferrent
Volnus habent populi ; plus est quam vita salusque
Quod perit : in totum mundi prosternimur aevum. 640
Vincitur his gladiis omnis quae serviet aetas.
Proxima quid suboles aut quid meruere nepotes
In regnum nasci ? pavide num gessimus arma
Teximus aut iugulos ? alieni poena timoris
In nostra cervice sedet. Post proelia natis 645
Si dominum, Fortuna, dabas, et bella dedisses.
Iam Magnus transisse deos Romanaque fata
Senserat infelix, tota vix clade coactus
Fortunam damnare suam. Stetit aggere campi,
Eminus unde omnes sparsas per Thessala rura 650
Aspiceret clades, quae bello obstante latebant.
Tot telis sua fata peti, tot corpora fusa
Ac se tam multo pereuntem sanguine vidit.
Nec, sicut mos est miseris, trahere omnia secum
Mersa iuvat gentesque suae miscere ruinae : 655
Ut Latiae post se vivat pars maxima turbae,
Sustinuit dignos etiamnunc credere votis
Caelicolas vovitque, sui solacia casus.

BOOK VII

battle from all other defeats: in them Rome suffered by the death of men, but here she was destroyed by the death of nations; a people died here, for every soldier there; here the blood of Achæa, Pontus, and Assyria was poured out, and all that bloodshed the torrent of Roman gore forbids to linger and stagnate on the field. A blow too heavy for their own age to bear was dealt to all nations by this battle: more was lost there than mere life and existence: we were overthrown for all time to come; all future generations doomed to slavery were conquered by those swords. For what fault of their own were the sons or grandsons of the combatants at Pharsalia born to slavery? Did *we* play the coward in battle or screen our throats from the sword? The penalty of cowardice not our own is fastened upon our necks. To us, born after that battle, Fortune gave a master; she should have given us also the chance to fight for freedom.

By now Magnus, unhappy man, was aware that Heaven and the destiny of Rome had gone over to the enemy, though the full extent of the disaster could scarce compel him to despair of his fortunes. Far off on a rising ground he stayed, to see from there the carnage spread through the land of Thessaly, which the battle had hidden from his sight; he saw all the missiles aimed at his life, and all the prostrate corpses; he saw himself dying with all that bloodshed. But he desired not, as the wretched often do, to draw all things in destruction after him and make mankind share his ruin. Deigning to consider Heaven even yet worthy of his prayers, he consoled himself in calamity by praying that the most of the Romans might survive him.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

"Parcite," ait "superi, cunctas prosternere gentes.
 Stante potest mundo Romaque superstite Magnus 660
 Esse miser. Si plura iuvant mea volnera, coniunx
 Est mihi, sunt nati; dedimus tot pignora fatis.
 Civiline parum est bello, si meque meosque
 Obruit? exiguae clades sumus orbe remoto?
 Omnia quid laceras? quid perdere cuncta laboras? 665
 Iam nihil est, Fortuna, meum." Sic fatur et arma
 Signaque et adflictas omni iam parte catervas
 Circumit et revocat matura in fata ruentes
 Seque negat tanti. Nec derat robur in enses
 Ire duci iuguloque pati vel pectore letum; 670
 Sed timuit, strato miles ne corpore Magni
 Non fugeret, supraque ducem procumberet orbis;
 Caesaris aut oculis voluit subducere mortem.
 Nequiquam, infelix: socero spectare volenti
 Praestandum est ubicumque caput. Sed tu quoque,
 coniunx, 675
 Causa fugae voltusque tui fatisque negatum
 Parte absente¹ mori. Tum Magnum concitus aufert
 A bello sonipes non tergo tela paventem
 Ingentesque animos extrema in fata ferentem.
 Non gemitus, non fletus erat, salvaque verendus 680
 Maiestate dolor, qualem te, Magne, decebat
 Romanis praestare malis. Non inpare vultu
 Aspicias Emathiam: nec te videre superbum
 Prospera bellorum nec fractum adversa videbunt;
 Quamque fuit laeto per tres infida triumphos 685

¹ Parte absente *Housman*: Te praesente *MSS.*

BOOK VII

“Stop here, ye gods,” he said, “and refrain from destroying all nations. The world may remain and Rome survive, though Magnus is doomed. If you desire to add to my afflictions, I have a wife, I have sons; all these hostages have I given to fortune. Is civil war still unsatisfied, if it destroy me and mine? Is our overthrow not enough, unless the world be added? Why does Fortune mangle all things and seek universal destruction? Nothing is left now of my own.” Thus he spoke, and rode round his army and the standards and the troops now shattered on every hand, recalling them from rushing upon instant death, and saying that he was not worth the sacrifice. He lacked not the courage to confront the swords and offer throat or breast to the fatal blow; but he feared that, if he lay low, his soldiers would refuse to flee and the whole world would be laid upon the body of their leader; or else he wished to remove his death from Caesar’s sight. Vain hope, alas! If his kinsman desires to look upon that head, it must be presented to him in any and every land. And there was another cause for his flight—his wife and her loved face, and the decree of fate that he should not die with part of himself absent. Then Magnus rode swiftly from the field, fearing not the missiles behind him but moving with high courage to his final doom. There was no lamentation nor tears—only a noble sorrow with no loss of dignity, such a sorrow as the calamities of Rome deserved to receive from Magnus. With countenance unchanged he beholds Pharsalia; victory never saw him lifted up, and defeat shall never see him cast down; and treacherous Fortune, who found him her superior at the time of his three

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tam misero Fortuna minor. Iam pondere fati
Deposito securus abis ; nunc tempora laeta
Respexisse vacat ; spes numquam implenda recessit ;
Quid fueris, nunc scire licet. Fuge proelia dira
Ac testare deos nullum, qui perstet in armis, 690
Iam tibi, Magne, mori. Ceu flebilis Africa damnis
Et ceu Munda nocens Pharioque a gurgite clades,
Sic et Thessalicae post te pars maxima pugnae
Non iam Pompei nomen populare per orbem
Nec studium belli, sed par quod semper habemus, 695
Libertas et Caesar erit ; teque inde fugato
Ostendit moriens sibi se pugnasse senatus.

Nonne iuvat pulsum bellis cessisse nec istud
Perspectasse nefas ? spumantes caede catervas
Respice, turbatos incursu sanguinis amnes, 700
Et soceri miserere tui. Quo pectore Romam
Intrabit factus campis felicior istis ?
Quidquid in ignotis solus regionibus exul,
Quidquid sub Phario positus patiere tyranno,
Crede deis, longo fatorum crede favori, 705
Vincere peius erat. Prohibe lamenta sonare,
Flere veta populos, lacrimas luctusque remitte.
Tam mala Pompei quam prospera mundus adoret,
Aspice securus voltu non supplice reges,
Aspice possessas urbes donataque regna, 710
Aegypton Libyamque, et terras elige morti.

BOOK VII

triumphs, is as far beneath him now in his fall. He goes away free from care, having laid down the burden Fate put upon him; now he has leisure to look back at past happiness; and hope, never to be fulfilled, has departed; now he can realise what once he was. Let him flee from the fatal field, and call Heaven to witness that those who continue the fight are no longer giving their lives for Pompey. Like the woeful losses in Africa, like guilty Munda and the slaughter by the Nile, so most of the fighting at Pharsalia, after Pompey's departure, ceased to represent the world's love of Pompey or the passion for war: it was the never-ending contest between Freedom and Empire; and when Pompey had fled from Pharsalia, the senators proved by dying that they had fought in their own quarrel.

Is it not happiness to you, Pompey, to have withdrawn defeated from the battle, without witnessing that horror to its close? Look back on the ranks reeking with carnage, and the rivers darkened by the inrush of blood, and then pity your kinsman. With what feelings will he enter Rome, owing his good fortune to yonder field? Whatever you have yet to endure, as a lonely exile in strange lands or at the mercy of the Egyptian king, take the word of Heaven and Fortune so long favourable: victory was worse than defeat. Forbid the sound of lamentation and stop the mourning of mankind; forgo their tears and grief. The world must bow before Pompey in his misfortune as they bowed before his success. Calmly and with no petitionary aspect look upon the kings, look upon the cities you took and the thrones of Egypt and Africa which you gave, and choose a land to die in.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Vidit prima tuae testis Larisa ruinae
 Nobile nec victum fatis caput. Omnibus illa
 Civibus effudit totas per moenia vires
 Obvia ceu laeto : promittunt munera flentes, 715
 Pandunt templa, domos, socios se cladibus optant.
 Scilicet inmenso superest ex nomine multum,
 Teque minor solo cunctas inpellere gentes
 Rursus in arma potes rursusque in fata redire.
 Sed "quid opus victo populis aut urbibus?" inquit 720
 "Victori praestate fidem." Tu, Caesar, in alto
 Caedis adhuc cumulo patriae per viscera vadis,
 At tibi iam populos donat gener. Avehit inde
 Pompeium sonipes ; gemitus lacrimaeque secuntur
 Plurimaque in saevos populi convicia divos. 725
 Nunc tibi vera fides quaesiti, Magne, favoris
 Contigit ac fructus : felix se nescit amari.

Caesar, ut Hesperio vidit satis arva natare
 Sanguine, parcendum ferro manibusque suorum
 iam ratus ut viles animas perituraque frustra 730
 Agmina permisit vitae. Sed castra fugatos
 Ne revocent pellatque quies nocturna pavorem,
 Protinus hostili statuit succedere vallo,
 Dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror,
 Non veritus, grave ne fessis aut †Marte subactis†¹ 735
 Hoc foret imperium. Non magno hortamine miles
 In praedam ducendus erat. "Victoria nobis
 Plena, viri," dixit "superest pro sanguine merces,

¹ The words obelised must be corrupt : they could only mean "or conquered in war."

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Larisa was the first witness of his fallen greatness—the first to behold that noble head unconquered by disaster. She poured out all her population through her gates, and met him like a conqueror with all her inhabitants; with tears they promise gifts, they open their temples and houses, they pray to share his defeat. In truth much remains of that boundless fame; with no superior except his former self, he might again rouse all nations to battle and resume his victorious course. But he refused: “What need has a conquered man of nations or cities? Offer your loyalty to the conqueror.” While Caesar is still treading on corpses piled high and marching over the very life of his country, he receives from his kinsman nations as a gift. When Pompey rode away from Larisa, the cries and tears of the people followed him, and many a reproach against the cruelty of Heaven. That day gave proof to Pompey of the favour he had gained, and gave him enjoyment of it: the prosperous are never sure that they are loved for themselves.

When Caesar saw that the fields were flooded deep enough with Italian blood, he thought it time to restrain the sword in the hands of his soldiers, and suffered to survive the worthless lives by whose death he had nothing to gain. But fearing that their camp would rally the fugitives, and that a night's rest would dispel their fears, he decided to march at once up to the enemy's rampart, and to strike while the iron was hot and panic irresistible. He felt no fear that this command would be grievous to his weary veterans. The soldiers needed but little encouragement to lead them to plunder. “Our victory is complete, my men,” he said; “all that

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quam monstrare meum est ; neque enim donare vocabo,
 Quod sibi quisque dabit. Cunctis en plena metallis 740
 Castra patent ; raptum Hesperiiis e gentibus aurum
 Hic iacet, Eoasque premunt tentoria gazas.
 Tot regum fortuna simul Magnique coacta
 Expectat dominos : propera praecedere, miles,
 Quos sequeris ; quascumque tuas Pharsalia fecit 745
 A victis rapiuntur opes." Quae fossa, quis agger
 Sustineat pretium belli scelerumque petentes ? 750
 Scire ruunt, quanta fuerint mercede nocentes.
 Invenere quidem spoliato plurima mundo
 Bellorum in sumptus congestae pondera massae ;
 Sed non inplevit cupientes omnia mentes.
 Quidquid fodit Hiber, quidquid Tagus expuit auri, 755
 Quod legit dives summis Arimaspus harenis,
 Ut rapiant, parvo scelus hoc venisse putabunt.
 Cum sibi Tarpeias victor desponderit arces,
 Cum spe Romanae promiserit omnia praedae,
 Decipitur, quod castra rapit. Capit in pia plebes 760
 Caespite patricio somnos, stratumque cubile
 Regibus infandus miles premit, inque parentum
 Inque toris fratrum posuerunt membra nocentes.
 Quos agitat vaesana quies, somnique furentes
 Thessalicam miseris versant in pectore pugnam. 765
 Invigilat cunctis saevum scelus, armaque tota
 Mente agitant, capuloque manus absente moventur.

BOOK VII

remains is the reward for our blood; and that reward it is for me to point out—I shall not speak of bestowing what each of you will give to himself. Before you lies their camp, filled with all precious metals: the gold robbed from the Western nations is piled there, and their tents are crammed with the treasures of the East. The wealth of so many kings and the wealth of Magnus are here gathered together, waiting for owners. Make haste to outstrip the fugitives; all the riches that Pharsalia has made yours are being seized by the vanquished.” What trench, what rampart, could withstand men who sought the reward of victory and crime? They are wild to know what the wages of their wickedness amount to. They found indeed many a mass of metal, collected from a plundered world to defray the cost of war; but these could not glut their boundless avarice. Even if they seized all the gold mined by Spaniards or thrown up by the Tagus or gathered from the surface of the sand by rich Arimaspians, still they would consider their crime poorly paid. They counted on the Tarpeian citadel as their own in case of victory; they had promised their utmost to their leader in hope of sacking Rome; and they are disappointed by the pillage of a mere camp. Base-born and bloodstained, they slept on the turf piled for patricians; the infamous rank and file lay down on couches prepared for kings; and the guilty rested their limbs where their fathers and brothers had slept. But a night of madness disturbed their rest, and frenzied dreams kept the battle of Pharsalia ever before their tortured minds. Their pitiless crime is awake in every heart, their whole mind is busy with battle, and their hands

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ingemuisse putem campos, terramque nocentem
Inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totum
Manibus et superam Stygia formidine noctem. 770
Exigit a meritis tristes victoria poenas,
Sibilaque et flammam infert sopor. Umbra perempti
Civis adest; sua quemque premit terroris imago:
Ille senum voltus, iuvenum videt ille figuras,
Hunc agitant totis fraterna cadavera somnis, 775
Pectore in hoc pater est, omnes in Caesare manes.
Haud alios nondum Scythica purgatus in ara
Eumenidum vidit voltus Pelopeus Orestes,
Nec magis attonitos animi sensere tumultus,
Cum fureret, Pentheus, aut, cum desisset, Agave. 780
Hunc omnes gladii, quos aut Pharsalia vidit
Aut ultrix visura dies stringente senatu,
Illa nocte premunt, hunc infera monstra flagellant.
Et quantum poenae misero mens conscia donat,
Quod Styga, quod manes ingestaque Tartara somnis 785
Pompeio vivente videt! Tamen omnia passo,
Postquam clara dies Pharsalica damna retexit,
Nulla loci facies revocat feralibus arvis
Haerentes oculos. Cernit propulsa cruore
Flumina et excelsos cumulis aequantia colles 790
Corpora, sidentes in tabem spectat acervos
Et Magni numerat populos, epulisque paratur
Ille locus, voltus ex quo faciesque iacentum

BOOK VII

that grasp no hilt are never still. I can well believe that the battle-field sent forth a cry, and that the guilty soil breathed its airs upon them; that all the sky was tainted by the dead, and the night of the upper world darkened with the terrors of Hell. Their victory justly demands grim retribution; sleep brings flames and hissing of serpents against them. The ghost of a slain countryman stands by the bed; each man has a different shape of terror to haunt him: one sees the faces of old men, another the forms of youths; one is disturbed all night by his brother's corpse, another's breast is weighed down by his father's ghost; but all the ghosts alike attack Caesar. Even so Pelopean Orestes beheld the faces of the Furies, before he was purified at the Scythian altar; nor did Pentheus in his madness, or Agave, when she had returned to her senses, feel more horror and disturbance of mind. All the swords that Pharsalia saw, and all that the day of vengeance was to see drawn by the Senate, were aimed at Caesar's breast that night; and the monsters of Hell scourged him. And yet his guilt excused the wretch great part of his penalty; for when Caesar beheld the Styx and its ghosts and all Hell let loose upon his sleep, Pompey was still alive. All this he suffered; and yet, when daylight revealed the casualties of Pharsalia, no feature of the land recalled his eyes from dwelling on the fatal field. He sees rivers running fast with gore, and heaps of corpses like high hills; he beholds the piles of dead settling down into corruption, and counts the nations that followed Magnus; and a spot, from which he can recognise the faces and features of the dead, is prepared for his feasting. He rejoices that he can-

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Agnoscat. Iuvat Emathiam non cernere terram
 Et lustrare oculis campos sub clade latentes. 795
 Fortunam superosque suos in sanguine cernit.
 Ac ne laeta furens scelerum spectacula perdat,
 Invidet igne rogi miseris caeloque nocenti
 Ingerit Emathiam. Non illum Poenus humator
 Consulis et Libyca succensae lampade Cannae 800
 Conpellunt, hominum ritus ut servet in hoste,
 Sed meminit nondum satiata caedibus ira,
 Cives esse suos. Petimus non singula busta
 Discretosque rogos : unum da gentibus ignem,
 Non interpositis urantur corpora flammis ; 805
 Aut, generi si poena iuvat, nemus extrue Pindi,
 Erige congestas Oetaeo robore silvas,
 Thessalicam videat Pompeius ab aequore flammam.
 Nil agis hac ira : tabesne cadavera solvat
 An rogos, haud refert ; placido natura receptat 810
 Cuncta sinu, finemque sui sibi corpora debent.
 Hos, Caesar, populos si nunc non usserit ignis,
 Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.
 Communis mundo superest rogos ossibus astra
 Mixturus. Quocumque tuam fortuna vocabit, 815
 Hae quoque sunt animae : non altius ibis in auras,
 Non meliore loco Stygia sub nocte iacebis.
 Libera fortunae mors est ; capit omnia tellus,
 Quae genuit ; caelo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.

¹ Hannibal gave honourable burial to Aemilius Paullus who had fallen in the battle of Cannae.

² The Stoics taught that the world would be destroyed by fire.

BOOK VII

not see the soil of Emathia, and that the plain which his eyes pass over is hidden by carnage. In bloodshed he sees his victorious fortune and the favour of Heaven. And in his madness, loath to lose the welcome sight of his wickedness, he denies the wretches a pyre and thrusts the sight of Pharsalia upon the guilty gods. When the Carthaginian buried a consul,¹ Cannae was lit up by African torches; but that example did not move Caesar to observe the rule of humanity in treatment of the foe: his rage is not yet glutted with the slaughter, and he remembers that the men are his own countrymen. We ask not a pyre for each or a separate burning: provide a single fire for all; let the bodies be burnt with one continuous flame; or, if you wish to punish your kinsman, pile up the timber from Pindus and build aloft all the oak-trees from Oeta's forests, that Pompey may see from his ship the blaze of Pharsalia. But Caesar's rage is bootless: it matters not whether the corpses are burnt on the pyre or decompose with time; nature finds room for them all in her gentle arms, and the dead owe their end to themselves alone. If fire does not consume this host now, it will consume them hereafter,² together with the earth and the waters of the sea; there remains a conflagration which will destroy all the world and bring the stars and dead men's bones together. Whithersoever destiny summons your spirit, Caesar, there the spirits of these men are also: you will not soar higher than they, you will not find any better place, if you lie in Stygian darkness. The dead are free from Fortune; Mother Earth has room for all her children, and he who lacks an urn has the sky to cover him. But you,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tu, cui dant poenas inhumato funere gentes, 820
 Quid fugis hanc cladem? quid olentes deseris agros?
 Has trahe, Caesar, aquas; hoc, si potes, utere caelo.
 Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura
 Eripiunt camposque tenent victore fugato.
 Non solum Haemonii funesta ad pabula belli 825
 Bistonii venere lupi tabemque cruentae
 Caedis odorati Pholoen liquere leones.
 Tunc ursae latebras, obscaeni tecta domosque
 Deseruere canes, et quidquid nare sagaci
 Aera non sanum motumque cadavere sentit. 830
 Iamque diu volucres civilia castra secutae
 Conveniunt. Vos, quae Nilo mutare soletis
 Threicias hiemes, ad mollem serius Austrum
 Istis, aves. Numquam tanto se vulture caelum
 Induit aut plures presserunt aera pinnae. 835
 Omne nemus misit volucres, omnisque cruenta
 Alite sanguineis stillavit roribus arbor.
 Saepe super voltus victoris et inopia signa
 Aut cruor aut alto defluxit ab aethere tabes,
 Membraque deiecit iam lassis unguibus ales. 840
 Sic quoque non omnis populus pervenit ad ossa
 Inque feras discerptus abit; non intima curant
 Viscera nec totas avide sorbere medullas:
 Degustant artus. Latiae pars maxima turbae
 Fastidita iacet, quam sol nimbique diesque 845
 Longior Emathiis resolutam miscuit arvis.
 Thessalia, infelix, quo tantum crimine, tellus,

BOOK VII

who punish the nations by refusing them burial, why do you flee this carnage and abandon these pestilential fields? Drink this water, Caesar, and breathe this air, if you can. No: the nations that turn to corruption there rob you of Pharsalia: they have routed the conqueror and possess the field.

The Bistonian wolves came to the grisly feast afforded by the battle in Thessaly, and the lions left Pholoe when they scented out the corruption of the slain. And not they alone; but bears left their dens, obscene dogs came from the dwellings and houses of men, and every creature that perceives by the power of scent air that is unwholesome and tainted with death. The birds that long had followed the armies of civil war now flocked together. The cranes that each year leave the Thracian winter for the Nile were late in migrating to the warm south. Never did the sky clothe itself with such a host of vultures; never did more wings beat the air. Every wood sent its birds, and when the birds were bloodstained, every tree dripped with a crimson dew. Rotting flesh or drops of blood often fell from the sky upon the face and accursed standards of the conqueror, when the birds grew weary and dropt the dead limbs from their talons. But even so not all that host was picked to the bones or torn and devoured by beasts: bird and beast pay no heed to the inmost organs, and are not eager to suck all the marrow of the bones; they merely taste the limbs. Most of the Roman dead they left to lie unheeded; but sun and rain and time dissolved their bodies and blended them with the soil of Thessaly.

Unhappy land of Thessaly! what sin of yours

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Laesisti superos, ut te tot mortibus unam,
 Tot scelerum fatis premerent? quod sufficit aevum,
 Inmemor ut donet belli tibi damna vetustas? 850
 Quae seges infecta surget non decolor herba?
 Quo non Romanos violabis vomere manes?
 Ante novae venient acies, scelerique secundo
 Praestabis nondum siccos hoc sanguine campos.
 Omnia maiorum vertamus busta licebit 855
 Et stantes tumulos et qui radice vetusta
 Effudere suas victis compagibus urnas,
 Plus cinerum Haemoniae sulcis telluris aratur,
 Pluraque ruricolis feriuntur dentibus ossa.
 Nullus ab Emathio religasset litore funem 860
 Navita, nec terram quisquam movisset arator,
 Romani bustum populi, fugerentque coloni
 Umbrarum campos, gregibus dumeta carerent,
 Nullusque auderet pecori permittere pastor
 Vellere surgentem de nostris ossibus herbam, 865
 Ac, velut inpatiens hominum vel solis iniqui
 Limite vel glacie, nuda atque ignota iaceres,
 Si non prima nefas belli sed sola tulisses.
 O superi, liceat terras odisse nocentes.
 Quid totum premitis, quid totum absolvitis orbem? 870
 Hesperiae clades et flebilis unda Pachyni
 Et Mutina et Leucas puros fecere Philippos.

¹ The battle of Philippi.

² He refers to the following episodes of the Civil Wars: (1) the battle of Munda in Spain (45 B.C.); (2) the naval victories of Agrippa over Sextus Pompeius off Sicily in 36 B.C.; (3) the fighting round Mutina (now Modena) in 43 B.C.; and (4) the battle of Actium in 31 B.C.

³ Pharsalia is called Philippi; see n. to i. 680.

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offended the gods so grievously that they visited you beyond other lands with such a holocaust of victims and such a myriad of deaths in civil war? No lapse of time is long enough to make posterity forget and forgive the losses which your battle wrought; each crop will rise discoloured and with tainted blades from your soil; and all your ploughshares will do violence to Roman dead. Meanwhile, fresh armies will meet, and you will offer your plains for a second crime¹ before this blood has dried off them. Though we empty out all the tombs of our ancestors—both those that are still erect, and those which, when their masonry was split by ancient roots, spilt their urns—yet the plough turns up more relics in the furrows of Thessaly, and the harrows that till those fields strike against more bones. No sailor would fasten his cable to the shore of Thessaly; no ploughman would stir the soil where the Roman people lies buried; the husbandmen would flee from the haunted plains; the thickets would shelter no flocks, and no shepherd would dare to let his sheep crop the grass that grows from Roman bones—Thessaly would be an unknown desert, as if icy cold or the zone of oppressive heat made it unfit for habitation, if it had been the only land, and not merely the first, to be the scene of civil war. Ye gods, give us the power to curse the country that is guilty. Why do ye condemn all the world, and so acquit it all? The slaughter in the West and the mournful sea of Pachynum, Mutina and Leucas,² have washed away the guilt of Philippi.³

BOOK VIII

LIBER OCTAVVS

IAM super Herculeas fauces nemorosaque Tempe
 Haemoniae deserta petens dispendia silvae
 Cornipedem exhaustum cursu stimulisque negantem
 Magnus agens incerta fugae vestigia turbat
 Implicitasque errore vias. Pavet ille fragorem 5
 Motorum ventis nemorum, comitumque suorum
 Qui post terga redit trepidum laterique timentem
 Exanimat. Quamvis summo de culmine lapsus
 Nondum vile sui pretium scit sanguinis esse,
 Seque, memor fati, tantae mercedis habere 10
 Credit adhuc iugulum, quantam pro Caesaris ipse
 Avolsa cervice daret. Deserta sequentem
 Non patitur tutis fatum celare latebris
 Clara viri facies. Multi, Pharsalica castra
 Cum peterent nondum fama prodente ruinas, 15
 Occursu stupuere ducis vertigine rerum
 Attoniti, cladisque suae vix ipse fidelis
 Auctor erat. Gravis est Magno, quicumque malorum
 Testis adest. Cunctis ignotus gentibus esse
 Mallet et obscuro tutus transire per urbes 20
 Nomine; sed poenas longi Fortuna favoris
 Exigit a misero, quae tanto pondere famae

¹ Legend said that Hercules had cleft the mountains and formed the Vale of Tempe: comp. vi. 347. "Beyond" means "further from the sea."

BOOK VIII

AND now beyond wooded Tempe, the Gorge of Hercules,¹ Magnus made by circuitous paths for the lonely forests of Thessaly; as he urged on his horse which was worn out by rapid flight and deaf to the spur, he confused the traces of his retreat and made a labyrinth of his tracks. He dreads the sound of the trees in the wind; and any of his comrades who falls back to join him causes him terror in his agitation and fear for his own person. Though fallen from his lofty eminence, he knows that the price of his blood is still high; and, mindful of his career, he believes that his death can still earn as great a reward as he himself would give for the severed head of Caesar. Though he seeks solitude, his known features suffer him not to hide his disaster in safe concealment. Many who were on their way to the camp at Pharsalia, before rumour had published his defeat abroad, were startled to meet their leader and astounded by the sudden change of fortune; and he was scarcely believed when he reported his own defeat. The presence of any witness of his woes was grievous to him. He would choose to be unknown to all nations, and to pass safely through the cities with a name unknown to fame; but Fortune, who long had favoured him, now demands from her victim the penalty of that favour; she throws all the weight

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Res premit adversas fatisque prioribus urguet.
 Nunc festinatos nimium sibi sentit honores
 Actaque lauriferae damnat Sullana iuventae, 25
 Nunc et Corycias classes et Pontica signa
 Deiectum meminisse piget. Sic longius aevum
 Destruit ingentes animos et vita superstes
 Imperio. Nisi summa dies cum fine bonorum
 Adfuit et celeri praevertit tristia leto, 30
 Dedecori est fortuna prior. Quisquamne secundis
 Tradere se fatis audet nisi morte parata?

Litora contigerat, per quae Peneius amnis
 Emathia iam clade rubens exhibat in aequor.
 Inde ratis trepidum ventis ac fluctibus inpar, 35
 Flumineis vix tuta vadis, evexit in altum.
 Cuius adhuc remis quatitur Corcyra sinusque
 Leucadii, Cilicum dominus terraeque Liburnae
 Exiguam vector pavidus correpsit in alnum.
 Conscia curarum secretae in litora Lesbi 40
 Flectere vela iubet, qua tunc tellure latebas
 Maestior, in mediis quam si, Cornelia, campis
 Emathiae stares. Tristes praesagia curas
 Exagitant, trepida quatitur formidine somnus,
 Thessaliam nox omnis habet; tenebrisque remotis 45
 Rupis in abruptae scopulos extremaque curris
 Litora; prospiciens fluctus nutantia longe
 Semper prima vides venientis vela carinae,
 Quaerere nec quidquam de fato coniugis audes.
 En ratis, ad vestros quae tendit carbasa portus! 50

¹ Corycus is a promontory in Cilicia.

² *I.e.* "the battle-field."

BOOK VIII

of his renown into the scale of adversity and crushes him beneath his former successes. Now he feels that his honours came too quick upon him; now he curses the exploits of his triumphant youth in Sulla's day; now he hates in his fall to remember the fleets of Cilicia¹ and the armies of Pontus. Thus length of days and life surviving power humble the proudest heart. Unless the end of life comes together with the end of happiness, and anticipates sorrow by speedy death, past greatness is a mockery. Does any dare to trust prosperity, except he has the means of death at hand?

He had reached the shore where the river Peneus, already red with the slaughter of Pharsalia, passed out into the sea. From there a boat, no match for winds and waves and scarcely safe in the shallow river, bore him out trembling over the deep. He whose oars still churn the waters of Corcyra and the bays of Leucas, he, the lord of the Cilicians and the Liburnian land, slinks as a frightened passenger into a little boat. He bids them bend the sail towards the distant shore of Lesbos—the shore entrusted with his loved Cornelia; in that land she was hidden, but she was sadder than if she had stood in the centre of Pharsalia's field. For her sorrow is intensified by forebodings, and her sleep broken by anxious fears. Every night brings Pharsalia² before her; and, when darkness disappears, she hastens to the peak of a steep cliff at the shore's edge and looks out over the waves; she is always the first to see the sails of an approaching vessel dipping in the distance, but she dare ask no question concerning her husband's fate. But see! a ship presaging her sail towards the harbours of Lesbos!

Quid ferat, ignoras, et nunc tibi summa pavoris
 Nuntius armorum tristis rumorque sinister.
 Victus adest coniunx. Quid perdis tempora luctus?
 Cum possis iam flere, times. Tum puppe propinqua
 Prosiluit crimenque deum crudele notavit, 55
 Deformem pallore ducem voltusque prementem
 Canitiem atque atro squalentes pulvere vestes.
 Obvia nox miserae caelum lucemque tenebris
 Abstulit, atque animam clausit dolor; omnia nervis
 Membra relicta labant, riguerunt corda, diuque 60
 Spe mortis decepta iacet. Iam fune ligato
 Litoribus lustrat vacuas Pompeius harenas.
 Quem postquam propius famulae videre fideles,
 Non ultra gemitus tacitos incessere fatum
 Permisere sibi, frustra que attollere terra 65
 Semianimem conantur eram; quam pectore Magnus
 Ambit et astrictos refovet complexibus artus.
 Coeperat in summum revocato sanguine corpus
 Pompei sentire manus maestamque mariti
 Posse pati faciem: prohibet succumbere fatis 70
 Magnus et inmodicos castigat voce dolores:
 "Nobile cur robur fortunae vulnere primo,
 Femina tantorum titulis insignis avorum,
 Frangis? Habes aditum mansurae in saecula famae.
 Laudis in hoc sexu non legum cura¹ nec arma, 75
 Unica materia est coniunx miser. Erige mentem,
 Et tua cum fatis pietas decertet, et ipsum,

¹ cura *Markland*: iura *MSS.*

¹ "Darkness" here and often has the sense of "fainting" or "unconsciousness": comp. v. 220.

What it brings, she knows not; and up till now her worst fear is evil news of the war and ominous report; but now the messenger is her husband, and his message, defeat. Why waste the time when you might mourn? Though you might weep already, you only fear. Then, as the ship came close, she sprang up and marked the guilt and cruelty of Heaven, the ghastly pallor of the general, the white hair that hid his face, and the black dust that defiled his garments. Darkness¹ closed upon her grief and robbed her of the light of heaven; sorrow stopped her breath; betrayed by the muscles, all her limbs relaxed, her heart ceased to beat, and long she lay deceived by the hope that this was death. Now the cable was made fast to the shore, and Pompey trod the solitary strand. When her faithful handmaids saw him close at hand, they dared not rail at destiny except with stifled groans, and tried in vain to lift their fainting mistress from the ground; but Pompey folded her in his arms and brings back life to the rigid limbs by his embrace. Back came the blood to the surface of the body; she began to be aware of Pompey's touch, and to be able to endure the sorrowful face of her husband. He forbids her to be conquered by destiny and thus reproves the excess of her sorrow: "Adorned as you are by the fame of such mighty ancestors, why do you suffer the first stroke of Fortune to break down the courage of your noble race? Here is your opportunity for undying fame. To your sex neither peaceful government nor war is a field for glory: a husband's sorrow alone can win it. Lift up your heart, let your devotion wrestle with destiny, and let the very fact that I have been conquered be

Quod sum victus, ama. Nunc sum tibi gloria maior,
 A me quod fasces et quod pia turba senatus
 Tantaque discessit regum manus: incipe Magnum 80
 Sola sequi. Deformis adhuc vivente marito
 Summus et augeri vetitus dolor: ultima debet
 Esse fides lugere virum. Tu nulla tulisti
 Bello damna meo: vivit post proelia Magnus
 Sed fortuna perit. Quod defles, illud amasti." 85
 Vocibus his correpta viri vix aegra levavit
 Membra solo tales gemitu rumpente querellas:
 "O utinam in thalamos invisi Caesaris issem
 Infelix coniunx et nulli laeta marito!
 Bis nocui mundo: me pronuba ducit Erinys 90
 Crassorumque umbrae, devotaque manibus illis
 Assyrios in castra tuli civilia casus,
 Praecipitesque dedi populos cunctosque fugavi
 A causa meliore deos. O maxime coniunx,
 O thalamis indigne meis, hoc iuris habebat 95
 In tantum fortuna caput? cur in pia nupsi,
 Si miserum factura fui? nunc accipe poenas,
 Sed quas sponte luam: quo sit tibi mollius aequor,
 Certa fides regum totusque paratior orbis,
 Sparge mari comitem. Malletem felicibus armis 100
 Dependisse caput: nunc clades denique lustra,
 Magne, tuas. Ubicumque iaces civilibus armis
 Nostros ultra toros, ades huc atque exige poenas,

¹ See n. to iii. 22.

BOOK VIII

dear to you. For I bring you greater distinction now, when the magistrates and devoted ranks of the Senate and all my retinue of kings have parted from me: from this time be the sole follower of Magnus. The depth of woe, woe that admits of no increase, is unbecoming while your husband lives; to mourn him dead should be your last proof of fidelity. My defeat has brought no loss to you; for Magnus survives the battle, though his greatness has gone; that which you weep for is what you really loved."

Thus rebuked by her husband, slowly she raised her ailing limbs from the ground, and her wailing broke out into complaints like these: "Would that I had been wedded to hated Caesar; for disaster was my dower and I have brought happiness to no husband. Twice have I brought a curse on mankind; the Fury and the ghosts of the Crassi¹ gave me in marriage; and I, devoted to those dead, have brought the disaster of Carrhae to the camp of civil war, and hurled nations to their doom, and driven all Heaven away from the better side. O mighty husband, too good for such a wife, had Fortune such power over one so great? Why was I guilty of marrying you, if I was to bring you sorrow? Now accept the penalty—a penalty which I will gladly pay: that the sea may be smoother for you, the kings steadfast in their loyalty, and the whole world more ready to serve you, scatter the limbs of your companion over the deep. I had rather have laid down my life to buy you victory; as it is, at least expiate your defeat by my death. Let relentless Julia, wherever she is buried, come here and exact the penalty; she has punished our

Iulia crudelis, placataque paelice caesa
 Magno parce tuo." Sic fata iterumque refusa 105
 Coniugis in gremium cunctorum lumina solvit
 In lacrimas. Duri flectuntur pectora Magni,
 Siccaque Thessalia confudit lumina Lesbos.
 Tunc Mytilenæum pleno iam litore volgus
 Adfatur Magnum: "Si maxima gloria nobis 110
 Semper erit tanti pignus servasse mariti,
 Tu quoque devotos sacro tibi foedere muros
 Oramus sociosque lares dignere vel una
 Nocte tua: fac, Magne, locum, quem cuncta revisant
 Saecula, quem veniens hospes Romanus adoret. 115
 Nulla tibi subeunda magis sunt moenia victo:
 Omnia victoris possunt sperare favorem,
 Haec iam crimen habent. Quid, quod iacet insula ponto,
 Caesar eget ratibus? procerum pars magna coibit
 Certa loci, noto reparandum est litore fatum. 120
 Accipe templorum cultus aurumque deorum;
 Accipe, si terris, si puppibus ista iuventus
 Aptior est; tota, quantum valet, utere Lesbo.
 Accipe: ne Caesar rapiat, tu victus habeto.
 Hoc solum crimen merita bene detrahe terrae, 125
 Ne nostram videre fidem felixque secutus
 Et damnasse miser." Tali pietate virorum
 Laetus in adversis et mundi nomine gaudens
 Esse fidem "Nullum toto mihi" dixit "in orbe

¹ By having sheltered Cornelia.

marriage by civil strife; let her be appeased by the death of her rival and spare Magnus when he is hers." With these words she fell back into her husband's arms, and the eyes of all were melted to tears. The stern heart of Magnus was moved, and Lesbos made wet the eyes that were dry at Pharsalia.

Next the people of Mytilene, who had now flocked to the shore, addressed Magnus thus: "Since it will ever be our chief boast to have guarded the treasure of so great a husband, do you also honour the city bound to you by sacred ties, and deem our friendly dwellings worthy to shelter you for one night at least. Make this a place of pilgrimage for all ages, a place where strangers may come from Rome and worship. No city is more fit for you to enter after defeat: though all others may hope for the clemency of the conqueror, ours is already guilty.¹ Besides, Lesbos is an island, and Caesar has no fleet. Most of the senators, knowing where to find you, will gather here; you must make good your failure on this famous shore. Take the ornaments of our temples and the treasure of our gods; take our manhood's strength, to use on land or at sea, wherever it is most serviceable; make use of all Lesbos to the utmost of her power. Accept our gifts; though conquered, take them that Caesar may not rob us of them. Only of this charge acquit a land that has served you well: let it not appear that in adversity you doubted our loyalty which you appealed to in your good fortune." Cheered in his hour of defeat to find such devotion, and glad, for the sake of humanity, that loyalty still existed, Pompey replied: "By a most dear pledge I have proved to you that no land

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Gratius esse solum non parvo pignore vobis 130
 Ostendi: tenuit nostros hac obside Lesbos
 Adfectus; hic sacra domus carique penates,
 Hic mihi Roma fuit. Non ulla in litora puppem
 Ante dedi fugiens, saevi cum Caesaris iram
 Iam scirem meritam servata coniuge Lesbon, 135
 Non veritus tantam veniae committere vobis
 Materiam. Sed iam satis est fecisse nocentes:
 Fata mihi totum mea sunt agitanda per orbem.
 Heu nimium felix aeterno nomine Lesbos,
 Sive doces populos regesque admittere Magnum, 140
 Seu praestas mihi sola fidem. Nam quaerere certum est,
 Fas quibus in terris, ubi sit scelus. Accipe, numen
 Si quod adhuc mecum es, votorum extrema meorum:
 Da similes Lesbo populos, qui Marte subactum
 Non intrare suos infesto Caesare portus, 145
 Non exire vetent." Dixit maestamque carinae
 Inposuit comitem. Cunctos mutare putares
 Tellurem patriaeque solum: sic litore toto
 Plangitur, infestae tenduntur in aethera dextrae.
 Pompeiumque minus, cuius fortuna dolorem 150
 Moverat, ast illam, quam toto tempore belli
 Ut civem videre suam, discedere cernens
 Ingemuit populus; quam vix, si castra mariti
 Victoris peteret, siccis dimittere matres
 Iam poterant oculis: tanto devinxit amore 155
 Hos pudor, hos probitas castique modestia voltus,
 Quod summissa animis,¹ nulli gravis hospita turbae,

¹ animis *Heinsius*: nimis *MSS.*

¹ His own person, which they might betray to Caesar.

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on earth is more acceptable to me: Lesbos held my heart, while Cornelia was your hostage; Lesbos was my hearth and home, all that was dear and sacred; Lesbos was Rome to me. To no other shore did I first direct my vessel in my flight; and, though I knew that Lesbos had already earned Caesar's anger by keeping safe my wife, I did not fear to put in your hands so mighty a means¹ of gaining his forgiveness. But here I must call a halt and make you guilty no more. My own future I must follow up over all the world. Ah, too happy Lesbos, and famous for ever, whether she teaches other nations and kings to harbour me or alone proves faithful to me. For I am resolved to search the world and find out where goodness is, and where crime. Hear my last prayer, ye gods, if any god is still upon my side: may I find nations like to Lesbos, who will suffer a defeated man, pursued by Caesar, to enter their ports and also suffer him to sail out again." Thus he spoke and set his sorrowing companion on board. One might have thought that all the people were leaving their native soil for a foreign land; such wailing rose from all the shore; and menacing hands were stretched towards heaven. Pompey's departure they felt less—his ill-fortune only had stirred their grief; but when they saw Cornelia leaving them, Cornelia whom throughout the war they looked on as one of themselves, then the people groaned aloud; if she had sought the camp of a victorious husband, scarce could the matrons have parted from her without tears; with such love had she attached some by her gentleness, others by her goodness and her pure and modest looks, because, humble of heart and a burdensome guest to none of the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Stantis adhuc fati vixit quasi coniuge victo.

Iam pelago medios Titan demissus ad ignes
 Nec quibus abscondit, nec si quibus exerit orbem, 160
 Totus erat. Vigiles Pompei pectore curae
 Nunc socias adeunt Romani foederis urbes
 Et varias regum mentes, nunc invia mundi
 Arva super nimios soles Austrumque iacentis.
 Saepe labor maestus curarum odiumque futuri 165
 Proiecit fessos incerti pectoris aestus,
 Rectoremque ratis de cunctis consulit astris,
 Unde notet terras, quae sit mensura secandi
 Aequoris in caelo, Syriam quo sidere servet,
 Aut quotus in Plaustro Libyam bene derigat ignis. 170
 Doctus ad haec fatur taciti servator Olympi :
 “ Signifero quaecumque fluunt labentia caelo
 Numquam stante polo miseros fallentia nautas,
 Sidera non sequimur ; sed, qui non mergitur undis
 Axis innociduus gemina clarissimus Arcto, 175
 Ille regit puppes. Hic cum mihi semper in altum
 Surget et instabit summis minor Ursa ceruchis,
 Bosporon et Scythiae curvantem litora Pontum
 Spectamus. Quidquid descendet ab arbore summa
 Arctophylax propiorque mari Cynosura feretur, 180
 In Syriae portus tendit ratis. Inde Canopus
 Excipit, australi caelo contenta vagari,

¹ The Antipodes, whose existence was denied by some of the ancients.

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people, she lived, while her husband's fortune stood firm, as if he had been conquered already.

By now the sun had sunk half his ball of fire in the sea, and his disc was not wholly seen either by those from whom he withdrew it, or by those, if such there be,¹ to whom he revealed it. The care that kept watch in Pompey's breast turned at one time to the allied cities in league with Rome and to the wavering allegiance of the kings, at another time to the pathless lands of the region that lies beyond the burning suns of the south. So sad and weary were his thoughts, such his loathing of the morrow, that often he threw off the heavy load of his conflicting purposes, and questioned the steersman concerning all the stars; by what star does he mark the land? what rule and measure for cleaving the sea does the sky afford? by what star does he keep a course to Syria? or which of the seven stars in the Wain is a sure guide to Libya? The skilled watcher of the silent sky replied to him thus: "All those lights which move and glide through the starry heavens mislead the hapless seaman, because the sky is ever shifting; to them we pay no heed; but the pole-star, which never sets or sinks beneath the waves, the brightest star in the two Bears, he it is that guides our course. When I see him mount ever towards the zenith, and when the Little Bear rises above the towering yards, then we face towards the Bosphorus and the Black Sea that hollows the Scythian shore. But whenever Bootes sinks from the topmast and the Little Bear moves nearer the horizon, the ship is making for the ports of Syria. Next after that comes Canopus, a star that shuns the North and

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Stella, timens Borean : illa quoque perge sinistra
 Trans Pharon, in medio tanget ratis aequore Syrtim.
 Sed quo vela dari, quo nunc pede carbasa tendi 185
 Nostra iubes? ” Dubio contra cui pectore Magnus
 “ Hoc solum toto ” respondit “ in aequore serva,
 Ut sit ab Emathiis semper tua longius oris
 Puppis, et Hesperiam pelago caeloque relinquo :
 Cetera da ventis. Comitem pignusque recepi 190
 Depositum ; tum certus eram, quae litora vellem,
 Nunc portum fortuna dabit.” Sic fatur ; at ille
 Iusto vela modo pendentia cornibus aequis
 Torsit et in laevum puppim dedit, utque secaret
 Quas Asinae cautes et quas Chios asperat undas 195
 Hos dedit in proram, tenet hos in puppe rudentes.
 Aequora senserunt motus aliterque secante
 Iam pelagus rostro nec idem spectante carina
 Mutavere sonum. Non sic moderator equorum,
 Dexteriore rota laevum cum circumit axem, 200
 Cogit inoffensae currus accedere metae.
 Ostendit terras Titan et sidera texit.
 Sparsus ab Emathia fugit quicumque procella,
 Adsequitur Magnum ; primusque a litore Lesbi
 Occurrit natus, procerum mox turba fidelis. 205
 Nam neque deiecto fatis acieque fugato
 Abstulerat Magno reges fortuna ministros :
 Terrarum dominos et scepra Eoa tenentes
 Exul habet comites. Iubet ire in devia mundi

¹ This place is not mentioned elsewhere.

² With the result that they took a southern course.

³ The left wheel acts as a pivot.

⁴ Sextus, his younger son ; Gnaeus, the elder son, was now at Coreyra with the fleet.

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limits its wanderings to the southern sky; if you keep it on the left and sail on past Pharos, your vessel will strike the Syrtis in mid-ocean. But whither do you bid me shape our course, and with which sheet shall the canvas be stretched?" With unsettled purpose, Magnus answered him thus: "Wherever we sail, be this your only care, to turn your bark ever further from the shore of Thessaly, and to leave the West behind in sailing and steering; all else trust to the winds. I have taken on board my companion, the pledge I left for safety; then I had no doubt what shore to make for, but now chance must provide a harbour." Thus he spoke; and the steersman tugged at the sails that hung in equal lengths from the level yard-arms, and turned the vessel to the left; and, that she might cleave the waves made rough by Chios and the rocks of Asina,¹ he slackened the ropes at the bow and made taut those at the stern.² The sea was conscious of the movement and gave a different sound, when the beak cut the water in a new direction and the ship's course was altered. With less skill the charioteer makes the right wheel spin round the left,³ and forces his car close to the turning-post without striking it.

The sun revealed the earth and veiled the stars. All who had fled far and wide from the fatal field of Pharsalia rallied round Magnus; first to meet him, after he quitted the shore of Lesbos, was his son,⁴ and next came his loyal band of senators; for even when cast down by destiny and routed in battle, he was not deprived by Fortune of kings to serve him: the exile was escorted by the lords of earth and the monarchs of the East. Deiotarus,

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Deiotarum, qui sparsa ducis vestigia legit.	210
“ Quando ” ait “ Emathiis amissus cladibus orbis, Qua Romanus erat, superest, fidissime regum, Eoam temptare fidem populosque bibentes Euphraten et adhuc securum a Caesare Tigrim. Ne pigeat Magno quaerentem fata remotas Medorum penetrare domos Scythicosque recessus Et totum mutare diem, vocesque superbo Arsacidæ perferre meas: ‘ Si foedera nobis Prisca manent mihi per Latium iurata Tonantem, Per vestros astricta magos, inplete pharetras Armeniosque arcus Geticis intendite nervis, Si vos, o Parthi, peterem cum Caspia claustra Et sequerer duros aeterni Martis Alanos, Passus Achaemeniis late decurrere campis In tutam trepidos numquam Babylona coegi. Arva super Cyri Chaldaei que ultima regni Qua rapidus Ganges et qua Nysaeus Hydaspes Accedunt pelago, Phoebi surgentis ab igne Iam propior quam Persis eram: tamen omnia vincens Sustinui nostris vos tantum desse triumphis, Solutusque e numero regum telluris Eoæ Ex aequo me Parthus adit. Nec munere Magni Stant semel Arsacidæ; quis enim post vulnera cladis Assyriæ iustas Latii conpescuit iras? Tot meritis obstricta meis nunc Parthia ruptis Excedat claustris vetitam per saecula ripam	215 220 225 230 235

¹ A compact epigram: loyalty is due from subjects to kings, but the Eastern kings were Pompey's subjects. This mission of Deiotarus must have been invented by Lucan.

² Arsaces XIII was then king of the Parthians who are here and often called “ Medes ”

³ See n. to i. 10.

⁴ Carrhae, 53 B.C.

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who had tracked his leader through his wanderings, he bade repair to the ends of the earth. "Since," said he "the world, so far as it was Roman, has been lost by the disaster of Pharsalia, it remains, O most loyal of my kings,¹ to test the allegiance of the East, of the nations who drink the Euphrates and the Tigris, rivers as yet unmolested by Caesar. Seeking success for me, refuse not to explore the distant home of the Medes and remote Scythia; be willing to change your clime completely, and bear to the proud scion of Arsaces² this message from me: 'If our ancient treaty holds good—the treaty which I swore to observe in the name of the Roman Thunderer, and which was made fast by your Wise Men—then fill full your quivers, and stretch the bows of Armenia with the strings of the Getae; for, when I marched towards the Caspian Gates and pursued the hardy Alani, ever at war, I suffered the Parthians to ride at will over the Persian plains and never forced them to take hasty refuge in Babylon.³ I passed the realm of Cyrus and the uttermost parts of the Chaldean kingdom, where the impetuous Ganges and Nysaeen Hydaspes join the sea; and I was nearer to the flame of the rising sun than Persia is; though I was everywhere victorious, I forbore to add the Parthians, and them alone, to the list of my triumphs; and, alone among the kings of the East, the Parthian approached me on equal terms. And a second time, thanks to me, the sons of Arsaces were saved. For who else curbed the righteous anger of Rome that followed the blow of the defeat in Assyria?⁴ Now let Parthia, bound by so many benefits from me, burst her bounds, to cross the bank forbidden for many

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Zeugmaque Pellaeum. Pompeio vincite, Parthi,
 Vinci Roma volet.''' Regem parere iubenti
 Ardua non piguit, positisque insignibus aulae
 Egreditur famulo raptos indutus amictus. 240
 In dubiis tutum est inopem simulare tyranno ;
 Quanto igitur mundi dominis securius aevum
 Verus pauper agit! Dimisso in litore rege
 Ipse per Icariae scopulos, Ephesonque relinquens
 Et placidi Colophona maris, spumantia parvae 245
 Radit saxa Sami ; spirat de litore Coo
 Aura fluens ; Cnidon inde fugit claramque relinquit
 Sole Rhodon magnosque sinus Telmessidos undae
 Compensat medio pelagi. Pamphylia puppi
 Occurrit tellus, nec se committere muris 250
 Ausus adhuc ullis, te primum, parva Phaseli,
 Magnus adit ; nam te metui vetat incola rarus
 Exhaustaeque domus populis, maiorque carinae
 Quam tua turba fuit. Tendens hinc carbasa rursus
 Iam Taurum Tauroque videt Dipsunta cadentem. 255
 Crederet hoc Magnus, pacem cum praestitit undis,
 Et sibi consultum? Cilicum per litora tutus
 Parva puppe fugit. Sequitur pars magna senatus
 Ad profugum collecta ducem ; parvisque Syhedris,
 Quo portu mittitque rates recipitque Selinus, 260
 In procerum coetu tandem maesta ora resolvit
 Vocibus his Magnus : " Comites bellique fugaeque

¹ Over the Euphrates.

² They had gone to the war.

³ Perhaps the name of a waterfall.

⁴ By suppressing piracy.

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centuries and pass the Bridge of Alexander.¹ If the Parthians conquer for Pompey's sake, Rome will welcome her conqueror.'” Hard was the task enjoined, but the king did not refuse; he laid aside the badges of royalty and left the ship, wearing garments taken in haste from a menial. In danger a king finds safety in the disguise of a beggar; how much safer then is the lot of the really poor man than that of the lords of earth! The king was set ashore; and Pompey himself sailed past the rocks of Icaria, and skirted the foaming cliffs of little Samos, shunning Ephesus and Colophon with their calm waters; the breeze blew fresh from the shore of Cos; next he avoided Cnidos and Rhodes, famous island of the sun, and shortened the long circuit of the bay of Telmessus by keeping the open sea. The land of Pamphylia now confronted his vessel; so far he had not dared to trust himself to any city, but now he entered the walls of little Phaselis; for she was robbed of her terrors by her scanty population, and her houses were drained of their inhabitants;² there were more men on board the ship than in all the town. From hence he set sail again, and soon came in view of Mount Taurus and Dipsus³ falling down the mountain-side.

Could Magnus have believed, when he gave peace to the sea,⁴ that he would profit by it himself? Now he flees unharmed along the coast of the pirates in his little vessel. He was followed by a number of senators who rallied round their fugitive leader; and at little Syhedra—the harbour which sends forth and receives again the ships of Selinus—Magnus at last opened his sorrowful lips at a meeting of the nobles, and spoke thus: “Comrades

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Atque instar patriae, quamvis in litore nudo,
 In Cilicum terra, nullis circumdatus armis
 Consultem rebusque novis exordia quaeram, 265
 Ingentes praestate animos. Non omnis in arvis
 Emathiis cecidi, nec sic mea fata premuntur,
 Ut nequeam relevare caput cladesque receptas
 Excutere. An Libycae Marium potuere ruinae
 Erigere in fasces et plenis reddere fastis, 270
 Me pulsum levioire manu fortuna tenebit?
 Mille meae Graio volvuntur in aequore puppes,
 Mille duces; sparsit potius Pharsalia nostras
 Quam subvertit opes. Sed me vel sola tueri
 Fama potest rerum, toto quas gessimus orbe, 275
 Et nomen, quod mundus amat. Vos pendite regna
 Viribus atque fide Libyam Parthosque Pharonque,
 Quemnam Romanis deceat succurrere rebus.
 Ast ego curarum vobis arcana mearum
 Expromam mentisque meae quo pondera vergant. 280
 Aetas Niliaci nobis suspecta tyranni est,
 Ardua quippe fides robustos exigit annos.
 Hinc anceps dubii terret sollertia Mauri;
 Namque memor generis Carthaginis inopia proles
 Inminet Hesperiae, multusque in pectore vano est 285
 Hannibal, obliquo maculat qui sanguine regnum
 Et Numidas contingit avos. Iam supplice Varo
 Intumuit viditque loco Romana secundo.

¹ Comp. ii. 91 f.

² Ptolemy XII was thirteen at this time.

³ Juba, king of Numidia, who, according to Lucan, hoped to be a second Hannibal.

⁴ Juba's ancestor, Masinissa, married the Carthaginian Sophonisba, daughter of a Hasdrubal (who may have been related to Hannibal), but she had no children by him.

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in battle and in flight, you who represent our country, though I, who ask your counsel and seek to set a new enterprise on foot, stand here on a barren shore in the land of Cilicia, and have no armies round me, yet hear me with proud hearts. I did not fall for ever on the field of Pharsalia; nor has my destiny sunk so low that I can never again raise my head and shake off the defeat I have suffered. If the ruins of Carthage could raise Marius¹ to office and replace him in the Calendar, full already of his name, shall Fortune keep me down, whom she has smitten with a lighter blow? Mine are a thousand ships that toss on Grecian waters, and mine a thousand leaders; Pharsalia scattered my resources but did not overthrow them. If it had, I could find safety merely in the fame of the mighty deeds I wrought over all the earth, and in that name which the whole world loves. It is for you to weigh well the kingdoms in point of strength and loyalty—Libya, Parthia, and Egypt—and to decide who may with honour retrieve the fortunes of Rome. But I will unveil to you my own secret thoughts and the purpose to which the balance of my mind inclines. I mistrust the youth of the Egyptian king;² for dangerous loyalty requires the years of manhood. Next, I fear the two-faced cunning of the fickle Moor;³ for that impious son of Carthage, mindful of his pedigree, threatens Italy, and his empty head is full of Hannibal—Hannibal, who by collateral descent disgraces the dynasty and is related to his Numidian ancestors.⁴ Already, when Varus begged his aid, Juba swelled with pride to see Rome take the second place. Therefore, my companions, let us

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Quare agite Eoum, comites, properemus in orbem.
 Dividit Euphrates ingentem gurgite mundum, 290
 Caspiaque immensos seducunt claustra recessus,
 Et polus Assyrias alter noctesque diesque
 Vertit, et abruptum est nostro mare discolor unda
 Oceanusque suus. Pugnandi¹ sola voluptas.
 Celsior in campo sonipes et fortior arcus, 295
 Nec puer aut senior letales tendere nervos
 Segnis, et a nulla mors est incerta sagitta.
 Primi Pellaeas arcu fregere sarisas
 Bactraque, Medorum sedem, murisque superbam
 Assyrias Babylona domos. Nec pila timentur 300
 Nostra nimis Parthis, audentque in bella venire
 Experti Scythicas Crasso pereunte pharetras.
 Spicula nec solo spargunt fidentia ferro,
 Stridula sed multo saturantur tela veneno ;
 Volnera parva nocent, fatumque in sanguine summo est.
 O utinam non tanta mihi fiducia saevis 306
 Esset in Arsacidis ! fatis nimis aemula nostris
 Fata movent Medos, multumque in gente deorum est.
 Effundam populos alia tellure revolsos
 Excitosque suis inmittam sedibus ortus. 310
 Quod si nos Eoa fides et barbara fallent
 Foedera, volgati supra commercia mundi
 Naufragium fortuna ferat : non regna precabor,
 Quae feci. Sat magna feram solacia mortis
 Orbe iacens alio, nihil haec in membra cruenta, 315

¹ Pugnandi *Quietus* : Regnandi *MSS*.

¹ The Persian Gulf seems to be confused with the Red Sea.

² The soldiers of the Macedonian phalanx were armed with the *sarisa*, a long pike.

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be up and hasten to the Eastern clime. The waters of the Euphrates shut off from us a mighty world, and the Caspian Gates hide boundless solitudes; in Assyria a different hemisphere makes the changes of night and day; they have an ocean of their own, and a sea severed from ours and unlike in the colour of its water.¹ Their one passion is for war. Tall is their warhorse on the plain, and strong their bow; youth and age are quick to stretch the deadly string, and death follows sure from every shaft. Their archers were the first to break the Macedonian phalanx,² and they took Bactra, the seat of the Medes, and Babylon, the city of Assyria, with her proud walls. Nor is the Roman javelin much dreaded by the Parthians; but they come boldly to battle, having proved their Scythian quivers on the day when Crassus fell. And the shafts which they shower do not depend on steel alone, but their hurtling missiles are thoroughly steeped in poison. Even a slight wound is fatal, and death is in a mere scratch. (Would that my belief in the power of the cruel sons of Arsaces were not so strong! The destiny which controls the Medes rivals too closely that of Rome, and their nation is greatly blessed of Heaven.) I shall pour forth nations uprooted from another land; I shall summon all the East from its habitations and hurl it against my foe. But if the loyalty of the East and my treaty with the barbarians shall fail me, then let chance bear my shattered fortunes beyond the trodden highways of the world. I will not sue to the kings I made. If I fall at the end of the earth, this will be sufficient consolation for my death, that Caesar has been guilty of no outrage against my corpse,

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Nil socerum fecisse pie. Sed cuncta revolvens
 Vitae fata meae, semper venerabilis illa
 Orbis parte fui, quantus Maeotida supra,
 Quantus apud Tanaim toto conspectus in ortu !
 Quas magis in terras nostrum felicibus actis 320
 Nomen abit, aut unde redi¹ maiore triumpho ?
 Roma, fave coeptis ; quid enim tibi laetius umquam
 Praestiterint superi, quam, si civilia Partho
 Milite bella geras, tantam consumere gentem
 Et nostris miscere malis ? Cum Caesaris arma 325
 Concurrent Medis, aut me fortuna necesse est
 Vindicet aut Crassos." Sic fatus murmure sensit
 Consilium damnasse viros ; quos Lentulus omnes
 Virtutis stimulis et nobilitate dolendi
 Praecessit dignasque tulit modo consule voces : 330
 " Sicine Thessalicae mentem fregere ruinae ?
 Una dies mundi damnavit fata ? secundum
 Emathiam lis tanta datur ? iacet omne cruenti
 Volneris auxilium ? solos tibi, Magne, reliquit
 Parthorum fortuna pedes ? quid transfuga mundi, 335
 Terrarum totos tractus caelumque perosus,
 Aversosque polos alienaque sidera quaeris,
 Chaldaeos culture focos et barbara sacra,
 Parthorum famulus ? quid causa obtenditur armis
 Libertatis amor ? miserum quid decipis orbem, 340
 Si servire potes ? te, quem Romana regentem
 Horruit auditu, quem captos ducere reges
 Vidit ab Hyrcanis, Indoque a litore, silvis,

¹ redi *Lachmann* : redit *MSS.*

¹ Funeral rites, if performed by Caesar, would be only a crowning insult.

² In 49 B.C. Heitland describes this speech as "good of its kind but too long by half."

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and guilty of no respect.¹ But when I review the whole story of my life, I was ever worshipful in that Eastern world: how great was I beyond the Maeotian Mere and by the Tanais, the cynosure of all the East! Into no lands did my name go forth with more glorious exploits, and from none did I return more triumphant. Rome, smile on my enterprise! for no greater boon can Heaven confer on you than that you should use Parthians to fight your civil wars, and so destroy that great nation and make them share our calamities. When Caesar's armies clash with the Medes, the issue must avenge either me or the Crassi." Thus he spoke; but he perceived by their muttering that the meeting had condemned his plan. Lentulus was superior to them all in keen sense of honour and generous indignation; and thus he spoke in terms befitting one who had just been consul:² "Has the defeat of Pharsalia so utterly broken your spirit? Has a single day fixed the world's destiny? Is the mighty issue to be decided by the result of Pharsalia? Is all cure for our bleeding wound impossible? Has Fortune left you no course, Magnus, save to fall at the Parthians' feet? Why do you fly from our world, and shun whole regions of earth and sky? why seek a heaven turned from ours and foreign stars, in order to worship Chaldaean fires with savage rites, and to serve Parthians? Why was the love of freedom put forward as the pretext of war? Why thus deceive a suffering world, if you can stoop to be a slave to any? The Parthian king heard your name and trembled when you were ruler of Rome, and saw you lead kings captive from the Hyrcanian forests and Indian shores; shall he

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Deiectum fatis, humilem fractumque videbit
 Rex tolletque ¹ animos Latium vaesanus in orbem 345
 Se simul et Romam Pompeio supplice mensus ?
 Nil animis fatisque tuis effabere dignum :
 Exiget ignorans Latiae commercia linguae,
 Ut lacrimis se, Magne, roges. Patimurne pudoris
 Hoc volnus, clades ut Parthia vindicet ante 350
 Hesperias, quam Roma suas ? civilibus armis
 Elegit te nempe ducem : quid volnera nostra
 In Scythicos spargis populos cladesque latentes ?
 Quid Parthos transire doces ? solacia tanti
 Perdit Roma mali, nullos admittere reges 355
 Sed civi servire suo. Iuvat ire per orbem
 Ducentem saevas Romana in moenia gentes
 Signaque ab Euphrate cum Crassis capta sequentem ?
 Qui solus regum fato celante favorem
 Defuit Emathiae, nunc tantas ille lacesset 360
 Auditi victoris opes aut iungere fata
 Tecum, Magne, volet ? Non haec fiducia genti est.
 Omnis in Arctois populus quicumque pruinis
 Nascitur, indomitus bellis et mortis amator :
 Quidquid ad Eoos tractus mundique teporem 365
 Ibitur, emollit gentes clementia caeli.
 Illic et laxas vestes et fluxa virorum
 Velamenta vides. Parthus per Medica rura,
 Sarmaticos inter campos effusaque plano
 Tigridis arva solo, nulli superabilis hosti est 370

¹ Rex tolletque *Housman* : Extolletque *MSS.*

¹ The battle of Pharsalia : there is no reference to Carrhae.

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now see you cast down by destiny, a beaten, broken man, and raise his mad ambition against the Roman world, measuring himself and Rome together by the prayers of Pompey? You will utter nothing worthy of your pride and past history; unskilled to communicate in the Latin tongue, he will require you, Magnus, to appeal to him by your tears. Must we endure this stain upon our honour, that Parthia shall forestall Rome in avenging Rome's own disaster in the West? ¹ Rome chose you surely as a leader for civil war only: why do you publish among the Scythian nations our mutual sufferings and disasters, of which they were ignorant? Why do you teach the Parthians to cross the Euphrates? Thus Rome loses the one mitigation of her great suffering—that she submits to no foreign ruler but owns a son of her own as master. Does it please you to march across the world against the walls of Rome, with savage nations at your back, and preceded by the standards taken together with the Crassi at the Euphrates? One king alone was absent from Pharsalia, while Fortune still concealed her preference; and will he now challenge the mighty strength of the conqueror when he hears tidings of his triumph? Will he now be willing to make common cause with you? Such self-reliance does not belong to that people. Every native of the Northern snows is vehement in war and courts death; but every step you go towards the East and the torrid zone, the people grow softer as the sky grows kinder. There one sees loose garments and flowing robes worn even by men. In the smiling land of Media, amid the plains of Sarmatia, and in the level lands that extend by the Tigris,

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Libertate fugae ; sed non, ubi terra tumebit,
Aspera conscendet montis iuga, nec per opacas
Bella geret tenebras incerto debilis arcu,
Nec franget nando violenti vorticis amnem,
Nec tota in pugna perfusus sanguine membra 375
Exiget aestivum calido sub pulvere solem.
Non aries illis, non ulla est machina belli,
Aut fossas implere valent, Parthoque sequenti
Murus erit quodcumque potest obstare sagittae.
Pugna levis bellumque fugax turmaeque vagantes, 380
Et melior cessisse loco quam pellere miles ;
Inlita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus usquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longe tendere nervos
Et, quo ferre velint, permittere volnera ventis.
Ensis habet vires, et gens quaecumque virorum 385
Bella gerit gladiis. Nam Medos proelia prima
Exarmant vacuaque iubent remeare pharetra.
Nulla manus illis, fiducia tota veneni est.
Credis, Magne, viros, quos in discrimina belli
Cum ferro misisse parum est? temptare pudendum 390
Auxilium tanti est, toto divisus ut orbe
A terra moriari tua, tibi barbara tellus
Incumbat, te parva tegant ac vilia busta,
Invidiosa tamen Crasso quaerente sepulchrum?
Sed tua sors levior, quoniam mors ultima poena est 395
Nec metuenda viris. At non Cornelia letum

¹ Due to ravines or woods, not the darkness of night.

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the Parthian cannot be conquered by any foe, because he has room for flight; but, where earth rises in hills, he will never climb the rough mountain ridges, nor fight on through thick darkness¹ when crippled by the failure of his bow, nor stem a river in fierce eddy by swimming; nor, when every limb is drenched in blood of battle, will he endure the long summer day beneath the stifling dust. They have no battering-rams and no war-engines of any kind, and no strength to level ditches; but any defence that can keep out an arrow will be a wall against pursuing Parthians. Their battle is a skirmish, they flee while fighting, their squadrons rove at large. Their soldiers are more swift to yield their own ground than to dislodge the foe from his. Their missiles are smeared with guile; their valour nowhere dares to face the enemy at close quarters, but only to draw the bow at a distance and suffer the winds to carry their weapons whither they will. Strength belongs to the sword, and every manly race uses cold steel to fight with. But the first hour of battle disarms the Parthians and bids them retreat with emptied quivers. All their reliance is on poison, and none on the strong hand. Do you count those as men, Magnus, who are not content to face the risk of battle with the steel alone? Is it worth your while to seek a shameful alliance, in order that you may die parted by the whole world from your country, that foreign earth may rest upon your bones, that a tomb may cover you, poor indeed and petty, but yet shameful while Crassus seeks burial in vain? But your lot is easier, since death, the utmost penalty, is not terrible to the brave. But death is not what Cornelia has to

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Infando sub rege timet. Num barbara nobis
 Est ignota Venus, quae ritu caeca ferarum
 Polluit innumeris leges et foedera taedae
 Coniugibus, thalamiq̄ue patent secreta nefandi 400
 Inter mille nurus? Epulis vaesana meroque
 Regia non ullis exceptos legibus audet
 Concubitus: tot femineis complexibus unum
 Non lassat nox tota marem. Iacuere sorores
 In regum thalamis sacrataque pignora matres. 405
 Damnat apud gentes sceleris non sponte peracti
 Oedipodionias infelix fabula Thebas:
 Parthorum dominus quotiens sic sanguine mixto
 Nascitur Arsacides! cui fas implere parentem,
 Quid rear esse nefas? Proles tam clara Metelli 410
 Stabit barbarico coniunx millesima lecto.
 Quamquam non ulli plus regia, Magne, vacabit
 Saevitia stimulata Venus titulisque virorum;
 Nam, quo plura iuvent Parthum portenta, fuisse
 Hanc sciet et Crassi; ceu pridem debita fatis 415
 Assyriis trahitur cladis captiva vetustae.
 Haereat Eoae volnus miserabile sortis,
 Non solum auxilium funesto ab rege petisse
 Sed gessisse prius bellum civile pudebit.
 Nam quod apud populos crimen socerique tuumque 420
 Maius erit, quam quod vobis miscentibus arma

¹ Because too monstrous to be included: thus Solon framed no law against parricide.

² Carrhae.

BOOK VIII

fear in the power of that infamous king. Are we ignorant of that barbarous lust, which in the blind fashion of beasts defiles the binding sanctities of marriage with a myriad wives, and in which the secrets of the infamous bridal-chamber are displayed in the presence of a thousand women? The king, maddened with feasting and wine, ventures on unions that no laws have ever specified;¹ a single male is not exhausted by a whole night spent in the arms of so many concubines. Their own sisters lie on the couches of the kings, and, for all the sanctity of the relation, their own mothers. Thebes, the city of Oedipus, is condemned in the eyes of mankind by the gloomy legend of the crime which he committed unwittingly: how often an Arsaces is born from such a union to rule the Parthians! What can I consider unpermitted to one who permits himself to beget children by his mother? The noble daughter of Metellus will wait by the bed of the barbarian, one among a thousand wives. And yet, Magnus, the king's lust will be devoted to her more than to any other, for it will be heated by cruelty and by the fame of her husbands. For, to heighten the horrid pleasure of the Parthian, he will know that she was once the wife of Crassus also: as if long due to the doom of Carrhae, she will be carried off as a captive taken in the defeat of long ago. If the pitiful disaster² which we suffered in the East rankles in your heart, you will blush, not only to beg help from the death-dealing king, but also to have made war on Romans before Parthians. What greater reproach will the world bring against you and Caesar than this—that, when you two meet in conflict, vengeance for the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Crassorum vindicta perit? Incurrere cuncti
 Debuerant in Bactra duces et, ne qua vacarent
 Arma, vel Arctoum Dacis Rhenique catervis
 Imperii nudare latus, dum perfida Susa 425
 In tumulos prolapsa ducum Babylonque iaceret.
 Assyriae paci finem, Fortuna, precamur;
 Et, si Thessalia bellum civile peractum est,
 Ad Parthos, qui vicit, eat. Gens unica mundi est,
 De qua Caesareis possim gaudere triumphis. 430
 Non tibi, cum primum gelidum transibis Araxen,
 Umbra senis maesti Scythicis confixa sagittis
 Ingeret has voces? 'Tu, quem post funera nostra
 Ultorem cinerum nudae speravimus umbrae,
 Ad foedus pacemque venis?' Tum plurima cladis 435
 Occurrent monimenta tibi: quae moenia trunci
 Lustrarunt cervice duces, ubi nomina tanta
 Obruit Euphrates et nostra cadavera Tigris
 Detulit in terras ac reddidit. Ire per ista
 Si potes, in media socerum quoque, Magne, sedentem 440
 Thessalia placare potes. Quin respicis orbem
 Romanum? si regna times proiecta sub Austro
 Infidumque Iubam, petimus Pharon arvaque Lagi.
 Syrtribus hinc Libycis tuta est Aegyptos; at inde
 Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis. 445
 Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis
 Aut Iovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.

¹ Crassus.

² An ill-timed allusion to the fact mentioned in iii. 261 ff.

³ Pharos is the lighthouse island off Alexandria: in the Latin poets Pharian = Egyptian. For Lagus, see n. to v. 60.

BOOK VIII

Crassi has been forgotten? All our leaders should have made haste to Bactra; and, that every sword might be engaged, they should have left the northern frontier of the empire exposed to the Dacians and the hordes of the Rhine, until treacherous Susa and Babylon were laid in ruins over the tombs of their monarchs. We pray to Fortune that peace with Assyria may end; and if the civil war was settled by Pharsalia, let it be the conqueror who goes to Parthia. They are the one nation on earth whom I could rejoice to see Caesar triumph over. As soon as you cross the cold Araxes, will not the ghost of that sorrowing old man,¹ riddled with Scythian arrows, hurl this reproach upon you? 'We unburied ghosts hoped that you would come after our death to avenge our ashes: do you come to make a treaty and a peace?' Next, memorials of the defeat will crowd upon your sight—the walls, round which the headless bodies of our generals were dragged; the place where the Euphrates closed over such famous men, and the Tigris carried the Roman dead underground and then restored them to sight again.² If you can pass through these scenes, Magnus, you can also sue to Caesar enthroned on the field of Pharsalia. Why not turn your eyes to the Roman world? If you fear faithless Juba and his realm that stretches far to the South, then Pharos and the land of Lagus³ is our goal. On the West Egypt is protected by the Libyan Syrtes; and on the North the rapid river with its seven channels drives back the sea; rich in its native wealth, the land has no need of foreign wares or of Heaven's rain, so great is her reliance upon the Nile alone. The sceptre

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Sceptra puer Ptolemaeus habet tibi debita, Magne,
 Tutelae commissa tuae. Quis nominis umbram
 Horreat? innocua est aetas. Ne iura fidemque 450
 Respectumque deum veteri speraveris aula:
 Nil pudet adsuetos sceptris; mitissima sors est
 Regnorum sub rege novo." Non plura locutus
 Inpulit huc animos. Quantum, spes ultima rerum,
 Libertatis habes! Victa est sententia Magni. 455

Tum Cilicum liquere solum Cyproque citatas
 Inmisere rates, nullas cui praetulit aras
 Undae diva memor Paphiae—si numina nasci
 Credimus aut quemquam fas est coepisse deorum.
 Haec ubi deseruit Pompeius litora, totos 460
 Emensus Cypri scopulos, quibus exit in Austrum,
 Inde maris vasti transverso vertitur aestu;
 Nec tenuit gratum nocturno lumine montem,
 Infimaeque Aegypti pugnaci litora velo
 Vix tetigit, qua dividui pars maxima Nili 465
 In vada decurrit Pelusia septimus amnis.
 Tempus erat, quo Libra pares examinat horas,
 Non uno plus aequa die, noctique rependit
 Lux minor hibernae verni solacia damni.
 Conperit ut regem Casio se monte tenere, 470
 Flectit iter; nec Phoebus adhuc nec carbasa languent.

Iam rapido speculator eques per litora cursu
 Hospitis adventu pavidam compleverat aulam.

¹ Aphrodite (Venus), when born from the sea foam, came to Cyprus.

² Pharos.

³ Most easterly. The time was the autumnal equinox.

BOOK VIII

which the boy Ptolemy holds, he owes to you, Magnus; it was entrusted to your guardianship. Who would dread a mere empty name? His is the age of innocence; look not for friendship or loyalty or fear of God in a court where the king has long reigned; use robs kings of all shame; the subjects' yoke is lightest where their king is new." Lentulus said no more, but he turned all minds to his view. How free are desperate men to speak their minds! The policy of Magnus was outvoted.

Then they left Cilician soil and steered their vessels in haste for Cyprus—Cyprus which the goddess,¹ mindful of the Paphian waves, prefers to any of her shrines (if we believe that deities have birth, or if it is lawful to hold that any of the gods had a beginning). When Pompey had left that shore, having sailed past the long line of cliffs with which Cyprus projects to the South, from there he sailed a fresh course along the cross-current of the open sea. Unable to make the tower² whose light the seaman blesses in darkness, with difficulty he reached the furthest³ shore of Egypt with battling sail, where the largest branch of the divided Nile, one of seven rivers, runs out to the shoals of Pelusium. It was the season when Libra balances the hours of day and night in equal scales, and stays level for one day only; for the shortening day makes compensation to the winter nights for their loss in spring. When he learnt that the king was encamped on Mount Casius, Pompey bent his course thither; the sun was not yet setting, nor the sails flagging.

By now a mounted watchman, galloping along the shore, had filled with the news of his arrival

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Consilii vix tempus erat ; tamen omnia monstra
 Pellaeae coiere domus, quos inter Acoreus 475
 Iam placidus senio fractisque modestior annis
 — Hunc genuit custos Nili crescentis in arva
 Memphis vana sacris ; illo cultore deorum
 Lustra suae Phoebes non unus vixerat Apis—
 Consilii vox prima fuit, meritumque fidemque 480
 Sacraque defuncti iactavit pignora patris.
 Sed melior suadere malis et nosse tyrannos
 Ausus Pompeium leto damnare Pothinus
 “ Ius et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemaee, nocentes ;
 Dat poenas laudata fides, cum sustinet,” inquit 485
 “ Quos fortuna premit. Fatis accede deisque,
 Et cole felices, miseros fuge. Sidera terra
 Ut distant et flamma mari, sic utile recto.
 Sceptorum vis tota perit, si pendere iusta
 Incipit, evertitque arces respectus honesti. 490
 Libertas scelerum est, quae regna invisae tuetur,
 Sublatusque modus gladiis. Facere omnia saeve
 Non inpune licet, nisi cum facis. Exeat aula,
 Qui volt esse pius. Virtus et summa potestas
 Non coeunt ; semper metuet, quem saeva pudebunt. 495
 Non inpune tuos Magnus contempserit annos,
 Qui te nec victos arcere a litore nostro
 Posse putat. Neu nos sceptris privaverit hospes,

¹ There was a Nilometer at Memphis.

² The meaning is, more than one period of 25 years : the sacred bull called Apis was not allowed to live longer than this period.

³ Many who keep these laws suffer for doing so.

BOOK VIII

the frightened court. There was scarce time to deliberate; yet all the portentous figures of the Macedonian palace assembled. Among them was Acoreus, made mild by age and taught moderation by decrepitude. Idolatrous Memphis gave him birth—Memphis¹ which measures the Nile when it rises to flood the fields; and during his priesthood more than one Apis² had lived through the term assigned him by the Moon, his mistress. He spoke first at the council, dwelling on benefits received and loyalty and the sacred promises of the dead monarch's will. But there was one, more fit to counsel wicked kings and know their heart, and a Pothinus dared to sign the death-warrant of a Pompey. He said: "Ptolemy, the laws of God and man make many guilty³: we praise loyalty, but it pays the price when it supports those whom Fortune crushes. Take the side of destiny and Heaven, and court the prosperous but shun the afflicted. Expediency is as far from the right as the stars from earth or fire from water. The power of kings is utterly destroyed, once they begin to weigh considerations of justice; and regard for virtue levels the strongholds of tyrants. It is boundless wickedness and unlimited slaughter that protect the unpopularity of a sovereign. If all your deeds are cruel, you will suffer for it the moment you cease from cruelty. If a man would be righteous, let him depart from a court. Virtue is incompatible with absolute power. He who is ashamed to commit cruelty must always fear it. Let Magnus suffer for having despised your youth; he thinks you cannot repel even a beaten man from our coast. And, that a stranger may not rob us of the throne,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Pignora sunt propiora tibi : Nilumque Pharonque,
 Si regnare piget, damnatae redde sorori. 500
 Aegyptum certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.
 Quidquid non fuerit Magni, dum bella geruntur,
 Nec victoris erit. Toto iam pulsus ab orbe,
 Postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quaerit,
 Cum qua gente cadat. Rapitur civilibus umbris. 505
 Nec soceri tantum arma fugit : fugit ora senatus,
 Cuius Thessalicas saturat pars magna volucres,
 Et metuit gentes, quas uno in sanguine mixtas
 Deseruit, regesque timet, quorum omnia mersit,
 Thessaliaeque reus nulla tellure receptus 510
 Sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.
 Iustior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemaee, querellae
 Causa data est. Quid sepositam semperque quietam
 Crimine bellorum maculas Pharon arvaque nostra
 Victori suspecta facis? cur sola cadenti 515
 Haec placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata
 Conferres poenasque tuas? iam crimen habemus
 Purgandum gladio. Quod nobis scepra senatus
 Te suadente dedit, votis tua fovimus arma.
 Hoc ferrum, quod fata iubent proferre, paravi 520
 Non tibi, sed victo; feriam tua viscera, Magne,
 Malueram soceri: rapimur, quo cuncta feruntur.
 Tene mihi dubitas an sit violare necesse,

¹ Cleopatra, banished by Ptolemy.

² To kill Pompey.

BOOK VIII

remember that you have others nearer of kin ; and, if your crown is uneasy, restore the Nile and Pharos to the sister¹ you have condemned. Let us in any case protect Egypt from the arms of Rome. Whatever did not belong to Pompey during the war will not belong to Caesar either. Driven from all the world, with no reliance left upon his fortunes, he seeks a people to share his fall. He is dragged down by the ghosts of those who fell in civil war. It is not merely Caesar's sword that he flies from : he flies also from the face of the senators, of whom so many are now glutting the vultures of Thessaly ; he fears the foreign nations, whom he forsook and left weltering in blood together ; he dreads the kings, whose all he destroyed ; guilty of Pharsalia and rejected by every country, he troubles our realm which he has not yet destroyed. But we, Ptolemy, can complain more justly of Pompey than he of us : why does he stain secluded and peace-loving Pharos with the guilt of war and bring down Caesar's displeasure on our land ? Why when falling did he choose this country of all others to bring to it the curse of Pharsalia and the punishment which he alone should pay ? Even now we have incurred guilt, which we cannot purge away except by using the sword.² On his motion the Senate granted us the sovereignty of Egypt, and therefore we prayed for his victory. The sword, which destiny bids me bring forth, I did not intend for Pompey but for the loser, whichever he might be. I shall pierce your heart with it, Magnus ; I had rather have slain Caesar ; but we are borne by the current that carries the whole world away. Do you doubt whether I must do you violence ? I must, because I

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cum liceat? Quae te nostri fiducia regni
 Huc agit, infelix? populum non cernis inermem 525
 Arvaque vix refugo fodientem mollia Nilo?
 Metiri sua regna decet viresque fateri.
 Tu, Ptolemaee, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
 Sub qua Roma iacet? bustum cineresque movere
 Thessalicos audes bellumque in regna vocare? 530
 Ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis:
 Pompei nunc castra placent, quae deserit orbis?
 Nunc victoris opes et cognita fata lacessis?
 Adversis non desse decet, sed laeta secutos:
 Nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos." 535
 Adsensere omnes sceleri. Laetatur honore
 Rex puer insueto, quod iam sibi tanta iubere
 Permittant famuli. Sceleri delectus Achilles,
 Perfida qua tellus Casiis excurrit harenis
 Et vada testantur iunctas Aegyptia Syrtes, 540
 Exiguam sociis monstri gladiisque carinam
 Instruit. O superi, Nilusne et barbara Memphis
 Et Pelusiaci tam mollis turba Canopi
 Hos animos? sic fata premunt civilia mundum?
 Sic Romana iacent? ullusne in cladibus istis 545
 Est locus Aegypto Phariusque admittitur ensis?
 Hanc certe servate fidem, civilia bella:
 Cognatas praestate manus externaque monstra
 Pellite. Si meruit tam claro nomine Magnus
 Caesaris esse nefas, tanti, Ptolemaee, ruinam 550

¹ By a figure found elsewhere in Latin poetry, the battle itself is said to be buried.

BOOK VIII

may. What reliance upon our kingdom brings him hither, ill-fated man? Does he not see our unwarlike population, scarce able to till the fields softened by the falling Nile? We must take the measure of our kingdom and confess our weakness. Are you, Ptolemy, strong enough to prop the fall of Pompey—that fall beneath which Rome is crushed? Dare you disturb the pyre and ashes of Pharsalia,¹ and summon war to your own realms? Before the battle of Pharsalia we took neither side: do we now adopt Pompey's cause when all the world is forsaking it? Do you now challenge the might and proved success of Caesar? To support the loser in adversity is right, but right only for those who have shared in his prosperity; no loyalty ever picked out the wretched as friends."

All gave their voices for the crime. The boy-king was pleased by a deference seldom shown him, when his servants suffered him to give orders for such a tragedy. Achilles was chosen to execute the crime, and manned a small boat with armed accomplices for the horrid deed, where the land of traitors juts out into the sands of Mount Casius, and the Egyptian shoals tell of the neighbouring Syrtes. Ye gods! Do the Nile and barbarous Memphis, and the effeminate people of Egyptian Canopus, aspire so high as this? Does the curse of the civil war weigh thus on all the world, and has Rome fallen so low? What room is there for Egypt in our tragedy, and what part for the sword of Egypt? Thus far at least civil war should keep faith: it should provide Roman hands to fall by and keep foreign fiends far away. If the mighty name of Magnus entitled him to be Caesar's guilt, do you, Ptolemy, not dread the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nominis haud metuis caeloque tonante profanas
 Inseruisse manus, impure ac semivir, audes ?
 Non domitor mundi nec ter Capitolia curru
 Invectus regumque potens vindexque senatus
 Victorisque gener, Phario satis esse tyranno 555
 Quod poterat, Romanus erat : quid viscera nostra
 Scrutaris gladio ? Nescis, puer inprobe, nescis,
 Quo tua sit fortuna loco : iam iure sine ullo
 Nili sceptrata tenes ; cecidit civilibus armis
 Qui tibi regna dedit. Iam vento vela negarat 560
 Magnus et auxilio remorum infanda petebat
 Litora ; quem contra non longa vecta biremi
 Appulerat scelerata manus, Magnoque patere
 Fingens regna Phari celsae de puppe carinae
 In parvam iubet ire ratem, litusque malignum 565
 Incusat bimaremque vadis frangentibus aestum,
 Qui vetet externas terras adpellere classes.
 Quod nisi fatorum leges intentaque iussu
 Ordinis aeterni miserae vicinia mortis
 Damnatum leto traherent ad litora Magnum, 570
 Non ulli comitum sceleris praesagia derant :
 Quippe, fides si pura foret, si regia Magno,
 Sceptrorum auctori, vera pietate pateret,
 Venturum tota Pharium cum classe tyrannum.
 Sed cedit fati classemque relinquere iussus 575
 Obsequitur, letumque iuvat praeferre timori.
 Ibat in hostilem praeceps Cornelia puppem,

¹ There is an ellipse here: the meaning is "But for pre-ordained destiny, [Pompey might have escaped; for] all his companions . . ."

BOOK VIII

crash of that great name? do you, foul mockery of a man, dare to thrust in your sacrilegious hands when heaven is thundering? If Pompey were not a world-conqueror, not one who had thrice driven in triumph to the Capitol; if he were not the ruler of kings, the champion of the Senate, and the son-in-law of Caesar,—he would be at least a Roman, and that might have been enough for a king of Egypt; why do you probe a Roman heart with your sword, presumptuous boy? You do not realise your own position: already you wear the crown of Egypt with no right to it, because he who gave it to you has been overthrown by civil warfare.—Now Magnus had robbed the wind of his sails and was using oars to bring him to the accursed coast, when the murderous band came alongside to meet him in a little two-oared boat. Pretending that he was welcome to the kingdom of Egypt, they invited him to step into their little craft from the stern of his tall vessel, blaming the scanty anchorage, and the surf of two seas that broke upon the shallows and hindered foreign ships from access to the land. But for the law of destiny, and but for the approach of a tragic end inflicted by decree of the eternal order, which were drawing Magnus to the shore under sentence of death—every one of his companions¹ felt a presentiment of the murder; for, if there were genuine loyalty, if the palace were thrown open with true devotion to Magnus who conferred the royal power upon it, then the Egyptian monarch would have come with all his fleet. But Pompey yielded to destiny and obeyed when asked to leave his ships, and chose to die rather than betray fear. Cornelia hastened to enter the hostile craft, the less

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Hoc magis inpatiens egresso desse marito,
Quod metuit clades. "Remane, temeraria coniunx,
Et tu, nate, precor, longeque a litore casus 580
Expectate meos et in hac cervice tyranni
Explore fidem" dixit. Sed surda vetanti
Tendebat geminas amens Cornelia palmas:
"Quo sine me crudelis abis? iterumne relinquer
Thessalicis summotam malis? numquam omine laeto 585
Distrahimur miseri. Poteras non flectere puppem,
Cum fugeres alto, latebrisque relinquere Lesbi,
Omnibus a terris si nos arcere parabas.
An tantum in fluctus placeo comes?" Haec ubi frustra
Effudit, prima pendet tamen anxia puppe, 590
Attonitoque metu nec quoquam avertere visus
Nec Magnum spectare potest. Stetit anxia classis
Ad ducis eventum, metuens non arma nefasque
Sed ne summissis precibus Pompeius adoret 595
Sceptra sua donata manu. Transire parantem
Romanus Pharia miles de puppe salutat
Septimius, qui, pro superum pudor, arma satelles
Regia gestabat posito deformia pilo,
Inmanis, violentus, atrox nullaque ferarum
Mitior in caedes. Quis non, Fortuna, putasset 600
Parcere te populis, quod bello haec dextra vacaret,
Thessaliaque procul tam noxia tela fugasses?
Disponis gladios, ne quo non fiat in orbe,
Heu, facinus civile tibi. Victoribus ipsis
480

BOOK VIII

willing to be left behind by her husband when he disembarked because she feared disaster. But he said: "Stay behind, rash wife, and you, my son, I pray; watch from afar what befalls me on shore, and use my head to test the loyalty of the king." But Cornelia, deaf to his refusal, wildly stretched out both her hands: "Whither are you departing and cruelly leaving me behind? am I deserted a second time, I who was kept away from the horrors of Pharsalia? Ill-omened ever are our partings. You might, when you fled across the sea, have sailed straight on and left me in my hiding-place at Lesbos, if you intended to exclude me from every shore. Is my company displeasing to you except at sea?" When she had poured forth this remonstrance in vain, yet in her agony she hung over the end of the ship, and panic fear prevented her either from turning her eyes away or from looking steadily at Magnus. The ships lay there at anchor, uneasy for the fortunes of their leader; they feared not murderous weapons, but that Pompey might bow with humble petitions before the sceptre his own hand had bestowed. As he prepared to step across, a Roman soldier hailed him from the Egyptian boat. This was Septimius, who—shame on the gods!—had laid down the pilum and carried the unworthy weapons of the king whose minion he was: a savage, wild, and cruel man, and bloodthirsty as any wild beast. Who would not have thought that Fortune showed mercy to mankind when she banished a sword so guilty far from Pharsalia, and when his hand took no part in the battle? No: she scatters her assassins, that murder of Roman by Roman may be wrought in every part of earth to please her.

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Dedecus et numquam superum caritura pudore 605
 Fabula : Romanus regi sic paruit ensis,
 Pellaeusque puer gladio tibi colla recidit,
 Magne, tuo. Qua posteritas in saecula mittet
 Septimium fama? scelus hoc quo nomine dicent,
 Qui Bruti dixere nefas? Iam venerat horae 610
 Terminus extremae, Phariamque ablatus in alnum
 Perdiderat iam iura sui. Tum stringere ferrum
 Regia monstra parant. Ut vidit comminus enses,
 Involvit voltus atque, indignatus apertum
 Fortunae praebere, caput; tum lumina pressit 615
 Continuitque animam, ne quas effundere voces
 Vellet et aeternam fletu corrumpere famam.
 Sed postquam mucrone latus funestus Achilles
 Perfodit, nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum
 Respexitque nefas, servatque immobile corpus, 620
 Seque probat moriens atque haec in pectore volvit :
 "Saecula Romanos numquam tacitura labores
 Attendunt, acvumque sequens speculatur ab omni
 Orbe ratem Phariamque fidem : nunc consule famae.
 Fata tibi longae fluxerunt prospera vitae ; 625
 Ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,
 An scieris adversa pati. Ne cede pudori
 Auctoremque dole fati : quacumque feriris,
 Crede manum soceri. Spargant lacerentque licebit,
 Sum tamen, o superi, felix, nullique potestas 630
 Hoc auferre deo. Mutantur prospera vita :
 Non fit morte miser. Videt hanc Cornelia caedem

¹ Septimius had once served under Pompey. ² Ptolemy.

BOOK VIII

Disgrace to Caesar himself, a tale that will always bring reproach on Heaven—a Roman sword obeyed such a behest of the king, and the head of Magnus was cut off with his own sword¹ by the Macedonian boy.² With what infamy will posterity hand the name of Septimius down to future ages? What name will those who called the deed of Brutus a sin apply to this crime?—Now the limit of his last hour had come; he was borne off in the Egyptian boat and had already lost the power of free action. Next, the king's assassins begin to bare the steel. When Pompey saw the blades come close, he covered his face and head, disdaining to expose them bare to the stroke of doom; then he closed tight his eyes and held his breath, that he might have no power of utterance and might not mar his immortal glory by tears. But when murderous Achilles had driven the point through his side, he did not acknowledge the blow by any cry or take heed of the horror, but remained motionless, and tested his strength in the hour of death; and these thoughts passed through his mind: "Future ages, that will never forget the tragedy of Rome, are watching now, and from every quarter of the world time coming gazes at this boat and the treachery of Egypt; think now of fame. Through a long life the tide of your success never slackened; men do not know, unless you prove it by your death, whether you were able to endure adversity. Sink not beneath the shame, nor resent the instrument of doom: whatever the hand that slays you, believe it to be the hand of your kinsman. Though men scatter and mutilate my limbs, nevertheless, ye gods, I am a fortunate man, and of this no god can deprive me. For life brings change to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Pompeiusque meus : tanto patientius, oro,
 Clude, dolor, gemitus ; natus coniunxque peremptum,
 Si mirantur, amant." Talis custodia Magno 635
 Mentis erat, ius hoc animi morientis habebat.

At non tam patiens Cornelia cernere saevum,
 Quam perferre, nefas miserandis aethera complet
 Vocibus : " O coniunx, ego te scelerata peremi :
 Letiferae tibi causa morae fuit avia Lesbos, 640
 Et prior in Nili pervenit litora Caesar ;
 Nam cui ius alii sceleris ? Sed, quisquis in istud
 A superis inmisit caput vel Caesaris irae
 Vel tibi prospiciens, nescis, crudelis, ubi ipsa
 Viscera sint Magni ; properas atque ingeris ictus, 645
 Qua votum est victo. Poenas non morte minores
 Pendat et ante meum videat caput. Haud ego culpa
 Libera bellorum, quae matrum sola per undas
 Et per castra comes nullis absterrita fatis
 Victum, quod reges etiam timuere, recepi. 650
 Hoc merui, coniunx, in tuta puppe relinqui ?
 Perfide, parcebas ? te fata extrema petente
 Vita digna fui ? moriar, nec munere regis.
 Aut mihi praecipitem, nautae, permittite saltum,
 Aut laqueum collo tortosque aptare rudentes, 655
 Aut aliquis Magno dignus comes exigat ense ;
 Pompeio praestare potest, quod Caesaris armis
 Inputet. O saevi, properantem in fata tenetis ?

BOOK VIII

prosperity, but death can make no man wretched. Cornelia and my son see this murder done ; therefore I call on my resentment to stifle its complaints all the more steadfastly ; my wife and son love me dead the more, if my death win their admiration." Such control had Magnus over his thoughts, such mastery over his mind, when he was dying.

But Cornelia, less patient to behold that cruel outrage than to endure it herself, filled the air with pitiful cries : " Dear husband, I am guilty of your death : your fatal delay was caused by the remoteness of Lesbos, and Caesar has reached the shore of Egypt before you ; none else could have power to command this crime. But whoever you are who have been sent by Heaven against that life, whether serving the anger of Caesar or your own, you know not, ruthless man, where the very heart of Magnus lies ; in haste you shower your blows where he, in his defeat, welcomes them. Let him pay a penalty not less than death by seeing my head fall first. I am not blameless in respect of the war ; for I was the only matron who followed him on sea and in camp ; I was deterred by no disasters, but harboured him in defeat, which even kings were afraid to do. And is this my reward from my husband, to be left behind in the safety of the ship ? Would you spare me, faithless husband ? Did I deserve to live when you went to your death ? I shall die, nor owe it to King Ptolemy. Suffer me, ye sailors, either to leap headlong, or to fit a noose of twisted rope round my neck ; or let some friend of Pompey prove worthy of Pompey by driving home his sword in my body. He may do it for Pompey's sake and yet claim it as a service to Caesar's cause. Cruel men, do you check

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Vivis adhuc, coniunx, et iam Cornelia non est
 Iuris, Magne, sui : prohibent accersere mortem ; 660
 Servor victori." Sic fata interque suorum
 Lapsa manus rapitur trepida fugiente carina.

At Magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,
 Permansisse decus sacrae venerabile formae
 Iratamque deis faciem, nil ultima mortis 665

Ex habitu voltuque viri mutasse fatentur,
 Qui lacerum videre caput. Nam saevus in ipso
 Septimius sceleris maius scelus invenit actu,
 Ac reteggit sacros scisso velamine voltus
 Semianimis Magni spirantiaque occupat ora 670

Collaque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
 Tunc nervos venasque secat nodosaque frangit
 Ossa diu ; nondum artis erat caput ense rotare.
 At postquam trunco cervix abscisa recessit,
 Vindicat hoc Pharius, dextra gestare, satelles. 675

Degener atque operae miles Romane secundae,
 Pompei diro sacrum caput ense recidis,
 Ut non ipse feras ? o summi fata pudoris !
 Inpius ut Magnum nosset puer, illa verenda
 Regibus hirta coma et generosa fronte decora 680

Caesaries comprehensa manu est, Pharioque veruto,
 Dum vivunt voltus atque os in murmura pulsant
 Singultus animae, dum lumina nuda rigescunt,
 Suffixum caput est, quo numquam bella iubente

¹ Achilles.

BOOK VIII

my haste to die? Though you, my husband, are still alive, Cornelia has already ceased to be free: they forbid me to summon death, and I am kept alive for Caesar." Thus she spoke, and was carried away, swooning, in friendly arms, while the ship made haste to fly.

But those who saw the severed head of Magnus admit that, when the steel clashed on his back and breast, the majestic beauty of those sacred features, and the face that frowned at Heaven, suffered no change; and that the utmost death could do made no alteration in the bearing and countenance of the hero. The head was severed; for savage Septimius, in the very doing of his crime, devised a crime still worse. He slit the covering and unveiled the sacred features of the dying man; he seized the still breathing head and laid the drooping neck across a thwart. Next, he severed the muscles and veins and hacked long at the knotted bones: it was not yet a knack to send a head spinning with a sword-cut. But when the neck was severed and parted from the body, the Egyptian minion¹ claims this privilege—to carry it in his right hand. A Roman soldier sinks so low as to take a second part: he cuts off the sacred head of Pompey with his cursed sword in order that another may carry it! What a depth of ignominy was his! That the sacrilegious boy might recognise Magnus, those manly locks that kings revered and the hair that graced his noble brow were gripped by the hand; and, while the features still showed life and the sobbing breath drove sound through the lips, and the stark eyes stiffened, the head was stuck on an Egyptian pike—that head, whose call to war ever banished peace;

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Pax fuit ; hoc leges Campumque et rostra movebat, 685
 Hac facie, Fortuna, tibi, Romana, placebas.
 Nec satis infando fuit hoc vidisse tyranno :
 Volt sceleris superesse fidem. Tunc arte nefanda
 Summota est capiti tabes, raptoque cerebro
 Adsiccata cutis, putrisque effluxit ab alto 690
 Umor, et infuso facies solidata veneno est.
 Ultima Lageae stirpis perituraque proles,
 Degener, incestae sceptris cessure sorori,
 Cum tibi sacrato Macedon servetur in antro
 Et regum cineres extracto monte quiescant, 695
 Cum Ptolemaeorum manes seriemque pudendam
 Pyramides claudant indignaque Mausolea,
 Litora Pompeium feriunt, truncusque vadosis
 Huc illuc iactatur aquis. Adeone molesta
 Totum cura fuit socero servare cadaver ? 700
 Hac Fortuna fide Magni tam prospera fata
 Pertulit, hac illum summo de culmine rerum
 Morte petit cladesque omnes exegit in uno
 Saeva die, quibus immunes tot praestitit annos,
 Pompeiusque fuit, qui numquam mixta videret 705
 Laeta malis, felix nullo turbante deorum
 Et nullo parcente miser ; semel inpulit illum
 Dilata Fortuna manu. Pulsatur harenis,
 Carpitur in scopulis hausto per volnera fluctu,
 Ludibrium pelagi, nullaque manente figura 710

¹ The elections, which were held in the Campus Martius.

² Alexander the Great.

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the head, which swayed the Senate, the Campus,¹ and the Rostrum; that was the face which the Fortune of Rome was proud to wear. The sight of it was not enough for the infamous king: he wished proof of his guilt to remain. Thereupon, by their hideous art the blood was drained from the head, the brain torn out, and the skin dried; the corrupting moisture was drawn out from the inmost parts, and the features were hardened by the infusion of drugs.

Last scion of the line of Lagus, doomed and degenerate king, who must surrender your crown to your incestuous sister, though you preserve the Macedonian² in consecrated vault and the ashes of the Pharaohs rest beneath a mountain of masonry, though the dead Ptolemies and their unworthy dynasty are covered by pyramids and mausoleums too good for them, Pompey is battered on the shore, and his headless body is tossed hither and thither in the shallows. Was it so troublesome a task to keep the whole body for his kinsman to see? So true to her bargain, did Fortune continue to the end the prosperity of Magnus; so true to her bargain, she summoned him at his death from his pinnacle of glory, and ruthlessly made him pay in a single day for all the disasters from which she protected him for many years; and Pompey was the only man who never experienced good and evil together: his prosperity no god disturbed, and on his misery no god had mercy. Fortune held her hand for long and then overthrew him with one blow. He is tossed on the sands and mangled on the rocks, while his wounds drink in the wave; he is the plaything of Ocean, and, when all shape is

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Una nota est Magno capitis iactura revolsi.

Ante tamen Pharias victor quam tangat harenas,
 Pompeio raptim tumulum fortuna paravit,
 Ne iaceat nullo vel ne meliore sepulchro :
 E latebris pavidus decurrit ad aequora Cordus. 715
 Quaestor ab Icario Cinyreae litore Cypri
 Infaustus Magni fuerat comes. Ille per umbras
 Ausus ferre gradum victum pietate timorem
 Conpulit, ut mediis quaesitum corpus in undis
 Duceret ad terram traheretque in litora Magnum. 720
 Lucis maesta parum per densas Cynthia nubes
 Praebebatur; cano sed discolor aequore truncus
 Conspicitur. Tenet ille ducem complexibus artis
 Eripiente mari; tunc victus pondere tanto
 Expectat fluctus pelagoque iuvante cadaver 725
 Impellit. Postquam sicco iam litore sedit,
 Incubuit Magno lacrimasque effudit in omne
 Volnus, et ad superos obscuraque sidera fatur :
 " Non pretiosa petit cumulatō ture sepulchra
 Pompeius, Fortuna, tuus, non pinguis ad astra 730
 Ut ferat e membris Eoos fumus odores,
 Ut Romana suum gestent pia colla parentem,
 Praeferat ut veteres feralis pompa triumphos,
 Ut resonent tristi cantu fora, totus ut ignes
 Proiectis maerens exercitus ambiat armis. 735
 Da vilem Magno plebei funeris arcam,
 Quae lacerum corpus siccos effundat in ignes ;

¹ The meaning of this epithet is unknown.

² *I.e.* not fed with spices.

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lost, the one mark to identify Magnus is the absence of the severed head.

But before Caesar could reach the sands of Egypt, Fortune devised a hasty burial for Pompey, that he might not lack a tomb, or that he might not have a better. In fear and haste Cordus came down from his hiding-place to the sea; as quaestor he had made the ill-starred voyage with Magnus from the Icarian¹ shore of Cyprus, where Cinyras once reigned. Under cover of darkness he dared to come, and forced his fear, mastered by duty, to seek the body amid the waves, and draw it to land and drag Magnus to the shore. A sad moon shed but scanty light through thick clouds; but the headless body was visible by its different colour in the foaming waves. He grasped his leader tight against the snatching of the sea; then, unequal to that mighty burden, he waited for a wave and then pushed on the body with the sea to help him. When it came to rest above the water-line, he cast himself upon Magnus, pouring tears into every wound; and thus he addressed Heaven and the dim stars: "No costly pyre with heaped-up incense does your favourite, Pompey, ask of you, Fortune; he does not ask that the rich smoke should carry to the stars Eastern perfumes from his limbs; that devoted Romans should bear on their shoulders the dear father of his country; that the funeral procession should display his former trophies; that the Forum should be filled with mournful music; or that a whole army, with dropped arms, should march mourning round the burning pile. But grant to Magnus the paltry bier of a pauper's burial, to let down the mutilated body on the unfed² fires; let not the hapless corpse

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Robora non desint misero nec sordidus ustor.
Sit satis, o superi, quod non Cornelia fuso
Crine iacet subicique facem complexa maritum 740
Imperat, extremo sed abest a munere busti
Infelix coniunx nec adhuc a litore longe est.”
Sic fatus parvos iuuenis procul aspicit ignes
Corpus vile suis nullo custode cremantes.
Inde rapit flammam semustaque robora membris 745
Subducit. “Quaecumque es,” ait “neglecta nec ulli
Cara tuo sed Pompeio felicior umbra,
Quod iam conpositum violat manus hospita bustum,
Da veniam ; si quid sensus post fata relictum,
Cedis et ipsa rogo paterisque haec damna sepulchri, 750
Teque pudet sparsis Pompei manibus uri.”
Sic fatus plenusque sinus ardente favilla
Pervolat ad truncum, qui fluctu paene relatus
Litore pendebat. Summas dimovit harenas
Et collecta procul lacerae fragmenta carinae 755
Exigua trepidus posuit scrobe. Nobile corpus
Robora nulla premunt, nulla strue membra recumbunt :
Admotus Magnum, non subditus, accipit ignis.
Ille sedens iuxta flammam “O maxime” dixit
“Ductor et Hesperii maiestas nominis una, 760
Si tibi iactatu pelagi, si funere nullo
Tristior iste rogo, manes animamque potentem
Officiis averte meis : iniuria fati
Hoc fas esse iubet ; ne ponti belua quidquam,
Ne fera, ne volucres, ne saevi Caesaris ira 765

BOOK VIII

lack wood or a mean hand to kindle it. Be content with this, ye gods, that Cornelia does not lie prostrate with dishevelled hair—does not embrace her husband and bid the torch be applied; that his unhappy wife, though still not far distant from the shore, is not here to pay her last tribute to the dead.” When the youth had spoken thus, he saw at a distance a feeble fire that was burning a corpse uncared for and unguarded. Thence he took fire in haste and drew the charred logs from beneath the body. “Whoever you are,” he said, “uncared for and unloved by any of your kin, but yet more fortunate after death than Pompey, pardon the stranger hand that robs your pyre once laid. If aught of feeling survives death, you willingly resign your pyre and permit this robbery of your grave; and you are ashamed, when the body of Pompey is divided, to find cremation yourself.” Thus he spoke, and having filled his lap with the burning embers he flew back to the body, which, as it hung upon the shore, had nearly been carried back by a wave. He scraped away the surface of the sand, and hastily laid in a narrow trench the pieces of a broken boat which he had gathered at a distance. No wood supports that famous corpse, on no pile are the limbs laid; the fire that receives Magnus is not laid beneath him but beside him. Sitting near the fire, Cordus said: “Mighty captain and unequalled glory of the Roman people, if this pyre is more distressful to you than to be tossed by the sea, or than no burial at all, then turn away your spirit and your mighty ghost from the service I render; the wrong of Fate makes this right; that no sea monster or beast or bird or wrath of cruel

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Audeat, exiguam, quantum potes, accipe flammam,
 Romana succense manu. Fortuna recursus
 Si det in Hesperiam, non hac in sede quiescent
 Tam sacri cineres, sed te Cornelia, Magne,
 Accipiet nostraque manu transfundet in urnam. 770
 Interea parvo signemus litora saxo,
 Ut nota sit busti; si quis placare peremptum
 Forte volet plenos et reddere mortis honores,
 Inveniat trunci cineres et norit harenas,
 Ad quas, Magne, tuum referat caput." Haec ubi fatus,
 Excitat invalidas admoto fomite flammās. 776
 Carpitur et lentum Magnus destillat in ignem
 Tabe fovens bustum. Sed iam percusserat astra
 Aurorae praemissa dies: ille ordine rupto
 Funeris attonitus latebras in litore quaerit. 780
 Quam metuis, demens, isto pro crimine poenam,
 Quo te fama loquax omnes accepit in annos?
 Condita laudabit Magni socer inpius ossa:
 I modo securus veniae fassusque sepulchrum
 Posce caput. Cogit pietas inponere finem 785
 Officio. Semusta rapit resolutaque nondum
 Ossa satis nervis et iniustis plena medullis
 Aequorea restinguit aqua congestaque in unum
 Parva elusit humo. Tunc, ne levis aura relectos
 Auferret cineres, saxo compressit harenam, 790
 Nautaque ne bustum religato fune moveret,
 Inscrisit sacrum semusto stipite nomen:
 "Hic situs est Magnus." Placet hoc, Fortuna, sepul-
 chrum

¹ What is known in the East as "false dawn."

BOOK VIII

Caesar may make bold, accept all that is possible for you—this scanty flame; a Roman hand has kindled your corpse. If Fortune grant us a return to Italy, not here will these sacred ashes rest; but Cornelia will recover you, Magnus, and will transfer them from my hand to an urn. Meanwhile, let me mark the place on the shore with a small stone to be a token of your grave; if any man haply desires to make atonement to your spirit and give you your due of funeral honours, let him find the ashes of the body, and recognise the strand to which he must restore your head.” Having spoken thus, he brightens the feeble flame with a fresh supply of fuel. Slowly the body of Magnus is consumed and melts into the fire, feeding the flame with the dissolving flesh. But by now the daylight¹ which precedes the dawn had smitten the stars; and he broke off the rites and sought in terror his hiding-place upon the shore. What punishment do you dread, poor fool, for your crime, because of which the voice of Fame has made you welcome for all time to come? His unnatural kinsman will approve the burial of Pompey’s bones. Nay go, secure of pardon, confess that you buried him, and demand the head.—Duty compels him to complete his service. He snatched the charred bones not yet entirely parted from the muscles, and quenched them, full of the scorched marrow, with sea water; then he piled them together and hid them beneath a handful of earth. Next, lest a light breeze should bare and scatter the ashes, he planted a stone in the sand; and that no sailor might disturb the tomb by mooring his bark there, he used a charred stick to write the sacred name upon it: “Here Magnus lies.” Is it the will of Fortune to call this the grave of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Dicere Pompei, quo condi maluit illum	
Quam terra caruisse socer? Temeraria dextra,	795
Cur obicis Magno tumulum manesque vagantes	
Includis? Situs est, qua terra extrema refuso	
Pendet in Oceano; Romanum nomen et omne	
Imperium Magno tumuli est modus; obrue saxa	
Crimine plena deum. Si tota est Herculis Oete	800
Et iuga tota vacant Bromio Nyseia, quare	
Unus in Aegypto Magni lapis? omnia Lagi	
Arva tenere potest, si nullo caespite nomen	
Haeserit. Erremus populi cinerumque tuorum,	
Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus harenas.	805
Quod si tam sacro dignaris nomine saxum,	
Adde actus tantos monumentaque maxima rerum,	
Adde trucis Lepidi motus Alpinaque bella	
Armaque Sertori revocato consule victa	
Et currus, quos egit eques, commercia tuta	810
Gentibus et pavidos Cilicas maris; adde subactam	
Barbariem gentesque vagas et quidquid in Euro	
Regnorum Boreaque iacet. Dic semper ab armis	
Civilem repetisse togam, ter curribus actis	
Contentum multos patriae donasse triumphos.	815
Quis capit haec tumulus? surgit miserabile bustum	
Non ullis plenum titulis, non ordine tanto	
Fastorum; solitumque legi super alta deorum	
Culmina et extractos spoliis hostilibus arcus	
Haud procul est ima Pompei nomen harena	820

¹ As a worse outrage.

BOOK VIII

Pompey—this grave which Caesar preferred¹ for his son-in-law to no burial at all? Rash hand, why do you thrust a tomb on Magnus, and imprison the spirit that roams free? His burial-place extends as far as the most distant land that floats on the circling stream of Ocean; the Roman name and all the Roman empire are the limit of Pompey's grave. Away with that stone, eloquent in reproach of Heaven! If all Oeta belongs to Hercules, and the hills of Nysa own no lord but Bacchus alone, why is there but a single stone in Egypt for Magnus? He can fill all the kingdom of Lagus, if his name were fixed upon no grave. Then mankind would be in doubt, and, from fear to tread on the ashes of Magnus, we should avoid altogether the sands of Nile. But, if you think the stone worthy of that sacred name, then add his great achievements and the records of his mighty deeds; add the rising of fierce Lepidus and the Alpine war; the victory over Sertorius, when the consul was recalled, and the triumph which he celebrated while yet a knight; write of commerce made safe for all nations, and of the Cilicians scared from the sea. Tell how he subdued the barbarian world, and nomad peoples, and all the rulers of East and North. Say that ever after war he donned again the citizen's gown, and that, content with three triumphal pageants, he excused his country many triumphs. What tomb has room for all this? There rises a pitiful grave-stone, rich with no records or long roll of offices; and the name of Pompey, which men were wont to read upon lofty temples of the gods and upon arches reared with spoils of our foes,—that name is little raised above the lowly sand, and set so low upon

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Depressum tumulo, quod non legat advena rectus,
 Quod nisi monstratum Romanus transeat hospes.

Noxia civili tellus Aegyptia fato,
 Haud equidem inmerito Cumanae carmine vatis
 Cautum, ne Nili Pelusia tangeret ora 825
 Hesperius miles ripasque aestate tumentes.
 Quid tibi, saeva, precer pro tanto crimine, tellus ?
 Vertat aquas Nilus quo nascitur orbe retentus,
 Et steriles egeant hibernis imbribus agri,
 Totaque in Aethiopum putres solvaris harenas. 830
 Nos in templa tuam Romana recepimus Isim
 Semideosque canes et sinistra iubentia luctus
 Et, quem tu plangens hominem testaris, Osirim :
 Tu nostros, Aegypte, tenes in pulvere manes.
 Tu quoque, cum saevo dederis iam templa tyranno, 835
 Nondum Pompei cineres, o Roma, petisti ;
 Exul adhuc iacet umbra ducis. Si saecula prima
 Victoris timuere minas, nunc excipe saltem
 Ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu
 Invisa tellure sedent. Quis busta timebit, 840
 Quis sacris dignam movisse verebitur umbram ?
 Imperet hoc nobis utinam scelus 'et velit uti
 Nostro Roma sinu : satis o nimiumque beatus,
 Si mihi contingat manes transferre revolsos
 Ausoniam, si tale ducis violare sepulchrum. 845
 Forsitan, aut sulco sterili cum poscere finem
 A superis aut Roma volet feralibus Austris
 Ignibus aut nimiis aut terrae tecta moventi,
 Consilio iussuque deum transibis in urbem,

¹ Caesar.

BOOK VIII

the grave that a stranger must stoop to read it, and a visitor from Rome would pass it by if it were not pointed out.

O land of Egypt, guilty of the destinies of civil war, with good reason did the Sibyl of Cumae warn us in her verse, that no Roman soldier should visit the mouths of the Nile in Egypt, and those banks which the summer floods. What curse can I invoke upon that ruthless land in reward for so great a crime? May Nile reverse his waters and be stayed in the region where he rises; may the barren fields crave winter rains; and may all the soil break up into the crumbling sands of Ethiopia. Though we have admitted to Roman temples your Isis and your dogs half divine, the rattle which bids the worshipper wail, and the Osiris whom you prove to be mortal by mourning for him, yet you, Egypt, keep our dead a prisoner in your dust. Rome too, though she has already given a temple to the cruel tyrant,¹ has not yet claimed the ashes of Pompey, and his ghost still lies in exile. If the first generation dreaded Caesar's threats, now at least let her welcome the bones of her beloved Magnus, if they still remain in that hated land and are not yet washed away by the sea. Who will fear to trouble the tomb, and dread to remove the dead so worthy of worship? Oh, that Rome would bid me do this wrong, and deign to make use of my arms! Happy, too happy, should I be, if it were mine to unearth the remains and convey them to Italy, and to violate a tomb so unworthy of them. Perhaps, when Rome shall pray from Heaven a cure for barren fields or pestilential winds or excessive heats or earthquake, then, at the advice and bidding of

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Magne, tuam, summusque feret tua busta sacerdos. 859
 Nam quis ad exustam Cancro torrente Syenen
 Ibit et imbrifera siccas sub Pliade Thebas
 Spectator Nili, quis rubri stagna profundi
 Aut Arabum portus mercis mutator Eoae,
 Magne, petet, quem non tumuli venerabile saxum 865
 Et cinis in summis forsant turbatus harenis
 Avertet manesque tuos placare iubebit
 Et Casio praeferre Iovi? Nil ista nocebunt
 Famae busta tuae: templis auroque sepultus
 Vilior umbra fores. Nunc est pro numine summo 869
 Hoc tumulo Fortuna iacens: augustius aris
 Victoris Libyco pulsatur in aequore saxum.
 Tarpeis qui saepe deis sua tura negarunt,
 Inclusum Tusco venerantur caespite fulmen.
 Proderit hoc olim, quod non mansura futuris 873
 Ardua marmoreo surrexit pondere moles.
 Pulveris exigui sparget non longa vetustas
 Congeriem, bustumque cadet, mortisque peribunt
 Argumenta tuae. Veniet felicior aetas,
 Qua sit nulla fides saxum monstrantibus illud; 877
 Atque erit Aegyptus populis fortasse nepotum
 Tam mendax Magni tumulo quam Creta Tonantis.

¹ Of Mount Casion, near Pelusium.

² Fortune is here identified with her favourite, Pompey.

³ That is, the place struck by lightning: the Romans called such a place *bidental* or *puteal*, and treated it as consecrated ground.

⁴ The Cretans pointed out a place in their island which was said to be the tomb of Zeus (Jupiter).

BOOK VIII

the gods, you will pass, Magnus, to your loved city, and the chief Pontiff will bear your ashes. Even now, if any man travels to Syene, parched by flaming Cancer, and to Thebes, unwetted even under the rain-bearing Pleiads, in order to behold the Nile; if any man seeks the quiet waters of the Red Sea or the ports of Arabia to traffic in Eastern wares—that gravestone, and those ashes, perhaps disturbed and lying on the surface of the sand, will call him aside to worship, and bid him appease the spirit of Magnus, and give it the preference over Casian¹ Jupiter. That grave will never mar his fame; the dead would be less precious if buried in temples and gold. Fortune, lying in this tomb, is now at last a supreme deity;² prouder than all Caesar's altars is the sea-beaten stone on the shore of Africa. Many, who deny to the deities of the Capitol the incense which is their due, worship the thunderbolt³ fenced in by the augur's turf. One day it will prove a gain that no lofty pile of massive marble was raised here to last for ever. For a short space of time will scatter the little heap of dust; the grave will fall in; and all proof of Pompey's death will be lost. A happier age will come, when those who point out that stone will be disbelieved, and perhaps our descendants will consider Egypt as false in her tale of Pompey's tomb as Crete when she claims the tomb of Jupiter.⁴

BOOK IX

LIBER NONVS

At non in Pharia manes iacuere favilla,
Nec cinis exiguus tantam conpescuit umbram :
Prosiluit busto semustaque membra relinquens
Degeneremque rogam sequitur convexa Tonantis. 5
Qua niger astriferis conecitur axibus aer
Quodque patet terras inter lunaequae meatus,
Semidei manes habitant, quos ignea virtus
Innocuos vita patientes aetheris imi
Fecit, et aeternos animam collegit in orbes :
Non illuc auro positi nec ture sepulti 10
Perveniunt. Illic postquam se lumine vero
Inplevit, stellasque vagas miratus et astra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte iaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.
Hinc super Emathiae campos et signa cruenti 15
Caesaris ac sparsas volitavit in aequore classes,
Et scelerum vindex in sancto pectore Bruti
Sedit et invicti posuit se mente Catonis.
Ille, ubi pendebant casus dubiumque manebat,
Quem dominum mundi facerent civilia bella, 20
Oderat et Magnum, quamvis comes isset in arma

¹ The Stoics taught that the souls of the virtuous ascend to the moon's orbit, at which the dark air ends and the bright ether begins.

BOOK IX

BUT the spirit of Pompey did not linger down in Egypt among the embers, nor did that handful of ashes prison his mighty ghost. Soaring up from the burning-place, it left the charred limbs and unworthy pyre behind, and sought the dome of the Thunderer. Where our dark atmosphere—the intervening space between earth and the moon's orbit—joins on to the starry spheres, there after death dwell heroes, whose fiery quality has fitted them, after guiltless lives, to endure the lower limit of ether, and has brought their souls from all parts to the eternal spheres:¹ to those who are confined in gold and buried with incense that realm is barred. When he had steeped himself in the true light of that region, and gazed at the planets and the fixed stars of heaven, he saw the thick darkness that veils our day, and smiled at the mockery done to his headless body. Then his spirit flew above the field of Pharsalia, the standards of bloodthirsty Caesar, and the ships scattered over the sea, till it settled, as the avenger of guilt, in the righteous breast of Brutus, and took up its abode in the heart of unconquerable Cato.

While the issue remained uncertain, and none could tell whom the civil war would make master of the world, Cato hated Magnus as well as Caesar, though he had been swept away by his

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Auspiciis raptus patriae ductuque senatus ;
 At post Thessalicas clades iam pectore toto
 Pompeianus erat. Patriam tutore carentem
 Exceptit, populi trepidantia membra refovit, 25
 Ignavis manibus proiectos reddidit enses,
 Nec regnum cupiens gessit civilia bella
 Nec servire timens. Nil causa fecit in armis
 Ille sua : totae post Magni funera partes
 Libertatis erant. Quas ne per litora fusas 30
 Colligeret rapido victoria Caesaris actu,
 Corcyrae secreta petit ac mille carinis
 Abstulit Emathiae secum fragmenta ruinae.
 Quis ratibus tantis fugientia crederet ire
 Agmina ? quis pelagus victas artasse carinas ? 35
 Dorida tunc Malean et apertam Taenaron umbris,
 Inde Cythera petit, Boreaue urgente carinas
 Graia¹ fugit, Dictaea legit cedentibus undis
 Litora. Tunc ausum classi praecludere portus
 Inpulit ac saevas meritum Phycunta rapinas 40
 Sparsit, et hinc placidis alto delabitur auris
 In litus, Palinure, tuum,—neque enim aequore tantum
 Ausonio monumenta tenes, portusque quietos
 Testatur Libye Phrygio placuisse magistro—
 Cum procul ex alto tendentes vela carinae 45
 Ancipites tenere animos, sociosne malorum

¹ Graia *Housman* : Creta *MSS.*

¹ *I.e.* a fleet carrying men who had been defeated.

² Paliurus seems to be the right name of the cape in Africa
 Palinurus is a promontory on the coast of Lucania.

BOOK IX

country's cause to follow the Senate to Pompey's camp; but now, after the defeat of Pharsalia, he favoured Pompey with his whole heart. When his country had no guardian, he took her in charge; he revived the trembling limbs of the nation, and replaced the swords that coward hands had thrown down; and he carried on the civil war, without either seeking to be a tyrant or fearing to be a slave. He did naught in arms to serve his own ends; after the death of Magnus the whole party was the party of freedom. But they were scattered round the coasts; and, that victorious Caesar might not pick them all up in his rapid progress, Cato sought the retirement of Corcyra and carried away with him in a thousand ships the wreck of the disaster at Pharsalia. Who would have believed that an army, conveyed on so many vessels, was in flight, or that the sea had proved too narrow for a vanquished fleet?¹

Next he went to Malea of the Dorians and Taenarus where the dead may rise, and thence to Cythera. As the North wind sped on his keels, he shunned the shore of Greece and sailed along the coast of Crete, and the waves gave way before them. Then, when Phycus dared to close its harbour against the fleet, he overthrew it and laid in ruins a town which deserved to be sacked without mercy. Gentle breezes wafted him along the sea from here to the coast of Palinurus² (for his memory is preserved not only in Italian waters, and Africa bears witness that her peaceful harbour found favour with the Trojan steersman). Then the sight of ships sailing far out at sea kept them in suspense: were those crews partners in misfortune or enemies?

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

An veherent hostes : praeceps facit omne timendum
 Victor, et in nulla non creditur esse carina.
 Ast illae puppes luctus planctusque ferebant
 Et mala vel duri lacrimas motura Catonis. 50
 Nam postquam frustra precibus Cornelia nautas
 Privignique fugam tenuit, ne forte repulsus
 Litoribus Phariis remearet in aequora truncus,
 Ostenditque rogam non iusti flamma sepulchri,
 "Ergo indigna fui," dixit, "Fortuna, marito 55
 Accendisse rogam gelidosque effusa per artus
 Incubuisse viro, laceros exurere crines
 Membraque dispersi pelago componere Magni,
 Volneribus cunctis largos infundere fletus,
 Ossibus et tepida vestes implere favilla, 60
 Quidquid ab extincto licuisset tollere busto
 In templis sparsura deum? Sine funeris ullo
 Ardet honore rogam; manus hoc Aegyptia forsan
 Obtulit officium grave manibus. O bene nudi
 Crassorum cineres! Pompeio contigit ignis 65
 Invidia maiore deum. Similisne malorum
 Sors mihi semper erit? numquam dare iusta licebit
 Coniugibus? numquam plenas plangemus ad urnas?
 Quid porro tumulis opus est aut ulla requiris
 Instrumenta, dolor? non toto in pectore portas, 70
 In pia, Pompeium? non imis haeret imago
 Visceribus? quaerat cineres victura superstes.
 Nunc tamen hinc longe qui fulget luce maligna
 Ignis adhuc aliquid Phario de litore surgens

BOOK IX

The speed of Caesar makes everything dreadful, and they are convinced of his presence on every ship. No, these vessels were freighted with mourning and lamentation, and with a sorrow that might draw tears even from stern Cato.

For after Cornelia's prayers had fruitlessly stayed the flight of the sailors and her stepson, lest haply the corpse might be driven out to sea from the Egyptian shore, and when the flame revealed the pyre of those maimed rites, then she reproached Fortune: "Unworthy then was I to kindle my husband's pyre, to bend over the cold limbs, and throw myself upon the body; unworthy to burn my torn tresses, to gather the limbs of Magnus scattered in the sea, to pour a flood of tears into every wound, and to fill my bosom with the bones and warm ashes, with the purpose of sprinkling in the temples of the gods whatever I might gather from the extinguished flame. The pyre burns on with no funeral honours; perhaps some Egyptian hand proffered this service which the dead resents. Well is it that the remains of the Crassi lie unburied; the fire that was granted to Pompey shows greater spite on the part of Heaven. Shall my sad lot ever repeat itself? Shall I never be allowed to give due burial to a husband? Shall I never mourn over an urn that contains ashes? But what need is there of a grave, or why does grief require any trappings? Do I not, undutiful wife, carry Pompey in my whole breast? Does not his image cling to my inmost heart? Let a wife who intends to survive her husband seek his ashes. But now this fire, which shines far away with scanty light, as it rises from the Egyptian shore, still shows me some part of

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ostendit mihi, Magne, tui ; iam flamma resedit, 75
 Pompeiumque ferens vanescit solis ad ortus
 Fumus, et invisi tendunt mihi carbasa venti.
 Linquere, si qua fides, Pelusia litora nolo.
 Non mihi nunc tellus Pompeio si qua triumphos
 Victa dedit, non alta terens Capitolia currus
 Grator ; elapsus felix de pectore Magnus : 80
 Hunc volumus, quem Nilus habet, terraeque nocenti
 Non haerere queror ; crimen commendat harenas.
 Tu pete bellorum casus et signa per orbem,
 Sexte, paterna move ; namque haec mandata reliquit 85
 Pompeius vobis in nostra condita cura :
 ‘ Me cum fatalis leto damnaverit hora,
 Excipite, o nati, bellum civile, nec umquam,
 Dum terris aliquis nostra de stirpe manebit,
 Caesaribus regnare vacet. Vel sceptrata vel urbes 90
 Libertate sua validas impellite fama
 Nominis : has vobis partes, haec arma relinquo.
 Inveniet classes, quisquis Pompeius in undas
 Venerit, et noster nullis non gentibus heres
 Bella dabit : tantum indomitos memoresque paterni 95
 Iuris habete animos. Uni parere decebit,
 Si faciet partes pro libertate, Catoni.’
 Exsolvi tibi, Magne, fidem, mandata peregi.
 Insidiae valuere tuae, deceptaque vixi,
 Ne mihi commissas auferrem perfida voces. 100
 Iam nunc te per inane chaos, per Tartara, coniunx,

¹ The triumphal car of Pompey.

² She implies that Pompey gave her this commission in order to prevent her from committing suicide.

BOOK IX

you, Magnus. The flame has now died down, and the smoke that carries Pompey away fades at sunrise, and the hated winds are stretching the sails of my ship. With sorrow (if my words may be believed) I leave the coast of Egypt. More welcome is it to me than any conquered country which provided Pompey with triumphs, more welcome than the car¹ which rolled over the pavement of the lofty Capitol. The Magnus of prosperous days has passed from my memory; the Magnus I require is he whom the Nile possesses; and I complain that I may not cling to the guilty land; its very guilt endears the strand to me. I bid you, Sextus, face the hazards of war and carry on your father's warfare over all the world. For Pompey left this message for his sons, and it is treasured up in my memory: 'When the destined hour shall have condemned me to death, I bid you, my sons, take over civil war; and never, while any scion of my stock remains on earth, let the Caesars reign in peace. Rouse up by the glory of our name either kings or States that are strong in their own freedom; I leave you this part to play and these resources. A Pompey who takes to the sea will always find fleets, and my successor shall rouse all nations to war; only let your hearts be ever tameless and mindful of your father's power. Cato, and Cato alone, you may fitly obey, if he shall rally a party in defence of freedom.' I have fulfilled my promise to Magnus and done his bidding; his device² has been successful, and thus deceived I lived on, that I might not break faith and carry to the grave the words of his message. But now I will follow my husband through empty chaos and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Si sunt ulla, sequar, quam longo tradita leto,
 Incertum est : poenas animae vivacis ab ipsa
 Ante feram. Potuit cernens tua funera, Magne,
 Non fugere in mortem : planctu contusa peribit, 105
 Effluet in lacrimas : numquam veniemus ad enses
 Aut laqueos aut praecipites per inania iactus.
 Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.”
 Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obduxit amictu
 Decrevitque pati tenebras puppisque cavernis 110
 Delituit, saevumque arte complexa dolorem
 Perfruitur lacrimis et amat pro coniuge luctum.
 Illam non fluctus stridensque rudentibus Eurus
 Movit et exurgens ad summa pericula clamor,
 Votaque sollicitis faciens contraria nautis 115
 Conposita in mortem iacuit favitque procellis.
 Prima ratem Cypros spumantibus accipit undis ;
 Inde tenens pelagus, sed iam moderatior, Eurus
 In Libycas egit sedes et castra Catonis.
 Tristis, ut in multo mens est praesaga timore, 120
 Aspexit patrios comites a litore Magnus
 Et fratrem ; medias praeceps tunc fertur in undas :
 “ Dic, ubi sit, germane, parens ; stat summa caputque
 Orbis, an occidimus Romanaque Magnus ad umbras
 Abstulit ? ” Haec fatur ; quem contra talia frater : 125
 “ O felix, quem sors alias dispersit in oras
 Quique nefas audis : oculos, germane, nocentes

¹ Gnaeus the elder son.

BOOK IX

through Tartarus, if such a place there be. How distant the death to which I am doomed, I know not; ere it comes, I shall punish my life for lasting too long. It had the heart to see Magnus murdered and not to take refuge in death: it shall end, bruised by blows from my hands; it shall melt away in tears; never shall I resort to the sword or noose or a headlong fall through the air; shame to me if I cannot die of grief alone, when he is dead." When she had spoken thus, she covered her head with a mourning veil; determined to endure darkness, she hid in the hold of the ship, and, clasping closely her cruel sorrow, she makes tears her joy and loves her grief in place of her husband. Heedless of the waves, of the East wind that howled in the rigging, and of the shouting that rose higher as the danger grew, she lay in the attitude of death; what the frightened sailors prayed to escape, she prayed to suffer; and she took the side of the storms.

Cyprus with its foaming waves first received their ship; and then the East wind, still ruling the sea but with less fury, drove them to the land of Libya and Cato's camp. From the shore young Magnus¹ looked in sorrow, for the mind that fears intensely forebodes evil, at his brother and the companions of his father; then he rushed headlong right into the waves. "Brother, say where is our father. Is the head and crown of the world still standing, or are we destroyed, and has Magnus taken with him to the shades all that was Rome?" Thus Gnaeus spoke; and his brother answered him: "Happy are you, whom destiny drove to other lands, and who only hear the horror: my eyes are guilty, brother,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Spectato genitore fero. Non Caesaris armis
 Occubuit dignoque perit auctore ruinae :
 Rege sub inpuro Nilotica rura tenente, 130
 Hospitii fretus superis et munere tanto
 In proavos, cecidit donati victima regni.
 Vidi ego magnanimi lacerantes pectora patris,
 Nec credens Pharium tantum potuisse tyrannum
 Litore Niliaco socerum iam stare putavi. 135
 Sed me nec sanguis nec tantum volnera nostri
 Adfecere senis, quantum gestata per urbem
 Ora ducis, quae transfixo sublimia pilo
 Vidimus ; haec fama est oculis victoris iniqui
 Servari, scelerisque fidem quaesisse tyrannum. 140
 Nam corpus Phariaene canes avidaeque volucres
 Distulerint, an furtivus, quem vidimus, ignis
 Solverit, ignoro. Quaecumque iniuria fati
 Abstulit hos artus, superis haec crimina dono :
 Servata de parte queror." Cum talia Magnus 145
 Audisset, non in gemitus lacrimasque dolorem
 Effudit, iustaque furens pietate profatur :
 " Praecipitate rates e sicco litore, nautae ;
 Classis in adversos erumpat remige ventos.
 Ite, duces, mecum (nusquam civilibus armis 150
 Tanta fuit merces) inhumatos condere manes,
 Sanguine semiviri Magnum satiare tyranni.
 Non ego Pellaeas arces adytisque relectum
 Corpus Alexandri pigra Mareotide mergam ?

¹ See n. to v. 60.

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because they looked on at my father's death. He did not fall by Caesar's arms, and no worthy hand laid him low. In the power of the foul monarch who rules the land of Nile, relying on the gods of hospitality and on the great boon he had conferred upon the dynasty, he fell, to atone for having given to them the crown. These eyes saw them hacking at the breast of our noble father; and, not believing that the king of Egypt had possessed such power as that, I supposed that Caesar already stood on the shore of the Nile. But the blood and wounds of our aged sire moved me less than the carrying of his head through the city: I saw it borne aloft on a pike driven through it; men said that it was being kept for the cruel conqueror to view, and that the king desired proof of his crime. As to the body, I know not whether the dogs and greedy vultures of Egypt tore it to pieces, or whether it was destroyed by the surreptitious fire that we saw. Whatever outrage of destiny made away with those limbs, I pardon Heaven for that crime; but I complain of the part that was preserved." When young Magnus heard such a tale, he did not pour forth his grief in groans or tears; but, maddened by rightful love for a father, he cried: "Hurry down your ships, ye sailors, from the dry land; driven by the rowers, let the fleet burst out in the teeth of the wind: and go forth with me, ye leaders—nowhere was so great a prize offered to the fighters in civil war—to inter the unburied body of Magnus and appease his anger with the blood of the effeminate king. Shall I not drag forth the body of Alexander from its shrine and sink it, together with the Macedonian¹ city, beneath the sluggish waters of Lake Mareotis? Shall I not

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Non mihi pyramidum tumulis evolsus Amasis	155
Atque alii reges Nilo torrente natabunt?	
Omnia dent poenas nudo tibi, Magne, sepulchra.	
Evolvam busto iam numen gentibus Isim	
Et tectum lino spargam per volgus Osirim,	
Suppositisque deis uram caput. Has mihi poenas	160
Terra dabit: linguam vacuos cultoribus agros,	
Nec, Nilus cui crescat, erit, solusque tenebis	
Aegypton, genitor, populis superisque fugatis."	
Dixerat et classem saevus rapiebat in undas;	165
Sed Cato laudatam iuvenis conpescuit iram.	
Interea totis audito funere Magni	
Litoribus sonuit percussus planctibus aether,	
Exemploque carens et nulli cognitus aevo	
Luctus erat, mortem populos deflere potentis.	170
Sed magis, ut visa est lacrimis exhausta, solutas	
In voltus effusa comas, Cornelia puppe	
Egrediens, rursus geminato verbere plangunt.	
Ut primum in sociae pervenit litora terrae,	
Collegit vestes miserique insignia Magni	175
Armaque et impressas auro, quas gesserat olim,	
Exuvias pictasque togas, velamina summo	
Ter conspecta Iovi, funestoque intulit igni.	
Ille fuit miserae Magni cinis. Accipit omnis	
Exemplum pietas, et toto litore busta	180

¹ In Pompey's three triumphs:

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hale out Amasis and the other kings from their tombs in the Pyramids, and send them swimming down the current of the Nile? Let all their tombs make atonement to Magnus who has none at all. I shall rifle the grave of Isis, now worshipped over the world; the limbs of Osiris, swathed in linen, I shall scatter in the public streets; I shall lay the gods as fuel whereon to burn my father's head. And the land I shall punish too; I shall leave their fields with none to till them; the Nile shall rise, and there shall be none to use it; men and gods shall be expelled from Egypt, and you, my father, alone shall possess the land." Thus he spoke, and sought in his rage to launch the ships with speed; but Cato, while praising the youth, restrained his fury.

Meanwhile, when the death of Pompey was reported, all along the shore the sound of beaten breasts was heard, till the sky rang with it; unexampled was that mourning, and unknown to any age—that the common people should lament the death of a great man. But when Cornelia was seen disembarking, having wept till she could weep no more, and with her loosened hair falling down over her face, still more the people renewed their lamentation with redoubled blows. As soon as she reached the shore of a friendly land, she gathered together the garments and badges of her hapless husband, his weapons, and the robes, embroidered with gold, which he once had worn, and the toga of many colours—the dress which supreme Jupiter had thrice beheld¹—and placed them all upon a funeral fire. They were the ashes of her husband to her sad heart. Her example was followed by all loving hearts; and pyres were raised all along the shore,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Surgunt Thessalicis reddentia manibus ignem.
Sic, ubi depastis summittere gramina campis
Et renovare parans hibernas Apulus herbas
Igne fovet terras, simul et Garganus et arva
Volturis et calidi lucent buceta Matini. 185
Non tamen ad Magni pervenit gratius umbras
Omne quod in superos audet convicia volgus
Pompeiumque deis obicit, quam pauca Catonis
Verba sed a pleno venientia pectore veri.
“Civis obit,” inquit “multum maioribus inpar 190
Nosse modum iuris, sed in hoc tamen utilis aevo,
Cui non ulla fuit iusti reverentia; salva
Libertate potens et solus plebe parata
Privatus servire sibi rectorque senatus,
Sed regnantis, erat. Nil belli iure poposcit, 195
Quaeque dari voluit, voluit sibi posse negari.
Inmodicas possedit opes, sed plura retentis
Intulit. Invasit ferrum, sed ponere norat.
Praetulit arma togae, sed pacem armatus amavit;
Iuivit sumpta ducem, iuivit dimissa potestas. 200
Casta domus luxuque carens corruptaque numquam
Fortuna domini. Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi.
Olim vera fides Sulla Marioque receptis
Libertatis obit: Pompeo rebus adempto 205

BOOK IX

and gave their due of fire to the men who died at Pharsalia. So, when the Apulian burns the soil, in order to make grass grow on the close-cropped plains and get fresh herbage for winter, then Mount Garganus and the fields of Vultur and the pastures of warm Matinus send forth light together. Though all alike dared to revile Heaven, and blamed the gods for Pompey's death, yet a tribute as welcome to the shade of Magnus came in the words of Cato: few they were, but they came from a heart fraught with truth. He said: "The citizen who has fallen, though far inferior to our ancestors in recognising the limits of what is lawful, was yet valuable in our generation, which has shown no respect for justice. He was powerful without destroying freedom; he alone, when the people were willing to be his slaves, remained in private station; he ruled the Senate, but it was a Senate of kings. He based no claims upon the right of armed force; what he wished to receive, he wished that others should have the power to refuse him. He acquired enormous wealth; but he paid into the treasury more than he kept back. He snatched the sword; but he knew how to lay it down. He preferred war to peace; but he was a lover of peace even when he wielded the weapons of war. It pleased him to accept office, and it pleased him also to resign it. His household was pure and free from extravagance, and never spoilt by the greatness of its master. His name is illustrious and revered among all nations, and did much service to our own State. Sincere belief in Rome's freedom died long ago, when Sulla and Marius were admitted within the walls; but now, when Pompey has been removed from the world,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nunc et ficta perit. Non iam regnare pudebit,
 Nec color imperii nec frons erit ulla senatus.
 O felix, cui summa dies fuit obvia victo
 Et cui quaerendos Pharium scelus obtulit enses
 Forsitan in soceri potuisses vivere regno. 210
 Scire mori sors prima viris, sed proxima cogi.
 Et mihi, si fatis aliena in iura venimus,
 Fac talem, Fortuna, Iubam; non deprecor hosti
 Servari, dum me servet cervice recisa."

Vocibus his maior, quam si Romana sonarent 215
 Rostra ducis laudes, generosam venit ad umbram
 Mortis honos. Fremit interea discordia volgi,
 Castrorum bellique piget post funera Magni;
 Cum Tarcondimotus linquendi signa Catonis
 Sustulit. Hunc rapta fugientem classe secutus 220
 Litus in extremum tali Cato voce notavit:
 "O numquam pacate Cilix, iterumne rapinas
 Vadis in aequoreas? Magnum fortuna removit:
 Iam pelago pirata redis." Tum respicit omnes
 In coetu motuque viros, quorum unus aperta 225
 Mente fugae tali compellat voce regentem:
 "Nos, Cato, — da veniam — Pompei duxit in arma,
 Non belli civilis amor, partesque favore
 Fecimus. Ille iacet, quem paci praetulit orbis,

¹ *color imperii* means "a pretence of possessing military authority legally conferred" (Housman).

² Macaulay says of this speech (190-203): "a pure gem of rhetoric without one flaw and, in my opinion, not very far from historical truth" (*Life* I, p. 458).

³ The King of Cilicia.

BOOK IX

even the sham belief is dead. No tyrant need blush in future : there will be no pretence of military command,¹ and the Senate will never again be used as a screen. Fortunate was he, because his last day followed close on defeat, and because the Egyptian butchers forced upon him the death he should have courted. He might perhaps have stooped to go on living under the tyranny of his kinsman. Happiest of all men are those who know when to die ; and next come those upon whom death is forced. For myself, if destiny bring us into the power of others, I pray that Fortune will make Juba play the part of Ptolemy : I am willing enough that he should keep me for Caesar, on condition that he keeps me with my head cut off.”²

By these words greater honour in death was rendered to the noble shade than if the Rostrum at Rome had sounded his praise. Meanwhile the soldiery were loud in mutiny ; they were weary of the camp and warfare now that Pompey was dead ; and then Tarcondimotus³ raised the signal for deserting Cato. He snatched his ships for flight, but Cato followed him to the edge of the shore, and thus rebuked him : “ Do you go forth again to practise robbery on the seas, you Cilician who have never accepted peace ? Fortune has taken Magnus away, and at once you return to the sea as a pirate.” Then he looked at them all, as they crowded together in haste ; and one of them, whose intention to fly was clear, thus addressed the general : “ Pardon us, Cato. It was love of Pompey, not of civil war, that roused us to arms, and we took sides out of favour for him. But he lies low, whom the world preferred to peace, and our cause has ceased to

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Causaque nostra perit ; patrios permittite penates 230
 Desertamque domum dulcesque revisere natos.
 Nam quis erit finis, si nec Pharsalia pugnae
 Nec Pompeius erit? Perierunt tempora vitae :
 Mors eat in tutum, iustas sibi nostra senectus
 Prospiciat flammās ; bellum civile sepulchra 235
 Vix ducibus praestare potest. Non barbara victos
 Regna manent, non Armenium mihi saeva minatur
 Aut Scythicum fortuna iugum : sub iura togati
 Civis eo. Quisquis Magno vivente secundus,
 Hic mihi primus erit. Sacris praestabitur umbris 240
 Summus honor ; dominum, quem clades cogit, habebo,
 Nullum, Magne, ducem : te solum in bella secutus
 Post te fata sequar ; nec enim sperare secunda
 Fas mihi nec liceat. Fortuna cuncta tenentur
 Caesaris ; Emathium sparsit victoria ferrum ; 245
 Clausa fides miseris, et toto solus in orbe est,
 Qui velit ac possit victis praestare salutem.
 Pompeio scelus est bellum civile perempto,
 Quo fuerat vivente fides. Si publica iura,
 Si semper sequeris patriam, Cato, signa petamus, 250
 Romanus quae consul habet." Sic ille profatus
 Insiluit puppi iuvenum comitante tumultu.
 Actum Romanis fuerat de rebus, et omnis
 Indiga servitii fervebat litore plebes :
 Erupere ducis sacro de pectore voces : 255
 " Ergo pari voto gessisti bella, iuventus,

¹ The allusion is to Pompey.

² This cannot refer to Caesar himself, who was not now wearing the toga.

³ Caesar was one of the two consuls then in office.

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exist; suffer us to return to our native homes, our deserted households and the children of our love. For what end will there ever be of fighting, if neither Pharsalia nor the death of Pompey ends it? Our lifetime has been wasted; let our last days find a refuge; let our old age look forward to due funeral rites; civil war can hardly provide graves even for leaders.¹ We are defeated, but no foreign rule awaits us; cruel Fortune does not threaten me with oppression from Armenian or Scythian; I pass into the power of Roman citizens.² Whoever was second to Magnus while Magnus lived, shall now rank first with me. But high honour shall I pay to the sacred dead: though I shall acknowledge the master whom defeat forces upon me, I shall acknowledge no leader but Magnus. Him alone I followed to war; now he is dead, I shall follow destiny; for I may not hope for good fortune, nor would it be permitted. All things are hemmed in by Caesar's greatness; his victory has scattered the army of Pharsalia; the hopes of the unfortunate have shrunk to little compass, and he alone in the world has the will and the power to grant their lives to the vanquished. Civil war, which was loyalty while Pompey lived, is criminal now that he is slain. If you, Cato, are always a faithful follower of national law and your country's cause, then let us seek the standards which the Roman consul³ bears." With these words he sprang on board, and his soldiers in disorder went with him.

The cause of Rome was as good as lost, and all the rabble, at a loss for want of a master, swarmed upon the shore. But utterance came with a rush from the sacred breast of Cato: "It seems then, soldiers,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tu quoque pro dominis, et Pompeiana fuisti,
 Non Romana manus? quod non in regna laboras,
 Quod tibi, non ducibus, vivis morerisque, quod orbem
 Adquiris nulli, quod iam tibi vincere tutum est, 260
 Bella fugis quaerisque iugum cervice vacanti
 Et nescis sine rege pati. Nunc causa pericli
 Digna viris. Potuit vestro Pompeius abuti
 Sanguine: nunc patriae iugulos ensesque negatis,
 Cum prope libertas? Unum fortuna reliquit 265
 Iam tribus e dominis. Pudeat: plus regia Nili
 Contulit in leges et Parthi militis arcus.
 Ite, o degeneres, Ptolemaei munus et arma
 Spernite. Quis vestras ulla putet esse nocentes
 Caede manus? credet faciles sibi terga dedisse, 270
 Credet ab Emathiis primos fugisse Philippis.
 Vadite securi; meruistis iudice vitam
 Caesare non armis, non obsidione subacti.
 O famuli turpes, domini post fata prioris
 Itis ad heredem. Cur non maiora mereri 275
 Quam vitam veniamque libet? rapiatur in undas
 Infelix coniunx Magni prolesque Metelli,
 Ducite Pompeios, Ptolemaei vincite munus.
 Nostra quoque invisio quisquis feret ora tyranno,
 Non parva mercede dabit: sciet ista iuventus 280

¹ The triumvirs: see n. to i. 4.

² Ptolemy relieved you of Pompey, and the Parthians of Crassus; your own swords can rid you of Caesar.

³ *I.e.* Pharsalia.

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that you too fought with the same desire as others, in defence of tyranny—that you were the troops of Pompey, and not of Rome. You no longer suffer in order to set up a tyrant; your life and death belong to yourselves, not to your leaders; there is no one for whom you gain the whole world, and now you may safely conquer for yourselves alone. Yet now you desert the ranks; you miss the yoke when your neck is relieved, and you cannot endure existence without a tyrant. But you have now a quarrel worthy of brave men. Pompey was suffered to make full use of your life-blood: now, when freedom is in sight, do you refuse to fight and die for your country? Out of three masters¹ Fortune has spared but one. Shame on you! The court of Egypt and the bow of the Parthian soldier have done more for the cause of lawful government. Depart, degenerate men, neglectful alike of Ptolemy's gift and your own weapons.² Who would suppose that your hands were ever stained with bloodshed? Caesar will take your word for it that you were quick to turn your backs to him, and first in the flight from Philippi³ in Thessaly. Go and fear not: if Caesar be your judge, you, who were not subdued by battle or siege, have deserved to have your lives spared. Base slaves! your former master is dead, and you welcome his heir. Why do you not seek to earn a greater reward than mere life and pardon? Seize the hapless wife of Magnus and daughter of Metellus, and carry her over the sea; lead captive the sons of Pompey; and so outdo the gift of Ptolemy. Also, whoever bears my head to the hated tyrant will receive no small reward for his gift. By the price of my head your troops will learn that they

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cervicis pretio bene se mea signa secutam.
 Quin agite et magna meritum cum caede parate ;
 Ignavum scelus est tantum fuga." Dixit et omnes
 Haud aliter medio revocavit ab aequore puppes,
 Quam, simul effetas linquunt examina ceras 2855
 Atque oblita favi non miscent nexibus alas,
 Sed sibi quaeque volat nec iam degustat amarum
 Desidiosa thymum, Phrygii sonus increpat aeris,
 Attonitae posuere fugam studiumque laboris
 Floriferi repetunt et sparsi mellis amorem ; 2900
 Gaudet in Hyblaeo securus gramine pastor
 Divitias servasse casae. Sic voce Catonis
 Inculcata viris iusti patientia Martis.

Iamque actu belli non doctas ferre quietem
 Constituit mentes serieque agitare laborum. 2955
 Primum litoreis miles lassatur harenis.
 Proximus in muros et moenia Cyrenarum
 Est labor ; exclusus nulla se vindicat ira,
 Poenaeque de victis sola est vicisse Catoni.
 Inde peti placuit Libyci contermina Mauris 3000
 Regna Iubae, sed iter mediis natura vetabat
 Syrtibus : hanc audax sperat sibi cedere virtus.

Syrtes vel primam mundo natura figuram
 Cum daret, in dubio pelagi terraeque reliquit
 (Nam neque subsedit penitus, quo stagna profundi 3055
 Acciperet, nec se defendit ab aequore tellus,
 Ambigua sed lege loci iacet invia sedes,

¹ Cymbals were used in the worship of the Phrygian goddess, Cybele, or the Great Mother.

² The Syrtes, of which Lucan makes so much, seem to have lost their ancient terrors. They are two rocky gulfs, now called Sidra and Gabès, on the north coast of Africa, between Cyrene and Carthage.

BOOK IX

did well to follow my standard. Rouse up therefore, commit a mighty crime, and gain your reward. Mere flight is the crime of cowards." By this speech he recalled all the ships from mid-sea. Even so, when the swarm deserts the cells that have hatched their young, they forget the comb; their wings are no longer intertwined, but each bee flies independently and plays truant, ceasing to suck the bitter thyme; but, if the sound of Phrygian brass¹ rebukes them, at once in alarm they stop their flight and go back to their task of bearing pollen, and renew their love of scattered honey; the shepherd on the meadow of Hybla is relieved, and rejoices that the wealth of his cottage is safe. Thus by Cato's words the resolution to endure lawful warfare was impressed upon his men.

And now by works of war and continuous tasks he resolved to keep busy men who knew not how to remain inactive. First the soldiers toiled till they were weary, digging the sand upon the shore; their next task was against the walls and fortifications of Cyrene; when shut out from there, Cato took no harsh revenge—the only penalty he exacted from the conquered was to have conquered them. Next it was resolved to seek the realm of Libyan Juba that borders on the Moors; and, though Nature barred their way by placing the Syrtes² between, daring valour hoped to defeat Nature.

When Nature first gave shape to the world, either she left the Syrtes to be disputed by sea and land alike; for the land did not sink down deep, so as to admit the water of the ocean, nor yet defend itself against the sea, but the region lies untravelled, owing to the uncertain conditions that prevail

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Aequora fracta vadis abruptaque terra profundo,
 Et post multa sonant proiecti litora fluctus :
 Sic male deseruit nullosque exegit in usus 310
 Hanc partem natura sui); vel plenior alto
 Olim Syrtis erat pelago penitusque natabat,
 Sed rapidus Titan ponto sua lumina pascens
 Aequora subduxit zonae vicina perustae ;
 Et nunc pontus adhuc Phoebosiccante repugnat, 315
 Mox, ubi damnosum radios admooverit aevum,
 Tellus Syrtis erit ; nam iam brevis unda superne
 Innatat, et late periturum deficit aequor.

Ut primum remis actum mare propulit omne
 Classis onus, densus fremuit niger imbribus Auster. 320
 In sua regna furens temptatum classibus aequor
 Turbine defendit longeque a Syrtibus undas
 Eggit et inlato confregit litore pontum.
 Tum, quarum recto deprendit carbasa malo,
 Eripuit nautis, frustra que rudentibus ausis 325
 Vela negare Noto spatium vicere carinae,
 Atque ultra proram tumuit sinus. Omnia si quis
 Providus antennae suffixit lintea summae,
 Vincitur et nudis averritur armamentis.
 Sors melior classi, quae fluctibus incidit altis 330
 Et certo iactata mari. Quaecumque levatae
 Arboribus caesis flatum effudere prementem,
 Abstulit has liber ventis contraria volvens

¹ The South.

² Whereas the Syrtis was neither land nor sea.

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there—sea broken by shoals, and dry land severed by sea—and the waves strike beach after beach before they collapse with a roar. So unkindly has Nature deserted this part of herself, and demands no service of it. Or else, the Syrtis was once more richly supplied with deep sea, and lay far below the surface; but the parching sun, feeding his light with ocean, sucked up the water, which is near the torrid zone; and thus, though now the sea still resists the drying action of the sun, ere long, when injurious time brings his heat close, the Syrtis will become dry land; for already the waves that cover it are shallow, and the water, soon to disappear, is everywhere scantily supplied.

As soon as the sea, driven by the oars, bore onward all the heavy fleet, a black South wind roared with incessant rain. Raging against its own domain,¹ it protected by a hurricane the waters on which the ships had ventured, driving the waves far from the Syrtes and breaking up the sea with intervals of land. Next, if it caught the sails of any ship with mast erect, it tore them from the sailors' grasp; in vain the cordage strove to rescue the sails from the wind, and the canvas stretched out beyond the ship, its folds flapping out further than the prow. If any prudent mariner had brailed up all his sails to the top of the yard, he was defeated and driven out of his course with bare poles. Those ships fared better which rode upon deep water and were tossed upon a sea that was sea indeed.² But if any were lightened by cutting away the masts, and thus allowed the driving blast to pass over them, then the tide, free from control, swept them in the opposite direction to the gale, and carried them away,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Aestus et obnixum victor detrusit in Austrum.
 Has vada destituunt, atque interrupta profundo 335
 Terra ferit puppes, dubioque obnoxia fato
 Pars sedet una ratis, pars altera pendet in undis.
 Tum magis in tactis brevius mare terraque saepe
 Obvia consurgens; quamvis elisus ab Austro,
 Saepe tamen cumulos fluctus non vincit harenae. 340
 Eminent in tergo pelagi procul omnibus arvis
 Inviolatus aqua sicci iam pulveris agger;
 Stant miseri nautae, terraeque haerente carina
 Litora nulla vident. Sic partem intercipit aequor;
 Pars rarium maior regimen clavumque secuta est 345
 Tuta fuga, nautasque loci sortita peritos
 Torpentem Tritonos adit inlaesa paludem.
 Hanc, ut fama, deus, quem toto litore pontus
 Audit ventosa perflantem marmora¹ concha,
 Hanc et Pallas amat, patrio quae vertice nata 350
 Terrarum primam Libyen — nam proxima caelo est,
 Ut probat ipse calor — tetigit, stagnique quieta
 Voltus vidit aqua posuitque in margine plantas
 Et se dilecta Tritonida dixit ab unda.
 Quam iuxta Lethon tacitus praelabatur amnis, 355
 Infernis, ut fama, trahens obliviam venis,
 Atque, insopiti quondam tutela draconis,
 Hesperidum pauper spoliatis frondibus hortus.
 Invidus, annoso qui famam derogat aevo,
 Qui vates ad vera vocat. Fuit aurea silva 360
 Divitiisque graves et fulvo germine rami

¹ marmora *Iunius*: murmura *MSS.*

¹ Triton. The lake is near the lesser (and more westerly) Syrtis.

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conquering them and driving them against the opposing South wind. These were left stranded by the shallows, where land, broken by sea, wrecks them; exposed to a double danger, half the vessel is aground, while half floats on the waves. Then, as the ships were driven further, the sea contracted and the dry land constantly emerged and struck them: the waves, though tossed by the South wind, often fail to rise above the sandbanks. Far from all the fields, a rampart of dry sand rises up on the surface of the sea and defies the water; the hapless sailors stick fast: though their keel is aground, no shore is visible. Thus the sea destroyed some of the ships, but the larger part, following the guidance of the helm, were saved by flight; and finding pilots familiar with the shore, they reached unharmed the sluggish lake of Triton.

This lake, as legend tells, is dear to the god,¹ who is heard by all the sea-shore as he fills the waters with the music of his windy shell; and dear to Pallas too. When she was born from her father's head, she alighted on Libya before any other land; for Libya, as its heat alone proves, is nearest the sky; and there she saw her face in the still water of the pool, and stood by its brink, and called herself Tritonis after the lake she loved. Near it silently steals past the river of Lethon, which, as legend tells, carries forgetfulness from its source in the lower world; and here is the Garden of the Hesperides, once the charge of the sleepless dragon but now impoverished by the rifling of its branches. Churlish is he who robs hoary antiquity of its fame and demands the truth from poets. There was once a golden grove, whose trees bowed beneath their riches and the

Virgineusque chorus, nitidi custodia luci,
 Et numquam somno damnatus lumina serpens
 Robora complexus rutilo curvata metallo.
 Abstulit arboribus pretium nemorique laborem 365
 Alcides, passusque inopes sine pondere ramos
 Rettulit Argolico fulgentia poma tyranno.
 His igitur depulsa locis eiectaque classis
 Syrtibus haud ultra Garamantidas attigit undas,
 Sed duce Pompeio Libyae melioris in oris 370
 Mansit. At inpatiens virtus haerere Catonis
 Audet in ignotas agmen committere gentes
 Armorum fidens et terra cingere Syrtim.
 Hoc eadem suadebat hiems, quae clauserat aequor ;
 Et spes imber erat nimios metuentibus ignes, 375
 Ut neque sole viam nec duro frigore saevam
 Inde polo Libyes, hinc bruma temperet annus.
 Atque ingressurus steriles sic fatur harenas :
 “ O quibus una salus placuit mea signa secutis
 Indomita cervice mori, componite mentes 380
 Ad magnum virtutis opus summosque labores.
 Vadimus in campos steriles exustaque mundi,
 Qua nimius Titan et rarae in fontibus undae,
 Siccaque letiferis squalent serpentibus arva.
 Durum iter ad leges patriaeque ruentis amorem. 385
 Per mediam Libyen veniant atque invia temptent,

¹ Eurystheus.

² “Garamantian” seems to be used loosely for “Libyan.” The Garamantes lived in an oasis of the Sahara, far distant from the sea.

³ “Down to 394 very good” (Heitland, *Introd.*, p. lxx).

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tawny fruit of their branches ; and a band of maidens guarded that glittering grove ; and a serpent, whose eyes were never doomed to close in sleep, coiled round the trees that bent beneath the ruddy metal. But Alcides robbed the trees of their prize and eased the grove of its task, when he left the branches without their weight of wealth and carried back the shining apples to the king of Argos.¹

Thus the ships, driven from their course and cast forth from the Syrtes, remained in this region, on the shore of the better part of Libya, with Pompeius as commander ; nor did they sail further on the Garamanian² waters. But brave Cato was unwilling to stand still : emboldened by his armed strength, he dared to trust his soldiers to lands unknown and to march round the Syrtis on foot. Winter also, by closing the sea against them, prompted this course, and rains were welcome to men who feared excessive heat : the season might save them from suffering from either sun or freezing cold, and temper their march by the climate of Africa on the one hand and by winter on the other. And before he set foot upon the barren desert, Cato made them this speech :³

“ Men who have chosen this one path of safety—to follow my standard to the death with spirits unsubdued, prepare your minds for a high feat of valour and for utmost hardships. We march towards barren plains and the furnace of the world, where the sun’s heat is excessive and water is seldom found in the springs, and where the parched fields are foul with venomous serpents. Hard is the path to freedom, and hard to win the love of our country in her fall. Let those march through the heart of Africa, seeking a path where there is none, who do

Si quibus in nullo positum est evadere voto,
 Si quibus ire sat est. Neque enim mihi fallere quemquam
 Est animus tectoque metu perducere volgus.

Hi mihi sint comites, quos ipsa pericula ducent, 390

Qui me teste pati vel quae tristissima pulchrum
 Romanumque putant. At qui sponsore salutis

Miles eget capiturque animae dulcedine, vadat
 Ad dominum meliore via. Dum primus harenas
 Ingrediar primusque gradus in pulvere ponam, 395

Me calor aetherius feriat, mihi plena veneno
 Occurrat serpens, fatoque pericula vestra
 Praetemptate meo. Sitiat, quicumque bibentem
 Viderit, aut umbras nemorum quicumque petentem,
 Aestuet, aut equitem peditum praecedere turmas, 400

Deficiat: si quo fuerit discrimine notum,
 Dux an miles eam. Serpens, sitis, ardor harenae
 Dulcia virtuti; gaudet patientia duris;
 Laetius est, quotiens magno sibi constat, honestum.

Sola potest Libye turba praestare malorum, 405

Ut deceat fugisse viros." Sic ille paventes
 Incendit virtute animos et amore laborum,

Inreducemque viam deserto limite carpit;

Et sacrum parvo nomen clausura sepulchro

Invasit Libye securi fata Catonis. 410

Tertia pars rerum Libye, si credere famae
 Cuncta velis; at, si ventos caelumque sequaris,
 Pars erit Europae. Nec enim plus litora Nili
 Quam Scythicus Tanais primis a Gadibus absunt,

¹ At Pharsalia.

not regard escape as a thing to be at all desired, and are content merely to march on. For I do not intend to deceive any man, nor to draw the army on by concealing the danger. I seek as my companions men who are attracted by the risks themselves, men who think it glorious and worthy of a Roman to endure even the worst, with me to watch them. But if any man craves a guarantee of safety and is tempted by the sweetness of life, let him take an easier path and go to a master. Foremost I shall tread the desert, and foremost set foot upon the sand; let the heat of the sky then beat upon me and the poisonous serpent stand in my path; and test your perils beforehand by what befalls me. If any man see me drinking, or seeking the shade of trees, or riding in front of the marching troops, then let him feel thirst and heat and weariness—if there is any distinction to mark whether I am the general or a soldier in the ranks. Serpents, thirst, burning sand—all are welcomed by the brave; endurance finds pleasure in hardship; virtue rejoices when it pays dear for its existence. Africa alone, with all her plagues, can bring it about, that to have fled¹ is no disgrace to the brave." Thus he fired their frightened hearts with courage and love of hardship, and began, by a track through the desert, that march from which there was no returning. For Africa, that was to hide his sacred name in a humble grave, laid hold upon the last days of Cato, but Cato cared not.

Libya is the third continent of the world, if one is willing in all things to trust report; but, if you judge by the winds and the sky, you will find it to be part of Europe. For the banks of the Nile are not further than the northern Tanais from Gades in

Unde Europa fugit Libyen et litora flexu 415
 Oceano fecere locum ; sed maior in unam
 Orbis abit Asiam. Nam cum communiter istae
 Effundant Zephyrum, Boreae latus illa sinistram
 Contingens dextrumque Noti discedit in ortus
 Eurum sola tenens. Libycae quod fertile terrae est 420
 Vergit in occasus ; sed et haec non fontibus ullis
 Solvitur : Arctos raris Aquilonibus imbres
 Accipit et nostris reficit sua rura serenis.
 In nullas vitiatur opes ; non aere neque auro
 Excoquitur, nullo glaebarum crimine pura 425
 Et penitus terra est. Tantum Maurusia genti
 Robora divitiae, quarum non noverat usum,
 Sed citri contenta comis vivebat et umbra.
 In nemus ignotum nostrae venere secures,
 Extremoque epulas mensasque petimus ab orbe. 430
 At, quaecumque vagam Syrtim complectitur ora
 Sub nimio proiecta die, vicina perusti
 Aetheris, exurit messes et pulvere Bacchum
 Enecat et nulla putris radice tenetur.
 Temperies vitalis abest, et nulla sub illa 435
 Cura Iovis terra est ; natura deside torpet
 Orbis et inmotis annum non sentit harenis.
 Hoc tam segne solum raras tamen exerit herbas,
 Quas Nasamon, gens dura, legit, qui proxima ponto
 Nudus rura tenet ; quem mundi barbara damnis 440

¹ The Mediterranean.

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the far West, at which point Europe diverges from Libya and the curvature of the shores has made room for the sea.¹ But a larger part of the world has gone to form Asia alone. For, whereas Europe and Africa in partnership send forth the West wind, Asia, while touching the left side of the North and the right side of the South, stretches away to the East and has a monopoly of the East wind. The fertile part of Africa lies towards the West, but even this has no streams to break it up; occasionally, when the North winds blow, it gets the northern rains and refreshes its fields by our fair weather. The soil is not violated to secure wealth of any kind; it is not smelted for the sake of copper or gold; its clods are innocent, and its earth is merely earth, even far below the surface. The land is rich in nothing but the timber of Mauretania; and, ignorant how to make use of this wealth, the people lived content with the leafy shade of the citrus-tree. But our axes have invaded the unknown forest, and we have sought tables as well as dainties from the end of the earth. But all that coast which surrounds the shifting Syrtis, as it lies flat under the scorching sun and near the parched sky, burns up corn-crops and smothers the vine with dust; and the powdery soil is bound together by no roots of plants. The temperate air that life needs is not found there, and Jupiter pays no heed to the land; Nature is inactive; the lifeless expanse, with sands that are never ploughed, is unconscious of the seasons. Yet this barren soil here and there sends forth grass which is gathered by the Nasamonians, a rude and naked race who dwell close by the sea; and the savage Syrtis feeds them by the plunder of the

Syrtis alit. Nam litoreis populator harenis
 Inminet et nulla portus tangente carina
 Novit opes; sic cum toto commercia mundo
 Naufragiis Nasamones habent. Hac ire Catonem 445
 Dura iubet virtus. Illic secura iuventus
 Ventorum nullasque timens tellure procellas
 Aequoreos est passa metus. Nam litore sicco,
 Quam pelago, Syrtis violentius excipit Austrum,
 Et terrae magis ille nocens. Non montibus ortum
 Adversis frangit Libye scopulisque repulsum 450
 Dissipat et liquidas e¹ turbine solvit in auras,
 Nec ruit in silvas annosaque robora torquens
 Lassatur: patet omne solum, liberque meatu
 Aeoliam rabiem totis exercet harenis,
 Et non imbriferam contorto pulvere nubem 455
 In flexum violentus agit: pars plurima terrae
 Tollitur et numquam resoluta vortice pendet.
 Regna videt pauper Nasamon errantia vento
 Discussasque domos, volitantque a culmine raptae
 Detecto Garamante casae. Non altius ignis 460
 Rapta vehit; quantumque licet consurgere fumo
 Et violare diem, tantus tenet aera pulvis.
 Tum quoque Romanum solito violentior agmen
 Adgreditur, nullisque potest consistere miles
 Instabilis, raptis etiam quas calcat, harenis. 465
 Concuteret terras orbemque a sede moveret,
 Si solida Libye conpage et pondere duro
 Clauderet exesis Austrum scopulosa cavernis;

¹ liquidas e *Grotius*: liquidas se *MSS*.

¹ The prison of the winds.

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world. For the wrecker lies in wait on the sandy shore, and he is familiar with wealth, though no ship reaches harbour there; thus, by means of shipwrecks, the Nasamonians trade with all nations. Through this land Cato is bidden march by his stern valour. There the soldiers, reckoning on no gales and dreading no storms on land, endured the fears that belong to the sea. For the South wind falls more fiercely upon the dry shore of the Syrtis than upon the deep, and does more damage to the land. Libya has no mountains to oppose the rising wind and break its force, no cliffs to drive it back and scatter it, or to turn its hurricane to clear breezes; it does not fall upon forests and wear itself out by bending ancient oaks: all the land is level, and the wind travels freely and wreaks the fury of Aeolia¹ all over the desert. There is no rain in the cloud of whirling dust which it drives furiously in circles; most of the land is lifted up by it and is suspended in the air, as the eddying motion is continuous. The needy Nasamonian sees his possessions flying in the wind and his dwelling blown to pieces; the Garamantian is laid bare, and his hut, beginning with the roof, is snatched away and flies aloft. Fire does not carry what it seizes to a greater height: as high as smoke may rise up and mar the face of day, so great is the dust that fills the air. And now, even fiercer than its wont, the wind attacked the Roman column; and the staggering men can find no footing on the sand, when even the spot they tread on is carried away. If Africa had a solid framework, so that the heavy weight of its cliffs might confine the South wind within hollow caverns, the wind would upset the whole world and wrench

Sed quia mobilibus facilis turbatur harenis,
 Nusquam luctando stabilis manet, imaque tellus 470)
 Stat, quia summa fugit. Galeas et scuta virorum
 Pilaque contorsit violento spiritus actu
 Intentusque tulit magni per inania caeli.
 Illud in extrema forsane longeque remota
 Prodigium tellure fuit, delapsaque caelo 475)
 Arma timent gentes hominumque erepta lacertis
 A superis demissa putant. Sic illa profecto
 Sacrifico cecidere Numae, quae lecta iuventus
 Patricia cervice movet: spoliaverat Auster
 Aut Boreas populos ancilia nostra ferentes. 480)
 Sic orbem torquente Noto Romana iuventus
 Procubuit timuitque rapi; constrinxit amictus
 Inseruitque manus terrae nec pondere solo
 Sed nisu iacuit, vix sic immobilis Austro,
 Qui super ingentes cumulos involvit harenae 485)
 Atque operit tellure viros. Vix tollere miles
 Membra valet multo congestu pulveris haerens.
 Alligat et stantes adfusae magnus harenae
 Agger, et inmoti terra surgente tenentur.
 Saxa tulit penitus discussis proruta muris 490)
 Effuditque procul miranda sorte malorum:
 Qui nullas videre domos videre ruinas.
 Iamque iter omne latet, nec sunt discrimina terrae:
 Sideribus novere viam; nec sidera tota 495)
 Ostendit Libycae finitor circulus orae

¹ The Sacred Shields (*ancilia*) preserved in Rome.

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it from its foundations; but because the soil is easily driven about with its drifting sands, it remains stable by offering resistance at no point, and the lower stratum stands fast because the upper is dispersed. Driving furiously, the blast snatched up the men's helmets and shields and javelins, and rushed on, carrying them through the mighty void of heaven. Perhaps they were a portent in some remote and distant country, and men there fear the armour that fell down from heaven, supposing that what was torn from the arms of men has been sent down by the gods. In this way the shields,¹ which chosen patricians carry on their shoulders, surely fell before Numa as he performed sacrifice: the South wind or the North had robbed the bearers of those shields which now are ours. When the wind tormented the region thus, the Roman soldiers prostrated themselves, fearing to be carried away; buckling their garments tight, they clutched the ground; effort as well as mere weight kept them where they lay; and even so they could scarce resist the storm, which rolled huge heaps of sand over them and covered their bodies with the soil. Held fast by great piles of dust, the men were hardly able to rise from the ground. Where they stood, a great rampart of sand by their sides kept them prisoners; and they were prevented from moving by the rising surface. The wind broke walls to pieces, dislodged the stones and carried them far away, and dropped them at a distance—a strange mishap, when those who saw no houses saw the fragments of them falling. And now their path was utterly hidden and all landmarks were lost; they found their way by the stars; and the horizon which bounds the African continent does

not display the constellations entire, but many are concealed by the curvature of the earth's rim. Then, when heat expanded the air which had been contracted by the gale, and the day grew burning hot, sweat poured from their limbs and their mouths were parched with thirst. A rivulet with scanty flow was sighted at a distance; and a soldier, snatching the water with difficulty from the dust, poured it into the hollow of his helmet and offered it to the general. Every throat was furred with sand, and the general himself, holding in his hands a mere drop of water, was an object of envy. "Degenerate soldier," said he; "did you consider me the one man without fortitude in this army? Did I seem so effeminate, so unable to endure the first onset of heat? How much more you yourself deserve this punishment—that you should drink while all around thirst!" So in wrath he emptied out the helmet, and there was water enough for all.¹

They came to the temple in the land of the savage Garamantians—the only temple which the nations of Africa possess. Men say that Jupiter has an oracular seat there; but Ammon does not wield the thunderbolt, nor is he like our Jupiter, but has curving horns. The African nations have built no rich temple there; nor are there treasure-chambers glittering with Eastern gems. Though the Ethiopians and Indians and wealthy Arabians have no god but Jupiter Ammon, yet the god is still poor, and his dwelling-place has remained for ages unblemished by wealth; and the deity, true to the good old fashion, defends his shrine against Roman gold. But the presence of gods is attested by trees—the only green trees that exist in the whole of Libya.

Sola virens Libyen. Nam quidquid pulvere sicco
 Separat ardentem tepida Berenida Lepti,
 Ignorat frondes; solus nemus abstulit Hammon. 525
 Silvarum fons causa loco, qui putria terrae
 Alligat et domitas unda conectit harenas.
 Hic quoque nil obstat Phoebus, cum cardine summo
 Stat librata dies; truncum vix protegit arbor:
 Tam brevis in medium radiis compellitur umbra. 530
 Depreſsum eſt hunc eſſe locum, qua circulus alti
 Solſtitii medium ſignorum percutit orbem. 532
 At tibi, quaecumque es Libyco gens igne dirempta, 538
 In Noton umbra cadit, quae nobis exit in Arcton.
 Te ſegnīs Cynosura ſubit, tu ſicca profundo
 Mergi Plauſtra putas nullumque in vertice ſemper
 Sidus habes immune mari; procul axis uterque eſt,
 Et fuga ſignorum medio rapit omnia caelo. 543
 Non obliqua meant, nec Tauro Scorpios exit 533
 Rectior, aut Aries donat ſua tempora Librae,
 Aut Aſtraea iubet lentos deſcendere Piſces.
 Par Geminis Chiron, et idem, quod Carcinus ardens,
 Umidus Aegoceros, nec plus Leo tollitur Urna. 537
 Stabant ante fores populi, quos miſerat Eos, 544
 Cornigerique Iovis monitu nova fata petebant;
 Sed Latio ceſſere duci, comiteſque Catonem
 Orant, exploret Libycum memorata per orbem

¹ For the whole of this passage, see Housman, pp. 329 ff. the translation given here is taken from him.

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For all the expanse of dry sand that divides burning Berenicis from the lesser heat of Leptis knows nothing of leaves; for Ammon has taken all the trees for himself. These trees owe their origin to a local spring, which binds the powdery soil together, mastering and cementing the sand by its waters. But even here the sun finds no hindrance, when the orb of day stands poised in the zenith: the trees can scarce shelter their own trunks—so small is the compass of the shadow thrown by his rays. It has been ascertained that this is the spot where the circle of the upper solstice strikes the Zodiac, equidistant from the poles. But the shadow of people (if such there be) who are separated from us by the heats of Libya falls to the South, whereas ours falls northwards. The slow-moving Little Bear rises up into their view; and they suppose that the unwetted Wain sinks in the sea, and they have no star overhead which never touches ocean; either pole is equally distant from them; and the flying Zodiac sweeps on all its constellations through the centre of the sky. These do not move obliquely: Scorpius, when emerging from the horizon, is no nearer the perpendicular than Taurus; nor does Aries make over any of his rising-time to Libra; nor does Virgo cause Pisces to set slowly. Sagittarius mounts as high as Gemini, and rainy Capricorn as high as burning Cancer; and Leo mounts no higher than Aquarius.¹

Before the doors of the temple stood messengers from the East, seeking to learn the future by the warning of horned Jupiter. But these gave place to the Roman general; and his officers begged Cato to test the deity so famous through all the land of

Numina, de fama tam longi iudicet aevi.
 Maximus hortator scrutandi voce deorum
 Eventus Labienus erat. "Sors obtulit" inquit 550
 "Et fortuna viae tam magni numinis ora
 Consiliumque dei; tanto duce possumus uti
 Per Syrtes, bellisque datos cognoscere casus.
 Nam cui crediderim superos arcana duros
 Dicturosque magis quam sancto vera Catoni? 555
 Certe vita tibi semper directa supernas
 Ad leges, sequerisque deum. Datur ecce loquendi
 Cum Iove libertas: inquire in fata nefandi
 Caesaris et patriae venturos excute mores:
 Iure suo populis uti legumque licebit, 560
 An bellum civile perit? Tua pectora sacra
 Voce reple; durae saltem virtutis amator
 Quaere, quid est virtus, et posce exemplar honesti."
 Ille deo plenus, tacita quem mente gerebat,
 Effudit dignas adytis e pectore voces: 565
 "Quid quaeri, Labiene, iubes? an liber in armis
 Occubuisse velim potius quam regna videre?
 An, sit vita brevis, nil, longane, differat, aetas?¹
 An noceat vis nulla bono fortunaque perdat
 Opposita virtute minas, laudandaque velle 570
 Sit satis et numquam successu crescat honestum?
 Scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.
 Haeremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente

¹ *Madoig's emendation of* An sit vita nihil sed longa an differat aetas. *The construction is:* an nil differat (utrum) vita sit brevis longane aetas.

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Libya, and to pass sentence on a reputation of such long standing. Labienus especially urged him to use the voice divine in order to pry into the future. "Chance," said he, "and the hazard of our march have put in our way the word of this mighty god and his divine wisdom; his powerful guidance we can enjoy through the Syrtes, and from him discover the issues appointed for the war. I cannot believe that Heaven would reveal mysteries and proclaim truth to any man more than to the pure and holy Cato. Assuredly you have ever ruled your life in accordance with divine law, and you are a follower after God. And now behold! power is given you to speak with Jupiter; ask then concerning the end of Caesar the abhorred, and search into the future condition of our country: will the people be allowed to enjoy their laws and liberties, or has the civil war been fought in vain? Fill your breast with the god's utterance; a lover of austere virtue, you should at least ask now what Virtue is and demand to see Goodness in her visible shape."

Cato, inspired by the god whom he bore hidden in his heart, poured forth from his breast an answer worthy of the oracle itself: "What question do you bid me ask, Labienus? Whether I would rather fall in battle, a free man, than witness a tyranny? Whether it makes no difference if life be long or short? Whether violence can ever hurt the good, or Fortune threatens in vain when Virtue is her antagonist? Whether the noble purpose is enough, and virtue becomes no more virtuous by success? I can answer these questions, and the oracle will never fix the truth deeper in my heart. We men are all inseparable from the gods, and, even if the oracle

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Nil facimus non sponte dei ; nec vocibus ullis
 Numen eget, dixitque semel nascentibus auctor, 575
 Quidquid scire licet. Sterilesne elegit harenas,
 Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum,
 Estque dei sedes, nisi terra et pontus et aer
 Et caelum et virtus? superos quid quaerimus ultra?
 Iuppiter est, quodcumque vides, quodcumque moveris. 580
 Sortilegis egeant dubii semperque futuris
 Casibus ancipites : me non oracula certum,
 Sed mors certa facit. Pavido fortique cadendum est :
 Hoc satis est dixisse Iovem." Sic ille profatus
 Servataque fide templi discedit ab aris 585
 Non exploratum populis Hammona relinquens.

Ipse manu sua pila gerit, praecedit anhelis
 Militis ora pedes, monstrat tolerare labores,
 Non iubet, et nulla vehitur cervice supinus
 Carpentoque sedens ; somni parcissimus ipse est ; 590
 Ultimus haustor aquae, quam, tandem fonte reperto,
 Indiga cogatur laticis spectare¹ iuventus,
 Stat, dum lixa bibat. Si veris magna paratur
 Fama bonis et si successu nuda remoto
 Inspicitur virtus, quidquid laudamus in ullo 595
 Maiorum, fortuna fuit. Quis Marte secundo,
 Quis tantum meruit populorum sanguine nomen?
 Hunc ego per Syrtes Libyaeque extrema triumphum
 Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru

¹ spectare *Housman* : certare, potare, *MSS.*

¹ Drinking one by one.

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be dumb, all our actions are predetermined by Heaven. The gods have no need to speak; for the Creator told us once for all at our birth whatever we are permitted to know. Did he choose these barren sands, that a few might hear his voice? did he bury truth in this desert? Has he any dwelling-place save earth and sea, the air of heaven and virtuous hearts? Why seek we further for deities? All that we see is God; every motion we make is God also. Men who doubt and are ever uncertain of future events—let *them* cry out for prophets: I draw my assurance from no oracle but from the sureness of death. The timid and the brave must fall alike; the god has said this, and it is enough." With these words he departed from the altar, preserving the credit of the temple, and left Ammon, untested by him, for the nations to worship.

Carrying his javelin in his own hand, he marched on foot in front of his gasping soldiers; issuing no order, he taught them by his example to endure hardship; he was never borne at ease on the shoulders of men or seated in a carriage; of sleep he was more sparing than any. When at last a spring was discovered, and the thirsty men must be forced to look on at it,¹ he was the last to drink and stood still till the camp-followers drank.—If great renown is won by true merit, and if virtue is considered in itself and apart from success, then all that we praise in any of our ancestors was Fortune's gift. Who ever gained so great a name by winning battles and shedding the blood of nations? I would choose to lead this triumphant march through the Syrtes and the remotest parts of Libya rather than ascend the Capitol thrice over

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Scandere Pompei, quam frangere colla Iugurthae. 600
 Ecce parens verus patriae, dignissimus aris,
 Roma, tuis, per quem numquam iurare pudebit,
 Et quem, si steteris umquam cervice soluta,
 Nunc, olim, factura deum es. Iam spissior ignis,
 Et plaga, quam nullam superi mortalibus ultra 605
 A medio fecere die, calcatur, et unda
 Rarior. Inventus mediis fons unus harenis
 Largus aquae, sed quem serpentum turba tenebat
 Vix capiente loco. Stabant in margine siccae
 Aspides, in mediis sitiebant dipsades undis. 610
 Ductor, ut aspexit perituros fonte relicto,
 Adloquitur: "Vana specie conterritae leti,
 Ne dubita, miles, tutos haurire liquores.
 Noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis;
 Morsu virus habent, et fatum dente minantur, 615
 Pocula morte carent." Dixit dubiumque venenum
 Hausit; et in tota Libyae fons unus harena
 Ille fuit, de quo primus sibi posceret undam.
 Cur Libycus tantis exundet pestibus aer
 Fertilis in mortes, aut quid secreta nocenti 620
 Miscuerit natura solo, non cura laborque
 Noster scire valet, nisi quod volgata per orbem
 Fabula pro vera decepit saecula causa.
 Finibus extremis Libyes, ubi fervida tellus
 Accipit Oceanum demisso sole calentem, 625
 Squalebant late Phorecynidos arva Medusae,

¹ Jugurtha was strangled in prison after Pompey's first triumph.

BOOK IX

in Pompey's car, or break Jugurtha's neck.¹ Behold the true father of his country, a man most worthy to be worshipped by Romans; to swear by his name will never make men blush; and if they ever, now or later, free their necks from the yoke and stand upright, they will make a god of Cato.— Now the heat grew more intense; they trod that region that forms the southern limit ordained for man's habitation, and water grew scarcer. Right in the desert a single spring was discovered, and its waters were copious, but a host of serpents beset it, almost more than the ground could contain: parched asps had their station on its brink, and thirsty *dipsades* filled the pool itself. When Cato saw that the men would die if they shunned the spring, he thus spoke to them: "Soldiers, the appearance of death that terrifies you is delusive; do not hesitate to swallow the harmless water. The poison of snakes is only deadly when mixed with the blood; their venom is in their bite, and they threaten death with their fangs. There is no death in the cup." He spoke and drank down the dreaded poison; and in all the Libyan desert this was the only spring where he asked to taste the water first.

Why the clime of Libya abounds in such plagues and teems with death, or what bane mysterious Nature has mingled with her soil—this no study and pains of ours avail to discover; but a world-wide legend has taken the place of the true cause and deceived mankind. In the furthest parts of Libya, where the hot earth admits the Ocean heated by the sun when he sets, lay the broad untilled realm of Medusa, daughter of Phoreys—a realm not

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Non nemorum protecta coma, non mollia sulco,
 Sed dominae voltu conspectis aspera saxis.
 Hoc primum natura nocens in corpore saevas
 Eduxit pestes ; illis e faucibus angues 630
 Stridula fuderunt vibratis sibila linguis.
 Ipsa flagellabant gaudentis colla Medusae, 633
 Femineae cui more comae per terga solutae 632
 Surgunt adversa subrectae fronte colubrae, 634
 Vipereumque fluit depexo crine venenum.
 Hoc habet infelix, cunctis inpune, Medusa,
 Quod spectare licet. Nam rictus oraque monstri
 Quis timuit? quem, qui recto se lumine vidit,
 Passa Medusa mori est? rapuit dubitantia fata
 Praevenitque metus ; anima periere retenta 640
 Membra, nec emissae riguere sub ossibus umbrae.
 Eumenidum crines solos movere furores,
 Cerberos Orpheo lenivit sibila cantu,
 Amphitryoniades vidit, cum vinceret, hydram :
 Hoc monstrum timuit genitor numenque secundum 645
 Phoreys aquis Cetoque parens ipsaeque sorores
 Gorgones ; hoc potuit caelo pelagoque minari
 Torporem insolitum mundoque obducere terram.
 E caelo volucres subito cum pondere lapsae,
 In scopulis haesere ferae, vicina colentes 650
 Aethiopum totae riguerunt marmore gentes.
 Nullum animal visus patiens, ipsique retrorsus
 Effusi faciem vitabant Gorgonos angues.
 Illa sub Hesperiiis stantem Titana columnis

¹ And thus turned into stone.

² Second to Poseidon (Neptune).

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shaded by the foliage of trees nor softened by the plough, but rugged with stones which the eyes of their mistress had beheld.¹ In her body malignant Nature first bred these cruel plagues; from her throat were born the snakes that poured forth shrill hissings with their forked tongues. It pleased Medusa, when snakes dangled close against her neck; in the way that women dress their hair, the vipers hang loose over her back but rear erect over her brow in front; and their poison wells out when the tresses are combed. These snakes are the only part of ill-fated Medusa that all men may look upon and live. For who ever felt fear of the monster's face and open mouth? Who that looked her straight in the face was suffered by Medusa to die? She hurried on the hesitating stroke of doom and anticipated all fear; the limbs were destroyed while the breath remained; and the spirit, before it went forth, grew stiff beneath the bones. The tresses of the Eumenides raised madness only, Cerberus lowered his hissing when Orpheus played, and Amphitryon's son looked on the hydra when he was conquering it; but this monster was dreaded by Phorcys, her own father and second² ruler of the sea, by her mother, Ceto, and even by her sister Gorgons; she had power to threaten sky and sea with strange paralysis, and clothe the world with stone. Birds grew heavy suddenly and fell down from the sky; beasts remained motionless on their rocks; and whole tribes of the neighbouring Ethiopians were turned to statues. No living creature could endure to look on her, and even her serpents bent backward to escape her face. She turned to stone Atlas, the Titan who supports the

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In cautes Atlanta dedit; caeloque timente 655
 Olim Phlegraeo stantes serpente gigantas
 Erexit montes, bellumque inmane deorum
 Pallados e medio confecit pectore Gorgon.
 Quo postquam partu Danaes et divite nimbo
 Ortum Parrhasiae vexerunt Persea pinnae 660
 Arcados auctoris citharae liquidaeque palaestrae,
 Et subitus praepes Cyllenida sustulit harpen,
 Harpen alterius monstri iam caede rubentem,
 A Iove dilectae fuso custode iuvencae,
 Auxilium volucris Pallas tulit innuba fratri, 665
 Pacta caput monstri, terraeque in fine Libyssae
 Persea Phoebeos converti iussit ad ortus
 Gorgonos averso sulcantem regna volatu,
 Et clipeum laevae fulvo dedit aere nitentem,
 In quo saxificam iussit spectare Medusam. 670
 Quam sopor aeternam tracturus morte quietem
 Obruit haud totam: vigilat pars magna comarum,
 Defenduntque caput protenti crinibus hydri;
 Pars iacet in medios voltus oculisque tenebras
*Offundit clausis et somni duplicat umbras.*¹
 Ipsa regit trepidum Pallas dextraque trementem 675
 Perseos aversi Cyllenida derigit harpen,
 Lata colubriferi rumpens confinia colli.
 Quos habuit voltus hamati volnere ferri
 Caesa caput Gorgon! quanto spirare veneno

¹ *Inserted by Housman.*

¹ Pallas bore the Gorgon's head on the centre of the aegis, her shield.

² Hermes (Mercury): he was born on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia.

³ Argus was the guardian of Io.

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Pillars of the West; and when the gods in time past dreaded the serpent-legged Giants at Phlegra, she changed the rebels into high mountains, till that awful battle of the gods was won by the Gorgon on the centre of the breast of Pallas.¹ To this land came Perseus, sprung of Danae's womb and the shower of gold; he was borne aloft on the Parrhasian wings of that Arcadian god² who invented the lyre and the wrestler's oil. And when, as he flew, he suddenly lifted the scimitar of the Cyllenian—a scimitar red with the blood of another monster; for he had already laid low the guardian of the heifer loved by Jupiter³—the maiden Pallas brought aid to her winged brother. She bargained to have the monster's head, and then bade Perseus when he reached the border of the Libyan land, to turn towards the rising sun and fly backwards through the Gorgon's realm; and she put in his left hand a glittering shield of tawny bronze, in which she told him to view Medusa that turned all things to stone. Medusa slept; but the slumber that was to bring upon her the unending rest of death did not overcome her wholly: much of her hair kept watch, and the snakes leaned forward from the tresses to protect the head, while the rest of the hair fell right over the face, covering the closed eyes with darkness and doubling the veil of sleep. Pallas herself directed Perseus in his haste; her right hand guided the shaking scimitar of the Cyllenian which he held with his face averted; and thus she clove the place where the great snaky neck joined the body. How looked the Gorgon then, when her head was severed by the stroke of the curving blade! What fell poison must I suppose was breathed forth

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Ora rear, quantumque oculos effundere mortis! 680
 Nec Pallas spectare potest, voltusque gelassent
 Perseos aversi, si non Tritonia densos
 Sparsisset crines texissetque ora colubris.
 Aliger in caelum sic rapta Gorgone fugit.
 Ille quidem pensabat iter propiusque secabat 685
 Aera, si medias Europae scinderet urbes :
 Pallas frugiferas iussit non laedere terras
 Et parci populis. Quis enim non praepete tanto
 Aethera respiceret? Zephyro convertitur ales
 Itque super Libyen, quae nullo consita cultu 690
 Sideribus Phoeboque vacat; premit orbita solis
 Exuritque solum, nec terra celsior ulla
 Nox cadit in caelum lunaeque meatibus obstat,
 Si flexus oblita vagi per recta cucurrit
 Signa nec in Borean aut in Noton effugit umbram. 695
 Illa tamen sterilis tellus fecundaque nulli
 Arva bono virus stillantis tabe Medusae
 Concipiunt dirosque fero de sanguine rores,
 Quos calor adiuvit putrique incoxit harenae.
 Hic quae prima caput movit de pulvere tabes 700
 Aspida somniferam tumida cervice levavit.
 Plenior huc sanguis et crassi gutta veneni
 Decidit; in nulla plus est serpente coactum.
 Ipsa caloris egens gelidum non transit in orbem
 Sponte sua Niloque tenuis metitur harenas. 705
 Sed—quis erit nobis lucri pudor?—inde petuntur

¹ Pallas.

² The sun is directly overhead in equatorial regions by day, the earth's conical shadow directly overhead at night, and therefore higher than over other places.

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by her mouth, and how deadly the discharge from her eyes! Even Pallas could not look upon her; and the eyes would have frozen the face of Perseus, though his back was turned, had not Tritonia¹ ruffled the thick hair and used the snakes to veil the face. Thus he seized the Gorgon's head and flew upwards in safety. He thought to shorten his way and lessen his flight through the air by flying directly above the cities of Europe; but Pallas bade him spare the nations and do no hurt to the corn-bearing lands. For who would not look up into the sky, when so mighty a thing flew past? The hero turned his flight with the West wind and passed above Libya, a land entirely uncultivated and fully exposed to sky and sun; the sun's path is directly above it and burns up the soil; in no land does the shadow of the earth rise higher in the sky² and obstruct the moon's course, if the moon, forgetting her slanting orbit, has moved straight along the Zodiac, without passing to north or south of the shadow. Though that land is barren and those fields give increase to no good seed, yet they drank in poison from the gore of the dripping Medusa head—drank in from that savage blood a ghastly dew, which was made more potent by the heat and burnt into the crumbling sand.

In this land the blood, when it first stirred a head above the sand, sent up the asp whose swollen neck puts men to sleep; in no snake is more poison condensed; for more blood and a drop of clotted venom fell down here. Needing heat, the asp never of its own accord passes into cold regions, but traverses the desert as far as the Nile and no further. But we—shall we never be ashamed of

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Huc Libycae mortes, et fecimus aspida mercem.
 At non stare suum miseris passura cruorem
 Squamiferos ingens haemorrhoidis explicat orbis,
 Natus et ambiguae coleret qui Syrtidos arva 710
 Chersydros, tractique via fumante chelydri,
 Et semper recto lapsurus limite cenchris :
 Pluribus ille notis variatam tinguitur alvum
 Quam parvis pictus maculis Thebanus ophites.
 Concolor exustis atque indiscretus harenis 715
 Hammodytes, spinaque vagi torquente cerastae,
 Et scytale sparsis etiamnunc sola pruinis
 Exuvias positura suas, et torrida dipsas,
 Et gravis in geminum vergens caput amphisbaena,
 Et natrix violator aquae, iaculique volucres, 720
 Et contentus iter cauda sulcare parias,
 Oraque distendens avidus spumantia prester,
 Ossaque dissolvens cum corpore tabificus seps ;
 Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,
 Ante venena nocens, late sibi summovet omne 725
 Volgus et in vacua regnat basiliscus harena.
 Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
 Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
 Letiferos ardens facit Africa : ducitis altum
 Aera cum pinnis, armentaque tota secuti 730
 Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verberare tauros ;
 Nec tutus spatium est elephans : datis omnia leto,
 Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno.
 Has inter pestes duro Cato milite siccum

¹ Presumably for poison.

² A kind of marble.

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gain?—import the bane of Africa to Italy and have made the asp an article of commerce.¹ And there the huge *haemorrhoids*, which will not suffer the blood of its victim to stay in the veins, opens out its scaly coils; there is the *chersydros*, created to inhabit the Syrtis, half land and half sea; the *chelydrus*, whose track smokes as it glides along; the *cenchris*, which moves ever in a straight line—its belly is more thickly chequered and spotted than the Theban serpentine² with its minute patterns; the *ammodytes*, of the same colour as the sand and indistinguishable from it; the *cerastes*, which wanders about as its spine makes it turn; the *scytale*, which alone can shed its skin while the rime is still scattered over the ground; the dried-up *dipsas*; the fell *amphisbaena*, that moves towards each of its two heads; the *natrix*, which pollutes waters, and the *iaculus*, that can fly; the *parias*, that is content to plough a track with its tail; the greedy *prester*, that opens wide its foaming mouth; the deadly *seps*, that destroys the bones with the body; and there the basilisk terrifies all the other snakes by the hissing it sends forth, and kills before it bites; it compels all the inferior serpents to keep their distance, and lords it over the empty desert. Dragons also, glittering with the sheen of gold, though worshipped in all other countries as harmless and divine, are made deadly by the heat of Africa: they draw in the air of heaven, birds and all; pursuing whole herds, they coil round mighty bulls and slay them with blows from their tail; nor is the elephant saved by his bulk—all things they consign to destruction, and need no poison to inflict death.

Amidst these plagues Cato travels on his water-

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Emetitur iter, tot tristia fata suorum 735
 Insolitasque videns parvo cum vulnere mortes.
 Signiferum iuvenem Tyrrheni sanguinis Aulum
 Torta caput retro dipsas calcata momordit.
 Vix dolor aut sensus dentis fuit, ipsaque leti
 Frons caret invidia, nec quidquam plaga minatur. 740
 Ecce subit virus tacitum, carpitque medullas
 Ignis edax calidaque incendit viscera tabe.
 Ebibit umorem circum vitalia fusum
 Pestis et in sicco linguam torrere palato
 Coepit ; defessos iret qui sudor in artus, 745
 Non fuit, atque oculos lacrimarum vena refugit.
 Non decus imperii, non maesti iura Catonis
 Ardentem tenuere virum, ne spargere signa
 Auderet totisque furens exquireret arvis
 Quas posebat aquas sitiens in corde venenum. 750
 Ille vel in Tanain missus Rhodanumque Padumque
 Arderet Nilumque bibens per rura vagantem.
 Accessit morti Libye, fatigue minorem
 Famam dipsas habet terris adiuta perustis.
 Scrutatur venas penitus squalentis harenae ; 755
 Nunc redit ad Syrtes et fluctus accipit ore,
 Aequoreusque placet, sed non et sufficit, umor.
 Nec sentit fatigue genus mortemque veneni,
 Sed putat esse sitim ; ferroque aperire tumentes
 Sustinuit venas atque os implere cruore. 760
 Iussit signa rapi propere Cato : discere nulli

BOOK IX

less way with his hardy soldiers, witnessing the cruel fate of man after man, and strange forms of death accompanied by a trifling wound. So Aulus, a standard-bearer of Etruscan blood, trod on a *dipsas*, and it drew back its head and bit him. He had hardly any pain or feeling of the bite; the mere appearance of the deadly wound was innocent, nor did the injury threaten any consequences. But lo! the hidden venom rises; devouring flame catches hold of the marrow and kindles the inmost parts with destroying fire. The poison dried up the moisture that surrounds the vital organs, and began to consume the tongue in the parched mouth; no sweat was left to run down over the suffering limbs, and the flow of tears deserted the eyes. The man was on fire; and neither national pride nor the authority of grief-stricken Cato could stop him: boldly he threw down the standard and searched everywhere in his frenzy for the water which the thirsty poison at his heart demanded. If he were plunged into the Tanais, the Rhone, or the Po, he would go on burning, or if he drank of the Nile when it floods the fields. But Libya made death more deadly; and the *dipsas*, when aided by the heat of that country, deserves less fame for its powers of destruction. Aulus searches for water deep down in the barren sand, and then returns to the Syrtes, and swallows the brine; the sea-water gives him pleasure, but there is not enough of it. The nature of his suffering and his death by poison were unperceived by him: he thought it was merely thirst, and ventured to open his swollen veins with his sword, and fill his mouth with the blood.

Cato ordered the army to march away in haste:

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Permissum est hoc posse sitim. Sed tristior illo
 Mors erat ante oculos, miserique in crure Sabelli
 Seps stetit exiguus ; quem flexo dente tenacem
 Avolsitque manu piloque adfixit harenis. 765

Parva modo serpens sed qua non ulla cruentae
 Tantum mortis habet. Nam plagae proxima circum
 Fugit rupta cutis pallentiaque ossa retextit ;
 Iamque sinu laxo nudum sine corpore volnus.

Membra natant sanie, surae fluxere, sine ullo 770
 Tegmine poples erat, femorum quoque musculus omnis
 Liquitur, et nigra destillant inguina tabe.

Dissiluit stringens uterum membrana, fluuntque
 Viscera ; nec, quantus toto de corpore debet,
 Effluit in terras, saevum sed membra venenum 775
 Decoquit, in minimum mors contrahit omnia virus.

Quidquid homo est, aperit pestis natura profana : 779
 Vincula nervorum et laterum textura cavumque 777
 Pectus et abstrusum fibris vitalibus omne

Morte patet. Manant umeri fortesque lacerti, 780
 Colla caputque fluunt : calido non ocius Austro
 Nix resoluta cadit nec solem cera sequetur.

Parva loquor, corpus sanie stillasse perustum :
 Hoc et flamma potest ; sed quis rogus abstulit ossa ?
 Haec quoque discedunt, putresque secuta medullas 785
 Nulla manere sinunt rapidi vestigia fati.

BOOK IX

none was allowed to learn that thirst could go so far. But a death more dreadful than that of Aulus was full in their view. When a tiny *seps* stuck in the leg of hapless Sabellus and clung there with barbed fang, he tore it off and pinned it to the sand with his javelin. Though this reptile is small in size, no other possesses such deadly powers. For the skin nearest the wound broke and shrank all round, revealing the white bone, until, as the opening widened, there was one gaping wound and no body. The limbs are soaked with corrupted blood; the calves of the legs melted away, the knees were stripped of covering, all the muscles of the thighs rotted, and a black discharge issued from the groin. The membraue that confines the belly snapped asunder, and the bowels gushed out. The man trickles into the ground, but there is less of him than an entire body should supply; for the fell poison boils down the limbs, and the manner of death reduces the whole man to a little pool of corruption. The whole human frame is revealed by the horrible nature of the mischief: the ligaments of the sinews, the structure of the lungs, the cavity of the chest, and all that the vital organs conceal,—every part is laid bare by death. The shoulders and strong arms turn to water; the neck and head are liquefied; snow does not melt and vanish more quickly before the warm South wind, nor will wax be affected faster by the sun. It is little to say that the flesh was consumed and dripped away in the form of matter: fire also can do this, but no pyre ever made the bones disappear. They also vanish: following the corrupted marrow, they suffer no traces of the quick death to survive. Among the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cinyphias inter pestes tibi palma nocendi est :
Eripiunt omnes animam, tu sola cadaver.

Ecce subit facies leto diversa fluenti.

Nasidium Marsi cultorem torridus agri 790

Percussit prester. Illi rubor igneus ora

Succendit, tenditque cutem pereunte figura

Miscens cuncta tumor ; toto iam corpore maior

Humanumque egressa modum super omnia membra

Efflatur sanies late pollente veneno ; 795

Ipsa latet penitus congesto corpore mersus,

Nec lorica tenet distenti pectoris¹ auctum.

Spumeus accenso non sic exundat aeno

Undarum cumulus, nec tantos carbasa Coro

Curvavere sinus. Tumidos iam non capit artus 800

Informis globus et confuso pondere truncus.

Intactum volucrum rostris epulasque daturum

Haud inpune feris non ausi tradere busto

Nondum stante modo crescens fugere cadaver.

Sed maiora parant Libycae spectacula pestes. 805

Inpressit dentes haemorrhoids aspera Tullo,

Magnanimo iuveni miratorique Catonis.

Utque solet pariter totis se fundere signis

Corycii pressura croci, sic omnia membra

Emisere simul rutilum pro sanguine virus. 810

Sanguis erant lacrimae ; quaecumque foramina novit

Umor, ab his largus manat cruor ; ora redundant

Et patulae nares ; sudor rubet ; omnia plenis

Membra fluunt venis ; totum est pro vulnere corpus.

¹ pectoris *Bentley* ; corporis *MSS.*

¹ Saffron-water was used by the Romans to perfume their theatres ; and it appears from this passage that it was forced out of perforations in metal statues.

BOOK IX

plagues of Africa the *seps* bears off the palm for destruction: all the rest take life, but it alone carries off the dead body.

But lo! a form of death is seen, the opposite to death by liquefaction. Nasidius, once a tiller of Marsian soil, was smitten by a burning *prester*. His face grew fiery red, and swelling distended the skin till all shape was lost and all features were confounded; then, as the strong poison spread, the hurt, larger than the whole body or than any human body, was blown out over all the limbs; the man himself was buried deep within his bloated frame, nor could his breast-plate contain the growth of his swollen chest. The foaming cloud of steam pours forth less strongly from a heated caldron; and smaller are the curves of bellying sails in a tempest. The distended limbs can no longer be contained by the body—a round and featureless mass with no distinct parts. The body remained untouched by the beaks of birds, and menaced death to wild beasts that feasted on it; the soldiers dared not consign it to a pyre, but fled from it, leaving it still swelling, with a growth not yet arrested.

But even greater marvels were shown by the serpents of Africa. Tullus, a courageous youth who worshipped Cato, was bitten by a fierce *haemorrhoidis*. And as Corycian saffron, when turned on, is wont to spout from every part of a statue at once,¹ so all his limbs discharged red poison together instead of blood. His tears were blood; blood flowed abundantly from all the openings that the body's moisture uses; his mouth and open nostrils were filled with it; he sweated blood; all his limbs streamed with the contents of his veins; his whole body was one wound.

At tibi, Laeve miser, fixus praecordia pressit 815
 Niliaca serpente cruor, nulloque dolore
 Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem
 Accipis et socias somno descendis ad umbras.
 Non tam veloci corrumpunt pocula leto,
 Stipite quae diro virgas mentita Sabaeas 820
 Toxicata fatilegi carpunt matura Saitae.

Ecce procul saevus sterilis se robore trunci
 Torsit et inmisit—iaculum vocat Africa—serpens
 Perque caput Pauli transactaque tempora fugit.
 Nil ibi virus agit : rapuit cum vulnere fatum. 825
 Depremsum est, quae funda rotat quam lenta volarent,
 Quam segnis Scythicae strideret harundinis aer.

Quid prodest miseri basiliscus cuspide Murri
 Transactus ? velox currit per tela venenum
 Invaditque manum ; quam protinus ille relecto 830
 Ense ferit totoque semel demittit ab armo,
 Exemplarque sui spectans miserabile leti
 Stat tutus pereunte manu. Quis fata putarit¹
 Scorpion aut vires maturae mortis habere ?
 Ille minax nodis et recto verberare saevus 835
 Teste tulit caelo victi decus Orionis.
 Quis calcare tuas metuat, salpuga, latebras ?
 Et tibi dant Stygiae ius in sua fila sorores.

Sic nec clara dies nec nox dabat atra quietem,
 Suspecta miseris in qua tellure iacebant. 840
 Nam neque congestae struxere cubilia frondes,

¹ putarit *Bentley* : putavit *MSS.*

¹ *I.e.*, Parthian.

² By the constellation called Scorpio. According to one account, Orion was killed by a scorpion sent by Artemis.

³ Said to be a kind of venomous ant.

⁴ The Parcae or Fates.

BOOK IX

Next, a serpent of the Nile froze the blood of hapless Laevus and stopped his heart. By no pain did he confess the wound, but suffered death by sudden unconsciousness, and went down by the way of sleep to join the ghosts of his comrades. The ripened poisons plucked by the wizards of Sais—poisons whose deadly stalks resemble the twigs of Arabia—do not infect the cup with so swift a death.

Behold! a fierce serpent, called by Africa *iaculus*, aimed and hurled itself at Paulus from a barren tree far off; piercing the head and passing through the temples, it escaped. Poison played no part there: death simultaneous with the wound snatched him away. Men discovered then how slow was the flight of the bullet from the sling, and how sluggish the whizz of the Scythian¹ arrow through the air.

Ill-starred Murrus drove his spear through a basilisk, but that availed him nothing: the poison sped swiftly along the weapon and fastened on his hand. At once he bared his sword and cut it off with one stroke, right from the shoulder; and there he stood safe while his hand was destroyed, watching the semblance of the pitiful death that would have been his own. Who could suppose that the scorpion was fatal, or large enough to inflict speedy death? Yet heaven bears witness² that the scorpion, threatening with its knotted tail and fierce with its sting erect, won the glory of defeating Orion. Who would fear to tread on the lair of the *salpuga*?³ Yet even to it the Stygian sisters⁴ gave power over their spinning.

So neither bright day nor black night brought rest to the wretched men: they could not trust the ground they lay on. For no piled-up leaves reared

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Nec culmis crevere tori, sed corpora fatis
 Expositi volvuntur humo, calidoque vapore
 Adliciunt gelidas nocturno frigore pestes,
 Innocuosque diu rictus torpente veneno 845
 Inter membra fovent. Nec, quae mensura viarum
 Quisve modus, norunt caelo duce : saepe querentes
 " Reddite, di," clamant " miseris quae fugimus arma,
 Reddite Thessaliam. Patimur cur segnia fata
 In gladios iurata manus ? pro Caesare pugnant 850
 Dipsades et peragunt civilia bella cerastae.
 Ire libet, qua zona rubens atque axis inustus
 Solis equis, iuvat aetheriis ascribere causis,
 Quod peream, caeloque mori. Nil, Africa, de te
 Nec de te, natura, queror : tot monstra ferentem 855
 Gentibus ablatum dederas serpentibus orbem,
 Inpatiensque solum Cereris cultore negato
 Damnasti atque homines voluisti desse venenis.
 In loca serpentum nos venimus : accipe poenas
 Tu, quisquis superum commercia nostra perosus 860
 Hinc torrente plaga, dubiis hinc Syrtibus orbem
 Abrumpens medio posuisti limite mortes.
 Per secreta tui bellum civile recessus
 Vadit, et arcani miles tibi conscius orbis
 Claustra ferit mundi. Forsan maiora supersunt 865
 Ingressis : coeunt ignes stridentibus undis,
 Et premitur natura poli ; sed longius istac ¹
 Nulla iacet tellus, quam fama cognita nobis

¹ istac *Housman* : ista *MSS.*

¹ Where the sun sets in the ocean.

BOOK IX

up beds for them, nor was straw heaped beneath them: leaving their bodies exposed to death, they lie down upon the ground, and their warmth attracts the snakes that suffer from the cold at night; and for long they warm with their limbs the open mouths that are harmless while the poison is numbed. With only the stars to guide them, they know not in what direction they have marched, or how far; and often they cry aloud this complaint: "Ye gods, restore to us wretches the battle from which we fled: give us back Pharsalia. We swore to use the sword: why then do we suffer a coward's death? The vipers fight in Caesar's place, and the adders win the civil war. Fain would we go to the torrid zone, where the ecliptic is burnt by the sun's steeds; we had rather impute our death to the sky's agency and be killed by heaven. I do not blame Africa, nor Nature: Nature had taken from men and assigned to serpents a region so fertile of monsters: the soil would bear no corn, and she condemned it to lie untilled; she intended that the poisonous fangs should find no men to bite. We are trespassers in a land of serpents: let us pay the penalty to that unknown Power which loathes the traffic of nations, and therefore fenced off a region with a scorching zone on one hand and the shifting Syrtes on the other, and set death in the strip between the two. Through his secret retreat civil war marches on; and the soldiers, sharing his knowledge of this mysterious region, beat on the gates that shut in the West. Worse things perhaps await us when we enter there: fire and hissing water meet,¹ and the sky sinks lower down; but, on our present course, there lies no land more remote than the gloomy

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tristia regna Iubae. Quaeremus forsitan istas
 Serpentum terras : habet hoc solacia caelum : 870
 Vivit adhuc aliquid. Patriae non arva requiro
 Europamque alios soles Asiamque videntem :
 Qua te parte poli, qua te tellure reliqui,
 Africa? Cyrenis etiamnunc bruma rigebat :
 Exiguane via legem convertimus anni? 875
 Imus in adversos axes, evolvimur orbe,
 Terga damus ferienda Noto ; nunc forsitan ipsa est
 Sub pedibus iam Roma meis. Solacia fati
 Haec petimus : veniant hostes, Caesarque sequatur,
 Qua fugimus." Sic dura suos patientia questus 880
 Exonerat. Cogit tantos tolerare labores
 Summa ducis virtus, qui nuda fusus harena
 Excubat atque omni fortunam provocat hora.
 Omnibus unus adest fatis ; quocumque vocatus
 Advolat atque ingens meritum maiusque salute 885
 Contulit, in letum vires ; puduitque gementem
 Illo teste mori. Quod ius habuisset in ipsum
 Ulla lues? casus alieno in pectore vincit
 Spectatorque docet magnos nil posse dolores.
 Vix miseris serum tanto lassata periclo 890
 Auxilium Fortuna dedit. Gens unica terras
 Incolit a saevo serpentum innoxia morsu,
 Marmaridae Psylli. Par lingua potentibus herbis,
 Ipse cruor tutus nullumque admittere virus

¹ They are marching westwards, but speak as if they were going towards the South Pole. The south wind is conceived as rising from the Equator, so that, when they have passed the Equator, they will have it at their backs.

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kingdom of Juba, known to us by report alone. Perhaps we shall yet regret this land of serpents: this clime has one consolation—that life is still found here. I do not ask for my native fields, nor for Europe and Asia that see another sun; but where is Africa? In what quarter of the sky or region of the earth did I come out of it? But lately there was winter's frost at Cyrene; has a short march had power to invert the order of the year? We are marching towards the opposite pole, evicted from the world, and turning our backs for the South wind to strike;¹ perhaps Rome itself is now beneath my feet. To comfort us in our doom, we ask that our foes may come here, and that Caesar may follow the line of our flight." Thus stubborn endurance throws off the burden of its complaints. They are constrained to bear such hardships by the heroism of their leader, who keeps guard lying on the bare sand and challenges destiny every hour. Though but one, he is present at every death-struggle; wherever they call him, he hastens and confers a mighty benefit, greater even than life, by giving them courage to die; and the soldier was ashamed, when watched by Cato, to die with a groan upon his lips. Against himself no plague could have any power. He conquered calamities in the hearts of others, and proved by his mere presence that sore pain was powerless.

Reluctantly and late did Fortune, wearied of inflicting such dangers, give aid to their wretched plight. Of the races that inhabit the earth there is but one, the Psylli of Marmarica, who are unhurt by the fell bite of serpents. Their voice has the efficacy of powerful drugs; their very blood is protected and

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Vel cantu cessante potens. Natura locorum 895
 Iussit, ut immunes mixtis serpentibus essent.
 Profuit in mediis sedem posuisse venenis.
 Pax illis cum morte data est. Fiducia tanta est
 Sanguinis: in terras parvus cum decidit infans,
 Ne qua sit externae Veneris mixtura timentes 900
 Letifica dubios explorant aspide partus.
 Utque Iovis volucer, calido cum protulit ovo
 Inplumes natos, solis convertit ad ortus:
 Qui potuere pati radios et lumine recto
 Sustinuere diem, caeli servantur in usus, 905
 Qui Phoebō cessere, iacent: sic pignora gentis
 Psyllus habet, si quis tactos non horruit angues,
 Si quis donatis lusit serpentibus infans.
 Nec solum gens illa sua contenta salute
 Excubat hospitibus, contraque nocentia monstra 910
 Psyllus adest populis. Qui tum Romana secutus
 Signa, simul iussit statui tentoria ductor,
 Primum, quas valli spatium comprehendit, harenas
 Expurgat cantu verbisque fugantibus angues.
 Ultima castrorum medicatus circumit ignis. 915
 Hic ebulum stridet peregrinaque galbana sudant,
 Et tamarix non laeta comas Eoaque costas
 Et panacea potens et Thessala centaurea
 Peucedanonque sonant flammis Erycinaque thapsos,
 Et larices fumoque gravem serpentibus urunt 920
 Habrotonum et longe nascentis cornua cervi.
 Sic nox tuta viris. At si quis peste diurna

¹ From death by poison.

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can keep out all poison, even without the use of charms. The nature of their land has bidden them live unharmed in the midst of serpents. By making their abode where poison surrounds them, they have gained this advantage, that death has granted them a safe-conduct.¹ Great is their reliance upon their blood: whenever a new-born babe falls to earth, fearing some contamination of foreign breed, they test the suspected infant by means of a venomous asp. As the bird of Jove turns his unfeathered eaglets, when hatched from the warm egg, to face the rising sun—those who prove able to endure the beams, and can gaze without flinching straight at the light, are kept alive for the service of the god; but those whom the sun has mastered are neglected—so the Psylli are convinced that the breed is true, if the babe shrinks not to touch snakes and makes a plaything of the serpent given him. And that race, not satisfied with safety for themselves, keep guard for strangers and aid mankind against deadly monsters. They followed the Roman army now; and, as soon as the leader ordered the tents to be pitched, they began by purifying the sand within the circuit of the rampart with spells and charms to banish the snakes. The limits of the camp were surrounded by a fire of fumigation, in which elder-wood crackled and foreign galbanum bubbled; the tamarisk of scanty leaf, Eastern *costos*, powerful all-heal, Thessalian centaury, fennel, and Sicilian *thapsos* made a noise in the flame; and the natives also burned larchwood, and southernwood whose smoke snakes loathe, and horns of deer—deer whose birthplace is far from Africa. Thus the soldiers were protected at night. But if any man was smitten by day and near death,

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Fata trahit, tunc sunt magicae miracula gentis
 Psyllorumque ingens et rapti pugna veneni.
 Nam primum tacta designat membra saliva, 925
 Quae cohibet virus retinetque in volnere pestem ;
 Plurima tunc volvit spumanti carmina lingua
 Murmure continuo, nec dat suspiria cursus
 Volneris, aut minimum patiuntur fata tacere.
 Saepe quidem pestis nigris inserta medullis 930
 Excantata fugit ; sed, si quod tardius audit
 Virus et elicited iussumque exire repugnat,
 Tum super incumbens pallentia volnera lambit
 Ore venena trahens et siccat dentibus artus,
 Extractamque potens gelido de corpore mortem 935
 Expuit ; et cuius morsus superaverit anguis,
 Iam promptum Psyllis vel gustu nosse veneni.
 Hoc igitur tandem levior Romana iuventus
 Auxilio late squalentibus errat in arvis.
 Bis positis Phoebe flammis, bis luce recepta 940
 Vidit harenivagum surgens fugiensque Catonem.
 Iamque illi magis atque magis durescere pulvis
 Coepit et in terram Libye spissata redire,
 Iamque procul rarae nemorum se tollere frondes,
 Surgere congesto non culta mapalia culmo. 945
 Quanta dedit miseris melioris gaudia terrae,
 Cum primum saevos contra videre leones !
 Proxima Leptis erat, cuius statione quieta
 Exegere hiemem nimbis flammisque carentem.

¹ Plutarch's more sober account limits this march to seven days ; Lucan prolongs it to two months.

BOOK IX

then the wondrous powers of the people were displayed, and there was a mighty battle between the Psylli and the poison absorbed. The native begins by marking the part with the touch of his spittle ; this arrests the venom and confines it to the wound ; and then his foaming lips rehearse full many a spell with unbroken muttering ; for the speed of the ailment suffers him not to draw breath, nor does death permit a moment's silence. Often indeed the bane, after it has lodged in the blackened marrow, is expelled by incantation ; but, whenever the poison is slow to obey, and resists when it is summoned forth and commanded to come out, then the healer leans over and licks the bloodless place, sucking up the venom and draining the limbs with his teeth, until victorious he drags out the death from the cold body, and spits it out of his mouth. And it is a simple thing for the Psylli to tell by the taste of the poison what kind of snake it was whose bite the healer has mastered.

So, relieved at last by their aid, the Roman soldiers wandered far and wide over the barren plains. Twice had the moon lost her light and twice regained it, while her rising and setting witnessed Cato lost in the desert.¹ But now he felt the sand grow ever firmer under his feet, and the soil of Africa became solid ground again ; and now the leaves of trees began here and there to rise in the distance, and rude huts raised with piles of straw. How the sufferers rejoiced to have reached a better country, when first they saw facing them fierce lions only ! Leptis was the nearest city ; and in those peaceful quarters they spent all winter, unvexed by storms or heat.

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Caesar, ut Emathia satiatus clade recessit,	950
Cetera curarum proiecit pondera soli	
Intentus genero; cuius vestigia frustra	
Terris sparsa legens fama duce tendit in undas,	
Threiciasque legit fauces et amore notatum	
Aequor et Heroas lacrimoso litore turres,	955
Qua pelago nomen Nepheleias abstulit Helle.	
Non Asiam brevioris aquae disternat usquam	
Fluctus ab Europa, quamvis Byzantion arto	
Pontus et ostriferam dirimat Calchedona cursu,	
Euxinumque ferens parvo ruat ore Propontis.	960
Sigeasque petit famae mirator harenas	
Et Simoentis aquas et Graio nobile busto	
Rhoetion et multum debentes vatibus umbras.	
Circumit exustae nomen memorabile Troiae	
Magnaue Phoebai quaerit vestigia muri.	965
Iam silvae steriles et putres robore trunci	
Assaraci pressere domos et templa deorum	
Iam lassa radice tenent, ac tota teguntur	
Pergama dumetis: etiam periere ruinae.	
Aspicit Hesiones scopulos silvaeque latentes	970
Anchisae thalamos; quo iudex sederit antro,	
Unde puer raptus caelo, quo vertice Nais	
Luxerit Oenone: nullum est sine nomine saxum.	
Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum	
Transierat, qui Xanthus erat. Securus in alto	975
Gramine ponebat gressus: Phryx incola manes	

¹ It was called the Hellespont, after Helle. The "lovers" are Hero and Leander.

² Ajax.

³ Ganymede.

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When Caesar had taken his fill of the slaughter and left Pharsalia, he cast off the burden of all other cares and turned his attention wholly to his son-in-law. In vain he followed Pompey's scattered traces over the land, and then report guided him to the sea. He sailed along the Thracian straits and the waters made famous by the lovers, and past Hero's turrets on the melancholy shore where Helle, daughter of Nephele, robbed a sea of its name.¹ Nowhere does a smaller stretch of water sever Asia from Europe, although the channel is narrow by which the Euxine divides Byzantium from the oyster-beds of Calchedon, and the opening is small by which the Propontis carries in its course the waters of the Euxine. Emulous of ancient glory, Caesar visited the sands of Sigeum and the stream of Simois, Rhoeteum famous for the Grecian's² grave, and the dead who owe so much to the poet's verse. He walked round the burnt city of Troy, now only a famous name, and searched for the mighty remains of the wall that Apollo raised. Now barren woods and rotting tree-trunks grow over the palace of Assaracus, and their worn-out roots clutch the temples of the gods, and Pergama is covered over with thorn-brakes: the very ruins have been destroyed. He sees Hesione's rock and the secret marriage-chamber of Anchises in the wood; the cave in which Paris sat as umpire, and the spot from which the boy³ was carried off to the sky; he sees the peak on which the Naiad Oenone lamented. A legend clings to every stone. The stream trickling through the dry dust, which he crossed without knowing it, was the Xanthus. When he stepped carelessly over the rank grass, the native bade him

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Hectoreos calcare vetat. Discussa iacebant
Saxa nec ullius faciem servantia sacri :
“ Herceas ” monstrator ait “ non respicis aras? ”

O sacer et magnus vatum labor ! omnia fato 980
Eripis et populis donas mortalibus aevum.

Invidia sacrae, Caesar, ne tangere famae ;
Nam, si quid Latiis fas est promittere Musis,
Quantum Zmyrnaei durabunt vatis honores,
Venturi me teque legent ; Pharsalia nostra 985
Vivet, et a nullo tenebris damnabimur aevo.

Ut ducis inplevit visus veneranda vetustas,
Erexit subitas congestu caespitis aras
Votaque turicremos non inrita fudit in ignes,
“ Di cinerum, Phrygias colitis quicumque ruinas, 990

Aeneaeque mei, quos nunc Lavinia sedes
Servat et Alba, lares, et quorum lucet in aris
Ignis adhuc Phrygius, nullique aspecta virorum
Pallas, in abstruso pignus memorabile templo,
Gentis Iuleae vestris clarissimus aris 995

Dat pia tura nepos et vos in sede priore
Rite vocat. Date felices in cetera cursus,
Restituam populos ; grata vice moenia reddent
Ausonidae Phrygibus, Romanaque Pergama surgent.”

Sic fatus repetit classes et tota secundis 1000

Vela dedit Coris, avidusque urgente procella
Iliacas pensare moras Asiamque potentem
Praevehitur pelagoque Rhodon spumante relinquit.

¹ Ζεύς ἑρκείος, worshipped as god of Priam's household.

² The meaning is that Homer's *Iliad* is more certain of immortality than any Latin epic. Smyrna was one of the cities which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer.

³ “ Fought by you and told by me ” is his meaning (Housman)

⁴ The Palladium, or image of Pallas, on which the safety of Troy depended.

BOOK IX

not to walk over the body of Hector. When scattered stones, preserving no appearance of sanctity, lay before them, the guide asked: "Do you mean to pass over the altar of Zeus Herceos ¹?"

How mighty, how sacred is the poet's task! He snatches all things from destruction and gives to mortal men immortality. Be not jealous, Caesar, of those whom fame has consecrated; for, if it is permissible for the Latin Muses to promise aught,² then, as long as the fame of Smyrna's bard endures, posterity shall read my verse and your deeds; our³ Pharsalia shall live on, and no age will ever doom us to oblivion.

When Caesar had satisfied his eyes with venerable antiquity, he reared in haste an altar of piled-up sods, and uttered prayers and vows over the incense-burning flame; and both were fulfilled. "All ye spirits of the dead, who inhabit the ruins of Troy; and ye household gods of my ancestor Aeneas, who now dwell safe in Lavinium and Alba, and upon their altar still shines fire from Troy; and thou, Pallas, famous pledge of security,⁴ whom no male eye may behold in thy secret shrine—lo! I, most renowned descendant of the race of Iulus, here place incense due upon your altars, and solemnly invoke you in your ancient abode. Grant me prosperity to the end, and I will restore your people: with grateful return the Italians shall rebuild the walls of the Phrygians, and a Roman Troy shall rise." When he had spoken thus, Caesar went back to his ships and spread full sails to favouring winds. The gale drove him on, and he was eager to make up for his delay at Troy, so that he sailed past wealthy Asia and left Rhodes unvisited in its foaming sea. The

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Septima nox Zephyro numquam laxante rudentes
Ostendit Phariis Aegyptia litora flammis. 1005
Sed prius orta dies nocturnam lampada textit
Quam tutas intraret aquas. Ibi plena tumultu
Litora et incerto turbatas murmure voces
Accipit, ac dubiis veritus se credere regnis
Abstinet tellure rates. Sed dira satelles 1010
Regis dona ferens medium proventus in aequor
Colla gerit Magni Phario velamine tecta
Ac prius infanda commendat crimina voce :
“ Terrarum domitor, Romanae maxime gentis,
Et, quod adhuc nescis, genero secure perempto, 1014
Rex tibi Pellaeus belli pelagique labores
Donat et, Emathiis quod solum defuit armis,
Exhibet. Absenti bellum civile peractum est :
Thessalicas quaerens Magnus reparare ruinas
Ense iacet nostro. Tanto te pignore, Caesar, 1020
Emimus ; hoc tecum percussum est sanguine foedus.
Accipe regna Phari nullo quaesita cruore ;
Accipe Niliaci ius gurgitis ; accipe, quidquid
Pro Magni cervice dares ; dignumque clientem
Castris crede tuis, cui tantum fata licere 1025
In generum voluere tuum. Nec vile putaris
Hoc meritum, facili nobis quod caede peractum est.
Hospes avitus erat, depulso sceptrum parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram ? tu nomina tanto

BOOK IX

West wind never slackened the cordage of the ships until the seventh night revealed the coast of Egypt by the flame of Pharos. But day dawned and veiled that beacon of night before he sailed into the quiet waters. There he found the shore filled with disturbance, and heard voices that muttered in uncertainty and confusion. Therefore he kept his ships away from land, fearing to trust himself to a treacherous kingdom. But a minion of the king, bearing his master's ghastly gift, put out into mid-stream; he carried the head of Magnus wrapped in linen of Egypt, and first he tried with infamous speech to put a fair face on foul deeds: "Conqueror of the world and mightiest of the Roman race, you are made safe, though you are ignorant of it as yet, by the slaying of your son-in-law. The Macedonian king spares you the toil of war by land and sea, and presents you with the one thing lacking to the victory of Pharsalia. The civil war has been won for you without your presence; when Magnus sought to rebuild the fortunes ruined at Pharsalia, he was laid low by our sword. By so dear a pledge have we bought you, Caesar; by this blood our treaty with you was concluded. We give you the kingdom, to be yours without bloodshed; we give you power over the Nile's waters; we give all that you yourself would have given for Pompey's head; reckon us then as adherents worthy of your army, because Fortune willed that we should have such power against your kinsman. Nor must you undervalue our service, because we conferred it by an execution that cost us nothing. Pompey was our friend of old; he had restored the throne to our king's banished father. Need I say more? You must find

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi. 10300
 Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
 Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis." Sic fatus opertum
 Detexit tenuitque caput. Iam languida morte
 Effigies hâbitum noti mutaverat oris.
 Non primo Caesar damnavit munera visu 10350
 Avertitque oculos; voltus, dum crederet, haesit;
 Utque fidem vidit sceleris tutumque putavit
 Iam bonus esse socer, lacrimas non sponte cadentes
 Effudit gemitusque expressit pectore laeto,
 Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis 10400
 Gaudia quam lacrimis, meritumque inmane tyranni
 Destruit et generi mavolt lugere revolsum
 Quam debere caput. Qui duro membra senatus
 Calcarat voltu, qui sicco lumine campos
 Viderat Emathios, uni tibi, Magne, negare 10450
 Non audet gemitus. O sors durissima fati!
 Huncine tu, Caesar, scelerato Marte petisti,
 Qui tibi flendus erat? nunc¹ mixti foedera tangunt
 Te generis? nunc nata iubet maerere neposque?
 Credis apud populos Pompei nomen amantes 10500
 Hoc castris prodesse tuis? Fortasse tyranni
 Tangeris invidia, captique in viscera Magni
 Hoc alii licuisse doles, quererisque perisse
 Vindictam belli raptumque e iure superbi
 Victoris generum. Quisquis te flere coegit 10550
 Impetus, a vera longe pietate recessit.

¹ nunc . . . nunc *Housman*: non . . . nec *MSS.*

BOOK IX

a name for this great deed; or else ask what the world says of it. If crime it be, then you admit a greater debt to us, because your own hand is not guilty of the crime." With these words he took off the covering from the head, and held it in his hands. By now the features, relaxed by death, had changed the aspect of that familiar face. When Caesar first saw it, he did not condemn the gift nor turn away: his eyes were fixed upon the face till he could be sure. Then, when he saw the proof of the crime, and thought it safe at last to be the loving kinsman, he shed crocodile tears and forced out groans while his heart rejoiced. By tears alone was he able to hide his obvious delight; and thus he belittles the king's horrid service, preferring to mourn the severed head of his kinsman rather than owe obligation for it. Though he had trampled on corpses of senators with face unmoved, and had beheld dry-eyed the field of Pharsalia, to Magnus alone he dares not deny the tribute of tears. Oh, harsh decree of Fortune! Did you, Caesar, pursue with impious arms this man, for whom you had yet to weep? Does the bond of kinship appeal to you at last? Do your daughter and her child at last bid you grieve? Do you believe that this grief will serve your cause among the nations who love the name of Pompey? Perhaps you are jealous of Ptolemy, resenting that another had such power against the person of Magnus, his prisoner; and you complain that war's vengeance has been lost, and that your kinsman has been snatched from the disposal of his haughty conqueror. Whatever the impulse that forced you to weep, it was far removed from sincere affection. Is this forsooth the purpose

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Scilicet hoc animo terras atque aequora lustras,
 Necubi suppressus pereat gener. O bene rapta
 Arbitrio mors ista tuo! quam magna remisit
 Crimina Romano tristis fortuna pudori, 1060
 Quod te non passa est misereri, perfide, Magni
 Viventis! Nec non his fallere vocibus audet
 Adquirisque fidem simulati fronte doloris:
 "Aufer ab aspectu nostro funesta, satellites,
 Regis dona tui; peius de Caesare vestrum 1065
 Quam de Pompeio meruit scelus; unica belli
 Praemia civilis, victis donare salutem,
 Perdidimus. Quod si Phario germana tyranno
 Non invis foret, potuissem reddere regi
 Quod meruit, fratrique tuum pro munere tali 1070
 Misissem, Cleopatra, caput. Secreta quid arma
 Movit et inseruit nostro sua tela labori?
 Ergo in Thessalicis Pellaeo fecimus arvis
 Ius gladio? vestris quaesita licentia regnis?
 Non tuleram Magnum mecum Romana regentem: 1075
 Te, Ptolemae, feram? frustra civilibus armis
 Miscuimus gentes, si qua est hoc orbe potestas
 Altera quam Caesar, si tellus ulla duorum est.
 Vertissem Latias a vestro litore proras:
 Famae cura vetat, ne non damnasse cruentam 1080
 Sed videar timuisse Pharon. Nec fallere vosmet
 Credite victorem: nobis quoque tale paratum
 Litoris hospitium; ne sic mea colla gerantur,
 Thessaliae fortuna facit. Maiore profecto
 Quam metui poterat discrimine gessimus arma: 1085

BOOK IX

that hurries you over land and sea—that your kinsman may not be slain in some secret corner? Well is it that the power to pass sentence on him was taken from you. How deep the stain cruel Fortune spared the honour of Rome when she would not suffer a traitor like you to have mercy on Magnus while he yet lived.—Yet Caesar ventured to speak deceitful words, and sought to gain belief for the sorrow feigned by his brow.

“Take from my sight the ghastly gift of the king you serve. Your crime has done more disservice to Caesar than to Pompey: you have taken from me the one privilege of civil war—the power of granting life to the defeated. If the king of Egypt did not hate his sister, I might have made a fitting return for such a gift by sending him the head of Cleopatra. Why did he draw the sword independently and thrust his weapon into the conflict of Romans? Did I then on the field of Pharsalia grant licence to the Macedonian steel? Was it my object that your rulers should do what they liked? Shall I, who could not suffer Pompey to rule Rome together with me, suffer Ptolemy as a partner? In vain have I convulsed the world with civil war, if there is any authority on earth save mine, if any land owns more than one lord. I might have steered the Roman prows away from your coast; but care for my reputation prevented me: it might seem that I did not condemn bloodstained Egypt, but rather feared her. Do not fancy that you deceive the conqueror: the same reception on the shore was prepared for me too, and I may thank Pharsalia that my head is not carried like his. The risk we ran in warfare was really greater than could be apprehended: I feared

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Exilium generique minas Romamque timebam :
Poena fugae Ptolemaeus erat. Sed parcimus annis
Donamusque nefas. Sciat hac pro caede tyrannus
Nil venia plus posse dari. Vos condite busto
Tanti colla ducis, sed non, ut crimina solum 1090
Vestra tegat tellus : iusto date tura sepulchro
Et placate caput cineresque in litore fusos
Colligite atque unam sparsis date manibus urnam.
Sentiat adventum soceri vocesque querentis
Audiat umbra pias. Dum nobis omnia praefert, 1095
Dum vitam Phario mavolt debere clienti,
Laeta dies rapta est populis, concordia mundo
Nostra perit. Caruere deis mea vota secundis,
Ut te complexus positis felicibus armis
Adfectus a te veteres vitamque rogarem, 1100
Magne, tuam, dignaque satis mercede laborum
Contentus par esse tibi. Tunc pace fideli
Fecissem, ut victus posses ignoscere divis,
Fecisses, ut Roma mihi." Nec talia fatus
Invenit fletus comitem, nec turba querenti 1105
Credidit : abscondunt gemitus et pectora laeta
Fronte tegunt, hilaresque nefas spectare cruentum,
—O bona libertas—cum Caesar lugeat, audent.

BOOK IX

only exile, and the threats of my kinsman, and Rome; but the penalty of defeat was—Ptolemy. Yet I spare his youth and pardon his crime. Let your master learn that pardon is the highest reward this shedding of blood can earn. You must lay in the grave the head of the great general, and not in such a way that the earth merely hides your guilt: give incense to fitting sepulture, ask pardon of the head, collect the ashes strewn on the shore, and let the scattered remains meet in a single urn. Let the dead man be aware that his kinsman is here; let him hear the voice of my love and sorrow. Because he preferred all things to me and would rather owe his life to his Egyptian client, therefore the nations have been deprived of a joyful day, and the world has lost our reconciliation. My prayer found no favour with Heaven—my prayer that I might lay down successful arms and then embrace Pompey; that I might beg of him to love me as of old, and to go on living; that I might ask for myself to be his equal; and I should have been content with this, as a sufficient reward for my hardships. Then, with peace and confidence between us, I should have enabled him to pardon Heaven for his defeat, and he would have enabled Rome to pardon me.” Thus he spoke, but found none to share his weeping; nor did the hearers believe his complaint; they hid their sorrow and veiled their feelings with a mask of rejoicing; though Caesar mourns, they dare—how gracious the privilege!—to look with cheerful faces at that sight of blood and crime.

BOOK X

LIBER DECIMUS

UT primum terras Pompei colla secutus
 Attigit et diras calcavit Caesar harenas,
 Pugnavit fortuna ducis fatumque nocentis
 Aegypti, regnum Lagi Romana sub arma
 Iret, an eriperet mundo Memphiticus ensis 5
 Victoris victique caput. Tua profuit umbra,
 Magne, tui socerum rapuere a sanguine manes,
 Ne populus post te Nilum Romanus amaret.
 Inde Paraetioniam fertur securus in urbem
 Pignore tam saevi sceleris sua signa secutam. 10
 Sed fremitu volgi fasces et iura querentis
 Inferri Romana suis discordia sensit
 Pectora et ancipites animos, Magnumque perisse
 Non sibi. Tum voltu semper celante pavorem
 Intrepidus superum sedes et templa vetusti 15
 Numinis antiquas Macetum testantia vires
 Circumit, et nulla captus dulcedine rerum,
 Non auro cultuque deum, non moenibus urbis,
 Effossum tumulis cupide descendit in antrum.
 Illic Pellaei proles vaesana Philippi, 20
 Felix praedo, iacet terrarum vindice fato
 Raptus : sacratis totum spargenda per orbem
 Membra viri posuere adytis ; fortuna pepercit

¹ *I.e.* Egyptian.

² The meaning is, that Caesar's murder might, in the eyes of the Roman people, have atoned for Pompey's murder.

³ Alexander the Great.

BOOK X

As soon as Caesar, following Pompey's head, reached land and trod those fatal sands, his fortune and the destiny of guilty Egypt contended whether the realm of Lagus should be conquered by Roman arms, or the Memphian¹ sword should rid the world of the victor's head as well as of the loser's. The shade of Magnus did service; his ghost snatched his kinsman from the sword, that the Roman people might not, even after the death of Pompey, love the Nile.² Thence free from care Caesar moved to the Egyptian capital, which was bound to his cause by the pledge of such a ruthless crime. But from the rage of the populace, who bore it ill that Roman rods and laws should invade their own, he learned that feeling was divided and allegiance wavering, and that not for his gain had Magnus fallen. Then undaunted, with looks that ever masked his fears, he visited the temples of the gods, and the ancient shrines of divinity which attest the former might of Macedonia. No thing of beauty attracted him, neither the gold and ornaments of the gods, nor the city walls; but in eager haste he went down into the vault hewn out for a tomb. There lies the mad son of Macedonian Philip, that fortunate freebooter,³ cut off by a death that avenged the world. The limbs that should have been scattered over the whole earth they laid in a hallowed shrine; Fortune

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Manibus, et regni duravit ad ultima fatum.
 Nam sibi libertas umquam si redderet orbem, 25
 Ludibrio servatus erat, non utile mundo
 Editus exemplum, terras tot posse sub uno
 Esse viro. Macetum fines latebrasque suorum
 Deseruit victasque patri despexit Athenas,
 Perque Asiae populos fatis urgumentibus actus 30
 Humana cum strage ruit gladiumque per omnes
 Exegit gentes; ignotos miscuit annes
 Persarum Euphraten, Indorum sanguine Gangen :
 Terrarum fatale malum fulmenque, quod omnes
 Percuteret pariter populos, et sidus iniquum 35
 Gentibus. Oceano classes inferre parabat
 Exteriore mari. Non illi flamma nec undae
 Nec sterilis Libye nec Syrticus obstitit Hammon.
 Isset in occasus mundi devexa secutus
 Ambissetque polos Nilumque a fonte bibisset : 40
 Occurrit suprema dies, naturaque solum
 Hunc potuit finem vaesano ponere regi;
 Qui secum invidia, quo¹ totum ceperat orbem,
 Abstulit imperium, nulloque herede relicto
 Totius fati lacerandas praebuit urbes. 45
 Sed cecidit Babylone sua Parthoque verendus.
 Pro pudor ! Eoi propius timuere sarisas
 Quam nunc pila timent populi. Licet usque sub Arceton
 Regnemus Zephyrique domos terrasque premamus
 Flagrantis post terga Noti, cedemus in ortus 50

¹ quo *Housman* : qua *MSS.*

¹ See n. to viii. 298.

BOOK X

spared his dead body, and the destiny of his reign endured to the last. For if Freedom had ever made men their own masters again, his body would have been preserved for mockery—a man who was born to teach this bad lesson to the world, that so many lands may obey one lord. He left his own obscure realm of Macedonia; he spurned Athens which his father had conquered; driven by the impulse of destiny, he rushed through the peoples of Asia, mowing down mankind; he drove his sword home in the breast of every nation; he defiled distant rivers, the Euphrates and the Ganges, with Persian and Indian blood; he was a pestilence to earth, a thunderbolt that struck all peoples alike, a comet of disaster to mankind. He was preparing to launch his fleets on the Ocean by way of the outer sea. No obstacle to him was heat, or sea, or barren Libya, or the Syrtes, or the desert. Following the curve of the earth, he would have marched round to the West, and gone beyond both the poles, and drunk of the Nile at its source. But Death stood in his way, and Nature alone was able to bring his mad reign to this end: the power, by which he had seized the whole world, he carried away with him in his jealousy, and left no successor to inherit all his greatness, but exposed the nations to be torn asunder. He died, however, in Babylon he had conquered; and the Parthian feared him. Shame is it that the peoples of the East shrank more from contact with the phalanx¹ than they shrink now from contact with the legion. Though Roman rule extends to the North and the home of the West wind, though we oppress the lands that lie behind the burning South wind, yet in the East we shall

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Arsacidum domino. Non felix Parthia Crassis
Exiguæ secunda fuit provincia Pellae.

Iam Pelusiaco veniens a gurgite Nili
Rex puer inbellis populi sedaverat iras,
Obside quo pacis Pellaea tutus in aula 55
Caesar erat, cum se parva Cleopatra biremi
Corrupto custode Phari laxare catenas
Intulit Emathiis ignaro Caesare tectis,
Dedecus Aegypti, Latii feralis Erinys,
Romano non casta malo. Quantum inpulit Argos 60
Iliacasque domos facie Spartana nocenti,
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.
Terruit illa suo, si fas, Capitolia sistro
Et Romana petit inbelli signa Canopo
Caesare captivo Pharios ductura triumphos; 65
Leucadioque fuit dubius sub gurgite casus,
An mundum ne nostra quidem matrona teneret.
Hoc animi nox illa dedit, quae prima cubili
Miscuit incestam ducibus Ptolemaida nostris.
Quis tibi vaesani veniam non donet amoris, 70
Antoni, durum cum Caesaris hauserit ignis
Pectus? et in media rabie medioque furore
Et Pompeianis habitata manibus aula
Sanguine Thessalicae cladis perfusus adulter
Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis 75
Inlicitosque toros et non ex coniuge partus.
Pro pudor! oblitus Magni tibi, Iulia, fratres
Obscaena de matre dedit, partesque fugatas

¹ *I.e.* Alexander.

² *I.e.* of Macedonia under Alexander; see note to v. 60.

³ Helen.

⁴ The rattle (*sistrum*) was regularly used in the worship of Isis by the Egyptians.

⁵ At Actium.

BOOK X

yield precedence to the lord of the Parthians.¹ Parthia, that brought doom on the Crassi, was a mere peaceful province of little Pella.²

And now the boy-king came from the Pelusian mouth of the Nile, and allayed the discontent of his unwarlike people; and, with him as a hostage for peace, Caesar was safe in the Macedonian court. But then Cleopatra, having bribed the guards to undo the chain across the harbour of Pharos, sailed in a small two-banked ship and entered the Macedonian palace without Caesar's knowledge—Cleopatra, the shame of Egypt, the fatal Fury of Latium, whose unchastity cost Rome dear. As the dangerous beauty of the Spartan queen³ overthrew Argos and Troy town, in like measure Cleopatra fanned the frenzy of Italy. Her rattle⁴ terrified the Capitol—can such things be?—she hurled unwarlike Canopus against Roman warriors, hoping to head an Egyptian triumph and lead a Caesar captive; and by the waters of Leucas⁵ it was a question whether the world should be ruled by a woman who was not even a Roman. Her insolence was due to that night which first brought the wanton daughter of the Ptolemies to the arms of a Roman general. Who can refuse pardon to the infatuation of Antony, when even the stubborn heart of Caesar took fire? Even in the midst of his rage and fury, in that palace haunted by Pompey's ghost, while yet drenched with the blood of Pharsalia, he suffered adulterous love to mingle with his anxieties, and combined with war unlawful wedlock and spurious offspring. Shame on him! Forgetting Pompey, he gave Julia brothers by an abominable mother; he suffered the defeated party to rally in

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Passus in extremis Libyae coalescere regnis
 Tempora Niliaco turpis dependit amori, 80
 Dum donare Pharon, dum non sibi vincere mavolt.
 Quem formae confisa suae Cleopatra sine ullis
 Tristis adit lacrimis, simulatum compta dolorem
 Qua decuit, veluti laceros dispersa capillos,
 Et sic orsa loqui: "Si qua est, o maxime Caesar, 85
 Nobilitas, Pharii proles clarissima Lagi,
 Exul, in aeternum sceptris depulsa paternis,
 Ni tua restituit veteri me dextera fato,
 Complector regina pedes. Tu gentibus aequum
 Sidus ades nostris. Non urbes prima tenebo 90
 Femina Niliacas: nullo discrimine sexus
 Reginam scit ferre Pharos. Lege summa perempti
 Verba patris, qui iura mihi communia regni
 Et thalamos cum fratre dedit. Puer ipse sororem,
 Sit modo liber, amat; sed habet sub iure Pothini 95
 Adfectus ensesque suos. Nil ipsa paterni
 Iuris inire peto: culpa tantoque pudore
 Solve domum, remove funesta satellitis arma
 Et regem regnare iube. Quantosne tumores
 Mente gerit famulus! Magni cervice revolsa 100
 Iam tibi—sed procul hoc avertant fata—minatur.
 Sat fuit indignum, Caesar, mundoque tibi que
 Pompeium facinus meritumque fuisse Pothini."
 Nequiquam duras temptasset Caesaris aures:
 Voltus adest precibus faciesque incesta perorat. 105

¹ *I.e.* Cleopatra.

² Pothinus.

BOOK X

the remote realms of Libya; and he spent his time upon a shameful intrigue in Egypt, because he would rather give the country to another¹ than conquer it for himself. Trusting in her beauty, Cleopatra approached him, in sorrow but not in tears: she had decked out her feigned grief, and her hair, as far as became her, was disordered, as if she had torn it; and thus she began: "Mighty Caesar, if birth counts for aught, I am the noble daughter of Lagus, king of Egypt; but I have been driven from my father's throne and shall be an exile for ever, unless your right hand restores me to my former destiny; and therefore I, a queen, embrace your feet. Appear as a benign star and assist our nation. I shall not be the first woman to rule the cities of the Nile: Egypt is accustomed to put up with a queen and make no distinction of sex. Read the last words of my dead father: he gave me an equal share of the royal power with my brother, and married me to him. The boy himself loves his sister, if only he were free; but his feelings and his soldiers are alike controlled by Pothinus. I do not myself ask to be admitted to any share of my father's power; I beg you only to free our house from such guilt and shame; destroy the dangerous strength of the favourite,² and bid the king be a king indeed. What pride the menial cherishes in his heart! Having severed the head of Magnus, he now threatens you; but may fate turn this danger far from you! It was indignity enough for you, Caesar, and for mankind, that a Pothinus gained credit for the murder of a Pompey."

Vain would have been her appeal to the stern ear of Caesar; but her face supported her petition, and

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Exigit infandam corrupto iudice noctem.
 Pax ubi parta ducis donisque ingentibus empta est,
 Excepere epulae tantarum gaudia rerum,
 Explicuitque suos magno Cleopatra tumultu
 Nondum translatos Romana in saecula luxus. 110)
 Ipse locus templi, quod vix corruptior aetas
 Extruat, instar erat; laqueataque tecta ferebant
 Divitias, crassumque trabes absconderat aurum.
 Nec summis crustata domus sectisque nitebat
 Marmoribus, stabatque sibi non segnis achates 115)
 Purpureusque lapis, totaque effusus in aula
 Calcabatur onyx; hebenus Meroitica¹ vastos
 Non operit postes, sed stat pro robore vili,
 Auxilium non forma domus. Ebur atria vestit,
 Et suffecta manu foribus testudinis Indae 120)
 Terga sedent, crebro maculas distincta zmaragdo.
 Fulget gemma toris, et iaspide fulva supellex
*Stat mensas onerans, variaque triclinia veste*²
 Strata micant, Tyrio cuius pars maxima fuco
 Cocta diu virus non uno duxit aeno,
 Pars auro plumata nitet, pars ignea cocco, 125)
 Ut mos est Phariis miscendi licia telis.
 Tum famulae numerus turbae populusque minister.
 Discolor hos sanguis, alios distinxerat aetas;
 Haec Libycos, pars tam flavos gerit altera crines,
 Ut nullis Caesar Rheni se dicat in arvis 130)
 Tam rutilas vidisse comas; pars sanguinis usti
 Torta caput refugosque gerens a fronte capillos;

¹ Meroitica *Salmasius*: Mareotica *MSS.*

² *Inserted by Housman.*

¹ A corrupt age would not be able to spare the money from its own pleasures to build such a temple.

² "Leashes" were used in weaving, in order to separate the threads of the warp.

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her wicked beauty gained her suit. Her judge was bribed, and she spent the whole night in infamy. When Caesar's favour was gained and bought by mighty gifts, so joyful an event was followed by a feast; great was the bustle, as Cleopatra displayed her magnificence—magnificence which Roman society had not yet adopted. The place itself was the size of a temple, such a temple as a corrupt age¹ would hardly rear; the panels of the ceiling displayed wealth, and the rafters were hidden beneath a thick coating of gold. The walls shone with marble; nor were they merely overlaid with a thin surface of it; and agate stood there on its own account, no useless ornament, and porphyry. Alabaster was laid all over the hall to tread on; and the ebony of Meroe, no mere covering for the great doors, took the place of common wood—a support and no mere decoration of the dwelling. Ivory clothed the entrance-hall; and Indian tortoise-shell, artificially coloured, was inlaid upon the doors, and its spots were adorned with many an emerald. Jewels glittered on the couches; the cups, tawny with jasper, loaded the tables, and the sofas were bright with coverlets of divers colours—most had long been steeped in Tyrian dye and took their hue from repeated soakings, while others were embroidered with bright gold, and others blazed with scarlet, as the Egyptian manner is of mingling leashes² in the web. There was also a swarm of attendants, and a multitude to serve the banqueters, differing from one another in race or age. Some had the hair of Africa, and others were so fair-headed that Caesar said he had never seen hair so red in the Rhine country; some had dark skins and woolly heads, with hair receding from the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nec non infelix ferro mollita iuventus
 Atque exsecta virum : stat contra fortior aetas
 Vix ulla fuscante tamen lanugine malas. 135

Discubuere illic reges maiorque potestas,
 Caesar ; et inmodice formam fucata nocentem,
 Nec sceptris contenta suis nec fratre marito,
 Plena maris rubri spoliis, colloque comisque
 Divitias Cleopatra gerit cultuque laborat. 140
 Candida Sidonio perlucent pectora filo,
 Quod Nilotis acus compressum pectine Serum
 Solvit et extenso laxavit stamina velo.

Dentibus hic niveis sectos Atlantide silva
 Inposuere orbes, quales ad Caesaris ora 145

Nec capto venere Iuba. Pro caecus et amens
 Ambitione furor, civilia bella gerenti
 Divitias aperire suas, incendere mentem
 Hospitis armati. Non sit licet ille nefando
 Marte paratus opes mundi quaesisse ruina ; 150

Pone duces priscos et nomina pauperis aevi,
 Fabricios Curiosque graves, hic ille recumbat
 Sordidus Etruscis abductus consul aratris :
 Optabit patriae talem duxisse triumphum.

Infudere epulas auro, quod terra, quod aer, 155
 Quod pelagus Nilusque dedit, quod luxus inani
 Ambitione furens toto quaesivit in orbe
 Non mandante fame ; multas volucresque ferasque
 Aegypti posuere deos, manibusque ministrat

¹ Pearls.

² Made of citrus-wood : see n. to ix. 427.

³ Cincinnatus.

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forehead. There too were hapless boys who had lost their manhood by the knife; and opposite them stood youths, whose cheeks, in spite of their age, were scarce darkened by any down.

There the sovereigns sat down, and with them Caesar, greater than they. Cleopatra, not content with a crown of her own and her brother for husband, was there, with her baleful beauty painted up beyond all measure: covered with the spoils of the Red Sea,¹ she carried a fortune round her neck and in her hair, and was weighed down by her ornaments. Her white breasts were revealed by the fabric of Sidon, which, close-woven by the shuttle of the Seres, the Egyptian needle-worker pulls out, and loosens the thread by stretching the stuff. Then they placed upon snowy tusks round tables² cut in Moorish forests, such tables as Caesar did not see even after he conquered Juba. What blindness, what madness for display, to reveal their wealth to the general in a civil war, and to kindle the avarice of a guest in arms! Even if it were not Caesar, in his impious warfare greedy to get wealth by the havoc of a world—place here the ancient leaders whose names adorn an age of poverty, a Fabricius and stern Curius; or let the consul, summoned unwashed from his plough³ in Etruria, take his place at this table, and he will pray to celebrate for his country a triumph as splendid.

They served on gold a banquet of every dainty that earth or air, the sea or the Nile affords, all that extravagance, unspurred by hunger and maddened by idle love of display, has sought out over all the earth. Many birds and beasts were served that are divine in Egypt; crystal ewers supplied Nile water

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Niliacas crystallos aquas, gemmaeque capaces 160
 Exceperere merum, sed non Mareotidos uvae,
 Nobile sed paucis senium cui contulit annis
 Indomitum Meroe cogens spumare Falernum.
 Accipiunt sertas nardo florente coronas
 Et numquam fugiente rosa, multumque madenti 165
 Infudere comae quod nondum evanuit aura
 Cinnamon externa nec perdidit aera terrae,
 Advectumque recens vicinae messis amomon.
 Discit opes Caesar spoliati perdere mundi,
 Et gessisse pudet genero cum paupere bellum, 170
 Et causas Martis Phariis cum gentibus optat.
 Postquam epulis Bacchoque modum lassata voluptas
 Inposuit, longis Caesar producere noctem
 Inchoat adloquiis, summaque in sede iacentem
 Linigerum placidis compellat Acorea dictis: 175
 "O sacris devote senex, quodque arguit aetas,
 Non neglecte deis, Phariae primordia gentis
 Terrarumque situs volgique edissere mores
 Et ritus formasque deum; quodcumque vetustis
 Insculptum est adytis profer, noscique volentes 180
 Prode deos. Si Cecropium sua sacra Platona
 Maiores docuere tui, quis dignior umquam
 Hoc fuit auditu mundique capacior hospes?
 Fama quidem generi Pharias me duxit ad urbes,
 Sed tamen et vestri; media inter proelia semper 185
 Stellarum caelique plagis superisque vacavi,

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for their hands; the wine was poured into great jewelled goblets—no wine of Egyptian grapes, but generous Falernian, to which Meroe brings ripeness in a few years, forcing its stubborn nature to ferment. They put on wreaths, twined of blooming nard and ever-flowering roses; they drenched their hair with cinnamon, which had not yet grown faint from foreign air nor lost the scent it had at home, and with cardamom, plucked not far away and freshly imported. Caesar learns to squander the wealth of a plundered world; he is ashamed to have made war against one so poor as Pompey, and desires a pretext for war with the Egyptians.

When sated enjoyment set a limit to feasting and wine, Caesar began to prolong the night with discourse long drawn out; and thus he accosted in friendly speech aged Acoreus, who lay, dressed in his linen robe, upon the highest seat. "Sir, devoted as you are to the service of heaven, and, as your age proves, not unprotected by the gods, expound to me the origins of the Egyptian nation, the features of the land, the manners of the common people, your forms of worship, and the shapes of your gods; reveal all that is engraved upon your ancient shrines, and disclose your gods who are willing that they should be known. If your ancestors taught their religion to Plato the Athenian, was ever guest of yours more worthy than I to hear these things, was ever a mind more able to contain the world's secrets? It is true that the report concerning my kinsman brought me to your cities; but your fame attracted me too: in the midst of war I ever found time to study the world above us and the starry and celestial zones; and the Julian year shall not be outdone by the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nec meus Eudoxi vincetur fastibus annus.
 Sed, cum tanta meo vivat sub pectore virtus,
 Tantus amor veri, nihil est, quod noscere malim
 Quam fluvii causas per saecula tanta latentes 190
 Ignotumque caput : spes sit mihi certa videndi
 Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam."
 Finierat, contraque sacer sic orsus Acoreus :
 " Fas mihi magnorum, Caesar, secreta parentum
 Prodere ad hoc aevi populis ignota profanis. 195
 Sit pietas aliis, miracula tanta silere ;
 Ast ego caelicolis gratum reor, ire per omnes
 Hoc opus et sacras populis notescere leges.
 Sideribus, quae sola fugam moderantur Olympi
 Occurruntque polo, diversa potentia prima 200
 Mundi lege data est. Sol tempora dividit aevi,
 Mutat nocte diem, radiisque potentibus astra
 Ire vetat cursusque vagos statione moratur ;
 Luna suis vicibus Tethyn terrenaque miscet ;
 Frigida Saturno glacies et zona nivalis 205
 Cessit ; habet ventos incertaque fulmina Mavors ;
 Sub Iove temperies et numquam turbidus aer ;
 At fecunda Venus cunctarum semina rerum
 Possidet ; immensae Cyllenius arbiter undae est.
 Hunc ubi pars caeli tenuit, qua mixta Leonis 210
 Sidera sunt Cancro, rapidos qua Sirius ignes
 Exerit et varii mutator circulus anni
 Aegoceron Cancrumque tenet, cui subdita Nili
 Ora latent, quae cum dominus percussit aquarum

¹ The Julian calendar came into use on Jan. 1, 45 B.C. Eudoxus, a Greek astronomer, lived about 366 B.C.

² For the following passage, see Housman, pp. 334 foll. ; the translation here given is taken from him.

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calendar of Eudoxus.¹ But, though such intellectual vigour and love of truth flourish in my breast, yet there is nothing I would rather learn than the causes, concealed through such long ages, that account for the Nile, and the secret of its source. Give me an assured hope to set eyes on the springs of the river, and I will abandon civil war." He ended his speech, and thus the holy priest, Acoreus, began his reply :

"To me, Caesar, it is permitted to disclose the secrets of our great ancestors—secrets hitherto unknown to the herd. Let others think it pious to conceal such great marvels ; but I believe it the will of heaven that this fabric of theirs should be published abroad and that all mankind should learn their sacred laws. The primal ordinance of the universe assigned different powers to those stars which alone rule the rapid movement of the sky, and move in opposition to the heavens. The sun divides time into periods, and changes day for night ; and the power of his rays forbids the planets to go forward, and delays their wanderings with stationary periods. The changes of the moon bring sea and land in contact. To Saturn has been assigned freezing ice in the snowy zone ; Mars is lord of the winds and of thunder that has no fixed season ; under the rule of Jupiter is temperate climate and air that is always bright ; fruitful Venus is mistress of the seeds of all things that exist ; and Mercury controls the vast element of water.² When Mercury has reached that part of the sky where Leo and Cancer are in contact, where Sirius blazes forth and where lies the circle which changes the year and contains Capricorn and Cancer, whereunder are the hidden founts of the Nile ; and when the ruler of the

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Igne superiecto, tunc Nilus fonte soluto, 215
 Exit ut oceanus lunaribus incrementis,
 Iussus adest, auctusque suos non ante coartat,
 Quam nox aestivas a sole receperit horas.

“Vana fides veterum, Nilo, quod crescat in arva,
 Aethiopum prodesse nives. Non Arctos in illis 220
 Montibus aut Boreas. Testis tibi sole perusti
 Ipse color populi calidique vaporibus Austri.
 Adde, quod omne caput fluvii, quodcumque soluta
 Praecipitat glacies, ingresso vere tumescit
 Prima tabe nivis: Nilus neque suscitatur undas 225
 Ante Canis radios nec ripis alligat amnem
 Ante parem nocti Libra sub iudice Phoebum.
 Inde etiam leges aliarum nescit aquarum,
 Nec tumet hibernus, cum longe sole remoto
 Officiis caret unda suis: dare iussus iniquo 230
 Temperiem caelo mediis aestatibus exit
 Sub torrente plaga, neu terras dissipet ignis,
 Nilus adest mundo contraque incensa Leonis
 Ora tumet Cancroque suam torrente Syenen
 Inploratus adest, nec campos liberat undis, 235
 Donec in auctumnum declinet Phoebus et umbras
 Extendat Meroe. Quis causas reddere possit?
 Sic iussit natura parens discurrere Nilum,
 Sic opus est mundo. Zephyros quoque vana vetustas

¹ At the autumnal equinox.

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element of water has shone down vertically on these—then the source of the river is opened, and, as the Ocean is lifted up by the waxing moon, so the Nile answers the bidding, and does not narrow his flood again until night has got back from day the hours it lost in summer.

“The ancients erred when they believed that the Nile is helped to overflow the fields by the snows in Ethiopia. For there is no North star nor North wind in those mountains. The mere colour of the Ethiopians, who are blackened by the sun, and their hot scorching winds, may convince you of this. Moreover, every river-head which is set running by the melting of ice begins to rise at the coming of spring, when the snow first thaws; but the Nile does not arouse its water before the shining of the Dog-star, nor confine its stream within the banks until the day becomes equal to the night,¹ with Libra as arbitress. Hence also the Nile knows not the laws that govern other rivers: it does not rise in winter, when the sun is far away and the waters have no function to discharge; but, having orders to mitigate an oppressive climate, he issues forth in the torrid zone at midsummer; and, in order that fire may not dissolve the earth, Nile comes to help the world, rising against the burning mouth of Leo, and answering the prayer of Syene, when its lord, Cancer, is consuming it; nor does he free the plains from his waters, until the sun slopes down towards autumn and Meroe casts a shadow. Who can explain the reasons? Mother Nature ordained that the Nile should overflow thus, and the world requires that so it should be.—The ancients were wrong again, when they accounted for this inundation by West winds which

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

His ascripsit aquis, quorum stata tempora flatus 240
 Continuique dies et in aera longa potestas,
 Vel quod ab occiduo depellunt nubila caelo
 Trans Noton et fluvio cogunt incumbere nimbos,
 Vel quod aquas totiens rumpentis litora Nili
 Adsiduo feriunt coguntque resistere fluctu : 245
 Ille mora cursus adversique obice ponti
 Aestuat in campos. Sunt qui spiramina terris
 Esse putent magnosque cavae conpagis hiatus.
 Commeat hac penitus tacitis discursibus unda
 Frigore ab Arctoo medium revocata sub axem, 250
 Cum Phoebus pressit Meroen tellusque perusta
 Illuc duxit aquas ; trahitur Gangesque Padusque
 Per tacitum mundi : tunc omnia flumina Nilus
 Uno fonte vomens non uno gurgite perfert.
 Rumor ab Oceano, qui terras alligat omnes, 255
 Exundante procul violentum erumpere Nilum
 Aequoreosque sales longo mitescere tractu.
 Nec non Oceano pasci Phoebumque polosque
 Credimus : hunc, calidi tetigit cum bracchia Cancri,
 Sol rapit, atque undae plus quam quod digerat aer 260
 Tollitur ; hoc noctes referunt Niloque profundunt.
 Ast ego, si tantam ius est mihi solvere litem,
 Quasdam, Caesar, aquas post mundi sera peracti
 Saecula concussis terrarum erumpere venis
 Non id agente deo, quasdam conpage sub ipsa 265

¹ The "Etesian" winds are meant, though these actually blow from the N. W.

² Of which the Nile is one.

BOOK X

blow day after day at a fixed season,¹ and whose empire over the air lasts long. These winds were supposed to work in one of two ways: either they drive the clouds down from the western sky across the South and force the rain to descend on the Nile; or else, when the river breaks the shore with so many mouths, they strike it and bring it to a halt by the steady pressure of the sea; and thus the stream overflows the fields, because its course is hindered and a barrier interposed by the sea. Some think that there are air-passages in the earth, and great fissures in its hollow frame. In these, far below the surface, water travels and moves to and fro invisibly, and is summoned from the cold North to the Equator, whenever the sun is directly above Meroe and the parched earth attracts water thither; the Ganges and the Po are thus conveyed through a hidden region of the world; and then the Nile, discharging all rivers from a single source, carries them by many mouths to the sea. There is a tale that the Nile bursts forth from the distant flood of Ocean which bounds every land, and that the brine grows fresh owing to the long distance it travels. Further, we believe that the sun and sky are fed by the Ocean; the sun, when he has reached the claws of fiery Cancer, sucks up the Ocean, and more water is raised than the air can digest; and this overplus the nights repay and pour down upon the Nile. But I myself, if I have the right to decide so great a dispute, hold this opinion, Caesar: certain waters, long after the world was created, burst forth in consequence of earthquakes, with no special purpose on the part of the deity; but certain others,² at the very formation of the world, had their

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Cum toto coepisse reor, quas ille creator
 Atque opifex rerum certo sub iure coercet.
 "Quae tibi noscendi Nilum, Romane, cupido est,
 Et Phariis Persisque fuit Macetumque tyrannis,
 Nullaque non aetas voluit conferre futuris 270
 Notitiam; sed vincit adhuc natura latendi.
 Summus Alexander regum, quem Memphis adorat,
 Invidit Nilo, misitque per ultima terrae
 Aethiopum lectos: illos rubicunda perusti
 Zona poli tenuit; Nilum videre calentem. 275
 Venit ad occasus mundique extrema Sesostris
 Et Pharios currus regum cervicibus egit:
 Ante tamen vestros amnes, Rhodanumque Padumque,
 Quam Nilum de fonte bibit. Vaesanus in ortus
 Cambyses longi populos pervenit ad aevi, 280
 Defectusque epulis et pastus caede suorum
 Ignoto te, Nile, redit. Non fabula mendax
 Ausa loqui de fonte tuo est. Ubi cumque videris,
 Quaereris, et nulli contingit gloria genti,
 Ut Nilo sit laeta suo. Tua flumina prodam, 285
 Qua deus undarum celator, Nile, tuarum
 Te mihi nosse dedit. Medio consurgis ab axe;
 Ausus in ardentem ripas attollere Cancrum
 In Borean is rectus aquis mediumque Booten
 (Cursus in occasus flexu torquetur et ortus, 290
 Nunc Arabum populis, Libycis nunc aequus harenis),
 Teque vident primi, quaerunt tamen hi quoque, Seres,

¹ The Macrobii, a mythical tribe of Ethiopians, whose average time of life was 120 years.

² The river "favours" a nation when a concave bend in his course adds to their territory.

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beginning along with the universe ; and the latter the creator and artificer of all things restrains under a law of their own.

“ Your desire, Roman, to explore the Nile was felt by the kings of Egypt and Persia and Macedon ; and every generation has wished to enrich posterity with this knowledge, but has been defeated up till now by its native power of concealment. Alexander, greatest of kings, was jealous of the Nile which Memphis worships, and he sent chosen explorers through the utmost parts of Ethiopia ; but they were stopped by the blazing zone of parched sky ; they but saw the Nile steaming with heat. Sesostris made his way to the West and to the limits of the world, and drove his Egyptian chariot with kings under the yoke ; but he drank of your rivers, the Rhone and the Po, before he drank from the sources of the Nile. The madman Cambyses penetrated the East as far as the land of the long-lived people ;¹ food ran short, and he had to feed on his own men ; but he returned with no knowledge of the Nile. Even lying legend has not ventured to tell of its sources. Wherever the river is seen, it is a puzzle to men ; and no nation can boast that it takes pride in the Nile as its own possession. But I will expound its course, in so far as the deity who conceals its stream has granted me knowledge of it.— The Nile rises at the Equator, boldly raising his channel in the face of burning Cancer ; and his waters proceed due North towards the centre of Bootes ; yet his current bends and twists towards West and East, at one time favouring² the peoples of Arabia, at another the sands of Libya. The first nation to behold him are the Seres, but they also

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Aethiopumque feris alieno gurgite campos,
 Et te terrarum nescit cui debeat orbis.
 Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli, 295
 Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre,
 Amovitque sinus et gentes maluit ortus
 Mirari quam nosse tuos. Consurgere in ipsis
 Ius tibi solstitiis, aliena crescere bruma
 Atque hiemes adferre tuas, solique vagari 300
 Concessum per utrosque polos. Hic quaeritur ortus,
 Illic finis aquae. Late tibi gurgite rupto
 Ambitur nigris Meroe fecunda colonis
 Laeta comis hebeni, quae, quamvis arbore multa
 Frondeat, aestatem nulla sibi mitigat umbra : 305
 Linea tam rectum mundi ferit illa Leonem.
 Inde plagas Phoebi damnum non passus aquarum
 Praeveheris sterilesque diu metiris harenas,
 Nunc omnes unum vires collectus in amnem,
 Nunc vagus et spargens facilem tibi cedere ripam. 310
 Rursus multifidas revocat piger alveus undas,
 Qua dirimunt Arabum populis Aegyptia rura
 Regni claustra Philae. Mox te deserta secantem,
 Qua iungunt¹ nostrum rubro commercia ponto,
 Mollis lapsus agit. (Quis te tam lene fluentem 315
 Moturum totas violenti gurgitis iras,
 Nile, putet? sed cum lapsus abrupta viarum
 Exceperet tuos et praecipites cataractae

¹ iungunt *Oudendorp* : dirimunt (*from 312*) *MSS.*

¹ The Northern and Southern hemispheres.

² *I.e.* the constellation Leo is vertically above that spot.

³ *I.e.* the torrid zone.

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have no certain knowledge of him; with foreign waters he strikes the plains of the Ethiopians, and the globe knows not to whom it is indebted for him. Nature has revealed to none his hidden source, nor has it been permitted to mankind to see the strippling Nile; she has concealed his hiding-places, preferring that the nations should marvel at them rather than know them. He is privileged to rise at midsummer, to be flooded by a winter out of season, and to bring with him a rainy season of his own; and he alone is permitted to stray through both hemispheres.¹ In one hemisphere his source is unknown, in the other his final goal. His waters part widely to surround Meroe—Meroe fertile for the black race that till her soil, and rich in the foliage of the ebony-tree; but, though she has leaves on many a tree, she has no shade to temper the summer heat, because a line drawn from that spot to the sky strikes Leo vertically.² Next he moves past the realm of Phoebus³ with no loss of volume, and long traverses barren sands, at one time with all his wealth of water gathered into a single stream, at another straying from his course and scattering the bank that readily gives way to his pressure. Then once more his many separate streams are recalled by the sluggish channel where Philae, the gate of the Egyptian kingdom, divides the fields of Egypt from the peoples of Arabia. Later, as he cleaves the desert where commerce unites our sea with the Red Sea, a gentle flow leads him on. Who could believe that the river which here runs so smoothly could ever rouse the whole fury of his turbulent stream? Yet, when his flow comes to a broken channel and headlong cataracts, and when

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Ac nusquam vetitis ullas obsistere cautes
 Indignaris aquis, spuma tunc astra lacessis ; 320
 Cuncta fremunt undis, ac multo murmure montis
 Spumeus invitis canescit fluctibus amnis.
 Hinc, Abaton quam nostra vocat veneranda vetustas,
 †Terra potens†¹ primos sentit percussa tumultus,
 Et scopuli, placuit fluvii quos dicere venas, 325
 Quod manifesta novi primum dant signa tumoris.
 Hinc montes natura vagis circumdedit undis,
 Qui Libyae te, Nile, negent ; quos inter in alta
 It convalle tacens iam moribus unda receptis.
 Prima tibi campos permittit apertaque Memphis 330
 Rura modumque vetat crescendi ponere ripas."

Sic velut in tuta securi pace trahebant
 Noctis iter mediae. Sed non vaesana Pothini
 Mens inbuta semel sacra iam caede vacabat
 A scelerum motu : Magno nihil ille perempto 335
 Iam putat esse nefas ; habitant sub pectore manes,
 Ultricesque deae dant in nova monstra furorem.
 Dignatur viles isto quoque sanguine dextras,
 Quo Fortuna parat victos perfundere patres,
 Poenaque civilis belli, vindicta senatus, 340
 Paene data est famulo. Procul hoc avertite, fata,
 Crimen, ut haec Bruto cervix absente secetur.
 In scelus it Pharium Romani poena tyranni,
 Exemplumque perit. Struit audax inrita fatis

¹ *The obelized words are corrupt ; and no satisfactory emendation has been suggested.*

¹ *I.e.* "untrodden," because sacred. ² The Furies.

³ When Caesar was stabbed and murdered in the Senate.

⁴ If Caesar is killed in Egypt, the deed merely increases the guilt of Egypt in killing Pompey ; and the warning to all tyrants, which the dagger of Brutus gave on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., is thereby lost.

BOOK X

he resents that any cliffs should bar the stream that found free passage everywhere, then he challenges the stars with his spray, the region roars with his waves, the cliff rumbles loudly, and the river whitens with foam under the constraint of his flood. Next comes the island which our hallowed tradition calls Abatos;¹ it is smitten first and first feels the uproar. Here too are the rocks which are commonly called the springs of the river, because they give the first clear indication when the water begins to rise. From this point Nature has surrounded the wandering stream with mountains, which rob Libya of the Nile; and between the mountains the river flows, tamed now and silent, through a deep valley. Memphis first offers plains and open country for it to spread over, and forbids the channel to set a limit to its expansion."

Thus midnight went by, and they spent the time without fear, as if in peace and safety. But the frenzied bosom of Pothinus, once stained with sacrilegious murder, was never again free from guilty excitement: after the slaughter of Magnus he no longer counts any deed a crime; his breast is haunted by the ghost of his victim, and the avenging goddesses² madden him to commit fresh horrors. Once again he aspires to shed blood by base-born hands—that blood with which Fortune intended to drench the defeated Senators;³ and the vengeance of the Senate, that penalty for civil war, was almost permitted to a menial hand. Ye destinies, banish far this wrong, that Caesar's head should fall and Brutus not be there! Thus the punishment of the Roman tyrant goes to swell the guilt of Egypt, and the warning is lost.⁴ With bold-

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Nec parat occultae caedem committere fraudi 345
 Invictumque ducem detecto Marte lacessit.
 Tantum animi delicta dabant, ut colla ferire
 Caesaris et socerum iungi tibi, Magne, iuberet ;
 Atque haec dicta monet famulos perferre fideles
 Ad Pompeianae socium sibi caedis Achillam, 350
 Quem puer inbellis cunctis praefecerat armis
 Et dederat ferrum, nullo sibi iure retento,
 In cunctos in seque simul. "Tu mollibus" inquit
 "Nunc incumbere toris et pingues exige somnos :
 Invasit Cleopatra domum ; nec prodita tantum est 355
 Sed donata Pharos. Cessas accurrere solus
 Ad dominae thalamos ? nubit soror inopia fratri,
 Nam Latio iam nupta duci est, interque maritos
 Discurrens Aegypton habet Romamque meretur.
 Expugnare senem potuit Cleopatra venenis : 360
 Crede, miser, puero, quem nox si iunxerit una
 Et semel amplexus incesto pectore passus
 Hauserit obscaenum titulo pietatis amorem,
 Meque tuumque caput per singula forsitan illi
 Oscula donabit. Crucibus flammisque luemus, 365
 Si fuerit formonsa soror. Nil undique restat
 Auxilii : rex hinc coniunx, hinc Caesar adulter.
 Et sumus, ut fatear, tam saeva iudice sontes :

¹ *I.e.* betrayed by Cleopatra to Caesar, and then given away by Caesar to Cleopatra, who had only a disputed right to share the throne.

ness Pothinus lays a plot doomed to failure: not trying to entrust the murder to secret guile, he attacks the unconquered leader with open war. His evil deeds emboldened him to decree that Caesar's head should be struck off, and that the fate of Magnus should be shared by his father-in-law; and he bade his faithful henchmen carry this message to Achilles, his partner in Pompey's murder. The unwarlike boy-king, reserving no authority for himself, had set Achilles over all his forces, and given him the sword to use against all, the king himself included. "Is this the time," said Pothinus, "to lie soft upon your bed and sleep sound and long, when Cleopatra has seized the palace, and Egypt has been not merely betrayed but given away?"¹ Do you alone hang back, when all others hasten to the bed of the princess? The wicked sister is marrying her brother—the Roman general she has married already; hastening from one husband to another, she possesses Egypt and is playing the harlot for Rome. She was able to conquer the older man's heart by drugs; if you put your trust in the boy, I pity you. If a single night brings them together, if he once submits to her embraces with incestuous heart and drinks in unlawful passion on pretence of natural affection, then he will grant her your head and mine, each perhaps in return for a kiss. We shall pay the penalty on the gallows or at the stake, if she prove beautiful in her brother's sight. No refuge remains for us in any quarter: the royal husband threatens us on one side, and the paramour Caesar on the other. And indeed, to confess the truth, guilty we are at the bar of so cruel a judge; Cleopatra

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Quem non e nobis credit Cleopatra nocentem,
 A quo casta fuit? per te quod fecimus una 370)
 Perdidiſque nefas perque ictum ſanguine Magni
 Foedus, ades; ſubito bellum molire tumultu,
 Inrue; nocturnas rumpamus funere taedas
 Crudelemque toris dominam mactemus in ipsis
 Cum quocumque viro. Nec nos deterreat ausis 375)
 Hesperii fortuna ducis, quae ſuſtulit illum
 Inpoſuitque orbi: communis gloria nobis,
 Nos quoque ſublimes Magnus facit. Aspice litus,
 Spem noſtri ſcleris; pollutos conſule fluctus
 Quid liceat nobis, tumulumque e pulvere parvo 380)
 Aspice Pompei non omnia membra tegentem.
 Quem metuis, par huius erat. Non ſanguine clari,
 — Quid refert? — nec opes populorum et regna
 movemus:
 Ad ſcelus ingentis fati ſumus. Attrahit illos
 In noſtras fortuna manus: en altera venit 385)
 Victima nobilior. Placemus caede ſecunda
 Hesperias gentes: iugulus mihi Caesaris haustus
 Hoc praestare poſteſt, Pompei caede nocentes
 Ut populus Romanus amet. Quid nomina tanta
 Horremus viresque ducis, quibus ille relictis 390)
 Miles erit? Nox haec peraget civilia bella
 Inferiasque dabit populis et mittet ad umbras
 Quod debetur adhuc mundo caput. Ite feroces
 Caesaris in iugulum; praestet Lagea iuventus

¹ Because Caesar is not grateful for it.

² The head is not there.

³ Italy.

BOOK X

considers every man of us guilty, if he has not defiled her. By the crime which we committed together and committed in vain,¹ by our alliance sealed with the blood of Magnus, I charge you to come forward; stir up war with sudden uproar, attack with speed. While it is night, let us break off marriage by death and slay our cruel mistress in her very bed, be her bedfellow who he may. Nor should we be frightened from the attempt by the lucky star which has lifted up the Roman general and set him over the world: we share his distinction, and the death of Magnus exalts us also. Look at yonder shore, which gives us confidence for evil; ask the bloodstained sea what power we have; look at Pompey's grave, made out of a handful of dust and not covering all his body.² The man you dread was Pompey's peer. Our blood is not noble—what matters that?—and we do not control kingdoms or the power of nations; but for crime fate has given us immense capacity. Fortune draws these great men within our grasp; see! another and a nobler victim is here. By a second murder let us make our peace with the Western nation:³ to take Caesar's life can do me this service—the Roman people will love those who are guilty of Pompey's murder. Why dread we the great name of Caesar, and his army? Now that he has left it behind, we shall find him only a soldier like other soldiers. This night shall end the civil war; it shall make funeral offerings for mankind, and send down to the shades that head which the world still claims as its due. Go forth, all of you, bravely against Caesar's life; let the Egyptian soldiers thus serve their king, and let the Romans

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Hoc regi, Romana sibi. Tu parce morari. 395
 Plenum epulis madidumque mero Venerique paratum
 Invenies; aude, superi tot vota Catonum
 Brutorumque tibi tribuent." Non lentus Achilles
 Suadenti parere nefas haud clara movendis,
 Ut mos, signa dedit castris nec prodidit arma 400
 Ullius clangore tubae: temere omnia saevi
 Instrumenta rapit belli. Pars maxima turbae
 Plebis erat Latiae; sed tanta oblivio mentes
 Cepit in externos corrupto milite mores,
 Ut duce sub famulo iussuque satellitis irent, 405
 Quos erat indignum Phario parere tyranno.
 Nulla fides pietasque viris qui castra secuntur,
 Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi proxima merces;
 Aere merent parvo iugulumque in Caesaris ire
 Non sibi dant. Pro fas! ubi non civilia bella 410
 Invenit imperii fatum miserabile nostri?
 Thessaliae subducta acies in litore Nili
 More furit patrio. Quid plus te, Magne, recepto
 Ausa foret Lagea domus? dat scilicet omnis
 Dextera quod debet superis, nullique vacare 415
 Fas est Romano. Latium sic scindere corpus
 Dis placitum; non in soceri generique favorem
 Discedunt populi; civilia bella satelles
 Movit, et in partem Romani venit Achilles;
 Et nisi fata manus a sanguine Caesaris arcent, 420
 Hae vincent partes. Aderat maturus uterque,

¹ These were Roman soldiers serving in the Egyptian army.

BOOK X

serve themselves. Lose no time, Achilles. You will find him sated with feasting, drunken with wine, and ripe for amorous dalliance; be bold, and Heaven will vouchsafe to you what a Cato and a Brutus have so often prayed for." Achilles was not slow to obey the call to crime. He gave the order, but without the customary noise, for the soldiers to march, and no blare of the trumpet betrayed the movement; in haste he assembled all the equipment of cruel war. Most of the men belonged to the populace of Rome¹; but they were degenerate and denationalised, and such forgetfulness had mastered their minds, that those who should have scouted the command of an Egyptian king served under his slave and at the bidding of a henchman. Men who follow the camp have no loyalty, no sense of duty: their swords are for sale; the cause that offers immediate reward is the good cause; serving for scanty pay, they attack Caesar's life to gratify others. Oh, law divine! Where does the hapless destiny of our empire fail to find civil war? Kept away from Pharsalia, the soldiers are distracted on the banks of the Nile with the frenzy of their nation. What more could the house of Lægus have dared, if it had harboured Magnus? The truth is that every hand pays its debt to the gods, and no Roman is permitted by them to stand idle. It has pleased the gods to split up thus the body of Rome: the great nations are not divided in favour of Caesar or his son-in-law; but a mere henchman has stirred up civil war, and Achilles has usurped the part of a Roman; and, unless fate averts their hands from Caesar's blood, their side will win. Each of the pair was quickly on the spot; the palace, busied

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Et districta epulis ad cunctas aula patebat
Insidias, poteratque cruor per regia fundi
Pocula Caesareus mensaeque incumbere cervix.
Sed metuunt belli trepidos in nocte tumultus, 425
Ne caedes confusa manu permissaque fatis
Te, Ptolemaee, trahat. Tanta est fiducia ferri,
Non rapuere nefas; summi contempta facultas
Est operis; visum famulis reparabile damnum
Illam mactandi dimittere Caesaris horam. 430
Servatur poenas in aperta luce daturus;
Donata est nox una duci, vixitque Pothini
Munere Phoebeos Caesar dilatus in ortus.
Lucifer a Casia prospexit rupe diemque
Misit in Aegyptum primo quoque sole calentem, 435
Cum procul a muris acies non sparsa manipulis
Nec vaga conspicitur, sed iustos qualis ad hostes
Recta fronte venit: passuri comminus arma
Laturique ruunt. At Caesar moenibus urbis
Diffusus foribus clausae se proteggit aulae 440
Degeneres passus latebras. Nec tota vacabat
Regia compresso: minima collegerat arma
Parte domus. Tangunt animos iraeque metusque,
Et timet incursus indignaturque timere.
Sic fremit in parvis fera nobilis abdita claustris 445
Et frangit rabidos praemorso carcere dentes,
Nec secus in Siculis fureret tua flamma cavernis,
Obstrueret summam si quis tibi, Mulciber, Aetnam

BOOK X

with the banquet, was open to every treachery; and it was possible that the blood of Caesar might be shed over the king's drinking-cups, and his head fall upon the table. But the conspirators feared the haste and confusion of war by night; bloodshed, carried on with disorder and left to chance, might take off Ptolemy as well. Such was their reliance on their swords, that they did not hurry on the crime; they despised the easiness of their great design; to let slip that chance of slaying Caesar seemed to these slaves a loss they could soon make good. So he was spared, to suffer in the light of day; a single night was granted him; and Caesar, thanks to Pothinus, gained a respite from death till sunrise.

The morning-star looked forth from Mount Casius and sent the daylight over Egypt, where even sunrise is hot; and then, at a distance from the walls, an army was seen—not stragglers with disorderly ranks, but such a force as marches with level front against a foe worthy of their steel: on they charge, ready to endure and to wage close combat. Caesar, on his part, distrusted the city walls and defended himself by closing the gates of the palace, thus submitting to an unworthy hiding-place. Hemmed in as he was, the whole palace was not at his disposal: he had gathered his forces in one corner of it. His pride was touched by rage and fear—fear of attack, and wrath at his own fear. Thus some noble beast, penned in a narrow cage, roars and bites the bars till he breaks his furious teeth; and even so, if any hand were to seal up the summit of Etna, the fire of Vulcan would rage in the craters of Sicily. Not long ago, beneath the height

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Audax Thessalici nupèr qui rupe sub Haemi
 Hesperiae cunctos proceres aciemque senatus 450
 Pompeiumque ducem causa sperare vetante
 Non timuit fatumque sibi promisit iniquum,
 Expavit servile nefas, intraque penates
 Obruitur telis. Quem non violasset Alanus,
 Non Scythæ, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus, 455
 Hic, cui Romani spatium non sufficit orbis,
 Parvaque regna putet Tyriis cum Gadibus Indos,
 Ceu puer inbellis, ceu captis femina muris,
 Quaerit tuta domus ; spem vitae in limine clauso
 Ponit, et incerto lustrat vagus atria cursu, 460
 Non sine rege tamen, quem ducit in omnia secum,
 Sumpturus poenas et grata piacula morti
 Missurusque tuum, si non sint tela nec ignes,
 In famulos, Ptolemaee, caput. Sic barbaræ Colchis
 Creditur ultorem metuens regnique fugaeque 465
 Ense suo fratrisque simul cervice parata
 Expectasse patrem. Cogunt tamen ultima rerum
 Spem pacis temptare ducem, missusque satellites
 Regius, ut saevos absentis voce tyranni
 Corriperet famulos, quo bellum auctore moverent. 470
 Sed neque ius mundi valuit nec foedera sancta
 Gentibus, orator regis pacisque sequester
 Quin caderet ferro. *Quamquam quis talia facta*¹
 Aestimat in numero scelerum ponenda tuorum,

¹ *Inserted by Housman.*

¹ *Medea.*

BOOK X

of Mount Haemus in Thessaly, Caesar had boldly defied all the magnates of Rome, and the Senate in battle array under the leadership of Pompey ; and, though the badness of his cause was adverse to his hopes, yet he was sanguine of undeserved success. But now he dreaded the wickedness of slaves, and crouched within walls while missiles rained upon him. Alanians, or Scythians, or Moors who mock the stranger by fixing him as a target for their arrows would have done Caesar no harm ; yet he, for whom the whole Roman world is too small, who would not be satisfied to rule at once India and Phoenician Gades, seeks safety within a house, like a defenceless child or a woman when her city is taken ; he relies for his life upon a closed door ; he hastes from room to room, wandering in uncertainty. Yet he has the king for companion and takes him everywhere with him : he means to get satisfaction from Ptolemy and consolation, if he himself must die ; and, if missiles and firebrands are lacking, he will hurl against the slaves the head of their king. So, we are told, the foreign woman ¹ from Colchis, fearing vengeance for her treason and her flight, waited her father's coming with her sword in one hand and her brother's head in the other. Yet Caesar was forced by his desperate plight to explore the possibility of peace ; and a courtier was sent, to rebuke the warlike slaves in a message from their absent king, and to ask who gave them leave to fight. But the law of nations was of no avail, nor could the rights respected by all peoples preserve the king's ambassador, the mediator of peace, from falling by the sword. Yet who considers such a deed worthy to find a place in the list of Egypt's crimes, that land guilty of so many

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Tot monstris Aegypte nocens? Non Thessala tellus
 Vastaque regna Iubae, non Pontus et inopia signa 475
 Pharnacis et gelido circumfluus orbis Hiberno
 Tantum ausus scelerum, non Syrtis barbara, quantum
 Deliciae fecere tuae. Premit undique bellum,
 Inque domum iam tela cadunt quassantque penates.
 Non aries uno moturus limina pulsu 480
 Fractusque domum, non ulla est machina belli,
 Nec flammis mandatur opus; sed caeca iuventus
 Consilii vastos ambit divisa penates,
 Et nusquam totis incursat viribus agmen.
 Fata vetant, murique vicem Fortuna tuetur. 485

Nec non et ratibus temptatur regia, qua se
 Protulit in medios audaci margine fluctus
 Luxuriosa domus. Sed adest defensor ubique
 Caesar et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arcet,
 Obsessusque gerit—tanta est constantia mentis— 490
 Expugnantis opus. Piceo iubet unguine tinctas
 Lampadas inmitti iunctis in vela carinis;
 Nec piger ignis erat per stuppea vincula perque
 Manantes cera tabulas, et tempore eodem
 Transtraque nautarum summique arsere ceruchi. 495
 Iam prope semustae merguntur in aequora classes,
 Iamque hostes et tela natant. Nec puppibus ignis
 Incubuit solis; sed quae vicina fuere
 Tecta mari, longis rapuere vaporibus ignem,
 Et cladem fovere Noti, percussaue flamma 500
 Turbine non alio motu per tecta cucurrit
 Quam solet aethereo lampas decurrere sulco

¹ Pharnaces had rebelled against his father, Mithradates.

² Spain.

³ See n. to iii. 684.

BOOK X

atrocities? Neither the land of Thessaly, nor the barren realm of Juba, nor Pontus with the unnatural¹ warfare of Pharnaces, nor the region² round which cold Hiberus flows, nor the savage Syrtis—no country has ventured on such crimes as Egypt, with all her luxury, has committed. War besets Caesar on every side; already missiles are falling upon the palace and battering the dwelling. The besiegers have no ram to shatter the gates and break open the building with one blow, and no engines of war; nor do they trust fire to do their work; but with no plan they split up into parties and surround the vast circuit of the walls; and at no point does the host attack in full strength. Fate is against them, and Fortune performs the office of a wall.

They assailed the palace also by means of ships, at the point where the splendid pile projected with bold frontage right over the water. But Caesar was present everywhere in defence, driving back some attacks with the sword and others with fire; and such was his courage, that while besieged he did the work of a besieger. He ordered brands steeped in resin to be hurled at the sails of the crowded ships; and the fire coursed swiftly along the ropes of tow and the decks running with wax,³ till the rowers' benches and the towering yards blazed up together. Soon the ships, almost half-consumed, sank beneath the surface, and soon the assailants and their weapons were swamped. Nor did the fire fall upon the vessels only: the houses near the sea caught fire from the spreading heat, and the winds fanned the conflagration, till the flames, smitten by the eddying gale, rushed over the roofs as fast as the meteors that often trace a furrow through the sky, though

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Materiaque carens atque ardens aere solo.
 Illa lues paulum clausa revocavit ab aula
 Urbis in auxilium populos. Nec tempora cladis 505
 Perdedit in somnos, sed caeca nocte carinis
 Insiluit Caesar semper feliciter usus
 Praecipiti cursu bellorum, et tempore raptō
 Nunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon. Insula quondam
 In medio stetit illa mari sub tempore vatis 510
 Preteos, at nunc est Pellaeis proxima muris.
 Illa duci geminos bellorum praestitit usus.
 Abstulit excursus et fauces aequoris hosti
 Caesar et auxiliis ut vidit libera ponti
 Ostia, non fatum meriti poenasque Pothini 515
 Distulit ulterius. Sed non, qua debuit, ira,
 Non cruce, non flammis rapuit, non dente ferarum : 517
 Magni morte perit. Nec non subrepta paratis 519
 A famulo Ganymede dolis pervenit ad hostes 520
 Caesaris Arsinoe ; quae castra carentia rege
 Ut proles Lagea tenet, famulumque tyranni
 Terribilem iusto transegit Achillea ferro.
 Altera, Magne, tuis iam victima mittitur umbris ;
 Nec satis hoc Fortuna putat. Procul absit, ut ista 525
 Vindictae sit summa tuae. Non ipse tyrannus
 Sufficit in poenas, non omnis regia Lagi :
 Dum patrii veniant in viscera Caesaris enses,
 Magnus inultus erit. Sed non auctore furoris
 Sublato cecidit rabies ; nam rursus in arma 530
 Auspiciis Ganymedis eunt ac multa secundo
 Proelia Marte gerunt. Potuit discrimine summo

¹ It had been brought close by means of an artificial mole.
 Proteus appears in Homer's *Odyssey* iv. 365 f.

² A younger sister of Cleopatra.

they have nothing solid to feed on and burn by means of air alone. This calamity for a time called off the crowd from the close-barred palace to rescue the city. Caesar did not waste in slumber the time granted by the fire, but sprang on board ship in the darkness of night. He had ever made successful use of haste in warfare, and now with all speed he seized Pharos, which gives access to the sea. Once, in the time of the seer Proteus, it was an island out at sea, but now it stands close to the walls of Alexandria.¹ To Caesar it was doubly useful in his warfare. For, when he had prevented the enemy from sailing out to sea by the narrow passage and saw the harbour open for reinforcements, he postponed no longer the punishment of death which Pothinus had so richly earned. But Caesar's wrath did not destroy him by fitting means—the gallows, or the stake, or the teeth of wild beasts: he died the death of Magnus. Moreover, Arsinoe² was carried off secretly by a trick of Ganymede, her chamberlain, and conveyed to Caesar's enemies. There, as a daughter of Lagus, she ruled the army in the absence of the king and pierced with righteous sword Achilles, the dreadful instrument of Ptolemy. Thus a second victim was offered to the shade of Magnus; but Fortune is not content with this. Perish the thought that his vengeance should end here! Ptolemy himself and all the house of Lagus are not enough to quit the score: until the swords of his own countrymen pierce the heart of Caesar, Magnus will remain unavenged. But the madness did not cease with the death of its originator: again, led by Ganymede, the people rush to arms and are often victorious in battle. Because of Caesar's utmost

• M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS

Caesaris una dies in famam et saecula mitti.

Molis in exiguae spatio stipantibus armis,

Dum parat in vacuas Martem transferre carinas, 535

Dux Latius tota subitus formidine belli

Cingitur : hinc densae praetexunt litora classes,

Hinc tergo insultant pedites. Via nulla salutis,

Non fuga, non virtus ; vix spes quoque mortis honestae.

Non acie fusa nec magnae stragis acervis 540

Vincendus tunc Caesar erat sed sanguine nullo.

Captus sorte loci pendet ; dubiusque¹ timeret

Optaretne mori, respexit in agmine denso

Scaevam perpetuae meritum iam nomina famae

Ad campos, Epidamne, tuos, ubi solus apertis 545

Obsedit muris calcantem moenia Magnum.

¹ dubiusque *Grotius* : dubiusne *MSS.*

¹ The other name of Dyrrachium : cf. vi. 140 foll. It is remarkable that Scaeva survived his injuries.

² The ending is clearly abrupt : we are not even told how Caesar was affected by the sight of Scaeva ; but we can guess.

BOOK X

danger, a single day might have become for ever famous.

Round him stood his soldiers in the narrow space of the mole ; and he was preparing to embark his men on the empty ships, when he was suddenly surrounded by all the fearfulness of war : on one side the shore was lined with close-packed ships ; on the other, the infantry assaulted his rear. There was no path of safety either in flight or in valour ; he could scarcely hope even for an honourable death. To conquer Caesar then, no rout of an army and no heaps of dead were needed, nor any bloodshed at all. Made helpless by the nature of his position, he stood perplexed ; and, even as he doubted whether to fear death or pray for it, he saw Scaeva in the serried ranks, that Scaeva who had already won immortal glory on the plains of Epidamnus ;¹ for there, when the walls were breached and Magnus trod the ramparts underfoot, Scaeva single-handed beleaguered Magnus.²

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